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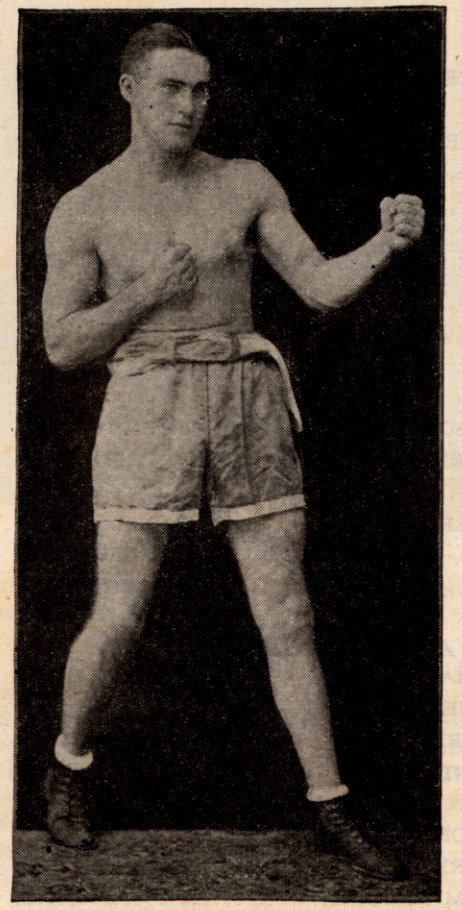

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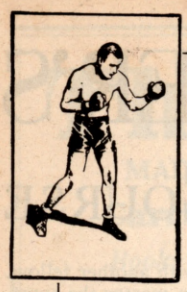

The RING

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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Vol. XII **SEPTEMBER, 1933** **No. 8**

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In Our Next Issue

What the new deal in boxing means. Wilbur Wood, one of America's foremost boxing authorities, in an interesting analysis, tells what effect the Roosevelt drive on "recovery" will have on the fistic sport around the country.

When wrestlers turn boxers and vice-versa. In an article in which cases of well-known figures are discussed, Eddie Merrill tells you why the grappler usually is a "bust" as a fighter and the fighter invariably makes good as a matman.

Over in England, George Hackenschmidt has been penning his life story for an English syndicate. In it, he gives vent to his feelings in the famous Gotch-Hack feud. In the next chapter in the series, "From Milo to Londos", the Russian Lion gives his version of the return engagement with Gotch that ended so disastrously for Hackenschmidt.

There are other features by our internationally known staff writers. Nat Fleischer, Eddie Borden, Daniel M. Daniel, and "Tex" Austin will keep you apace of the times.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of The Ring guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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Another "Solid Man"

Bill Brown's Selection as New York Commissioner, Hailed by Boxing Fans

By HUGHEY MULHARE

WHEN Governor Lehman recently appointed Bill Brown a member of the New York State Boxing Commission, to take the place left vacant through the death of William A. Muldoon, he made a choice that met with the hearty approval of all interested in the future of boxing. The selection was hailed with intense satisfaction because there is no man in this country who knows more about the sport than Brown. The New York State Board has always been recognized as the finest body of boxing executives in the world and, with Brown to aid General Phelan, the chairman, and Commissioner Wear, there need be no fear of the sport in New York hitting the downward grade now that James A. Farley and Muldoon are gone.

Bill Brown

Bill Brown brings to the commission experience such as no previous member, except one, has had. He knows the game from all angles. Known to the sports world as "Honest Bill," a title he received many years ago when he staged boxing and wrestling under club membership rules, he carries into the commission headquarters a reputation that should aid that body considerably in its endeavor to keep boxing on a high level. It was only after persuasive methods were used that his friends could induce Brown to change his mind about accepting the post. He could have had the commissionership years ago from Governor Al Smith, but refused it. He preferred to devote all his time to his physical culture and health farm at Garrison, New York.

But it was pointed out to him by Secretary of State Edward J. Flynn that a man of his caliber was needed now more than ever to aid in the reconstruction program for boxing, and Bill consented. Like the late William Muldoon, Bill Brown has given many years of his life to aid in building up run-down bodies of business men. He and Muldoon were close friends. They thought and spoke in the same terms when body-building was discussed and, as for boxing, Brown, like the "Solid Man," always has been a strong advocate of honesty. The crooked element in the sport has much to fear from Bill Brown. He'll give them no quarter.

* * *

FROM the very day that he was sworn in as a commissioner, the Garrison health director showed that he knows boxing from A to Z, knows what is wrong with the sport and is fully acquainted with what the fight fan expects, and should get, for his support of the game. It didn't take him long to have an innovation instituted that has met with the approval of the spectators. Through his initiative, the commission passed a rule that makes it mandatory for each judge and referee to denote his reasons for voting as he did, and when the announcer makes known the verdict, he acquaints the spectators with the why and wherefore of the decision as listed by the three officials.

Thus a judge and referee must be more alert than ever if he intends to hold his job, and the public will soon be able to sift the incompetents from the competents. This is a rule that is being adopted by a number of other commissions and will undoubtedly be universal within a short space of time.

Practical experience has equipped Bill Brown for his new post. In his youth he was a pretty good wrestler and boxer and, before he reached his majority, he was recognized as a good handler, a fine second and a splendid masseur. As owner of the famous club that bore his name, Brown conducted some great shows in Twenty-third Street. There were no phony matches at Bill's club. The contestants knew better than to arouse Brown's ire, for he never hesitated to take the biggest of the fighters, if necessary, and toss them out of the ring. And by toss, I don't mean literally.

As promoter, boxer, instructor and referee, he came in contact with every element in the sport. He feared no one. All the crooks, the manipulators and sure-thing gamblers who have ruled the sport in recent years would never have had a chance with Brown. That is why his presence on the commission will not only aid General Phelan and Commissioner Wear, but will act as a tonic for boxing generally.

* * *

THE new commissioner can go back to the Horton Law days, when twenty-five-round bouts were legal in New York. He not only was an active promoter, but seldom failed to see bouts of importance staged by others. He saw every heavyweight champion since Sullivan in action and, like Muldoon, he can detect a "phony" like a flash.

Six years ago, when boxing was on the downgrade in this country, Brown, interviewed at his home, was asked how he would remedy the evils were he a member of the boxing commission. He replied:

"There are too many fake contests staged these days. You know it and I know it. I would empower the referee to stop any fight which he thought was not being honestly conducted, and I would have him announce to the spectators that, as the bout was not fought on the level, they could get their money back at the box-office. One or two such doses of medicine would cure the fighters, who would receive no pay; the promoters, who probably connived with the scoundrels to put the farce over on the unsuspecting public, and the manager, who undoubtedly was the chief culprit.

"I would also compel the promoters to give out free programs, just as is done in theaters, and in those programs I would have the records of the main bout contestants and the chief rules of the boxing commission on judging a fight and the duties of a referee. That would stop most of the commotion we now see when the spectators disagree with the decisions because they are not acquainted with the points on judging.

"I would curb all speculating. I would take the license from any club that was found guilty of trading *(Continued on page 33)*

The Aftermath

By NAT FLEISCHER

UNLIKE previous heavyweight contests for the championship in which some unsavory incident has clouded the result, the Sharkey-Carnera battle was so decisively decided, with the American lying with his face in the rosin dust that, fortunately for boxing, there was left no loophole for the scandalmongers to raise their usual cry of "fake." Every champion from Sullivan down to Sharkey has figured in some incident that has clouded either his right to the title or that of his successor, but for once, we now have a champion whose claim to world rights cannot be disputed. And what is more, he cannot be accused of having won the crown through any means other than his powerful fists.

Now that the Italian Giant has been crowned king of all fighters, the fans naturally look to him to do his share—and a mighty big one it is—to get boxing out of its present chaotic state back on the road to prosperity. But will he do it? That is the general query among fight followers.

Carnera has it in his power to bring back the sport with a bang. In his hands rests the future of pugilism. With his decision on whether he will be a fighting champion or just a freak, who will attempt to gather in the shekels from the rubes of the land by appearances at circuses, side shows in country villages or in vaudeville, remains to be seen. If he decides on the latter, instead of agreeing to defend his title this year against Max Baer, the most logical contender, then the sport will remain in the doldrums with the fight fans' interest lagging as it has in the past two years.

* * *

IT all depends on Carnera. He can bring back the three-quarter million dollar gate if he is a fighting champion, but from present indications, regardless of his desire to fight often, he won't be permitted to do so by his strategy board. Although Carnera, in his recent appearances on the stage of the Loew's State Theatre, publicly announced, when asked when he would defend the title, that he would fight any man, any time, anywhere, provided such an opponent was worthy of a chance at the crown, yet immediately after completing his vaudeville engagement, his American mentor, Bill Duffy, declared himself emphatically against any fight this year, particularly against Baer.

The Garden has sought to obtain a definite stand on a Baer match for either October, outdoors, or at Miami in February, but the only assurance from the Carnera camp that Primo would be available for any match prior to next summer, was a statement that if Baer will consent to give the entire purse less his actual training expenses to Primo, Carnera would consider him a logical opponent. Of course that evoked a merry laugh from Max, and rightfully so, for in a Baer-Carnera match it would be Baer, not Carnera, who would draw in the thousands.

He proved that in his match with Schmeling; and Carnera, on the other hand, according to no less an authority than Bill Carey, former president of the Garden, couldn't even draw in his own countrymen at an admission price of $2.00. If that be the case, and we don't doubt Carey's word, then Baer would be a fool to give Primo a chance to gather in all the coin while he furnished the means for doing so.

Messrs. Duffy and Soresi, managers of Carnera, have assured the Garden officials that they will be willing to have Primo take part in a Miami bout provided the opponent is one who will not give Primo too much trouble. They won't have Baer and they won't have Schmeling. They might take Stribling, they say, if the Georgia veteran, who long since has passed out of the picture, will be resurrected for the slaughter. That's how things go nowadays—"A Fighting Champion" before the title is won, with promises forgotten soon after the acquisition.

WHEN one considers that Schmeling gave Stribling a terrific lacing at Cleveland and that the Georgian fought two most unsatisfactory bouts with Carnera, abroad, he ponders over the audacity of managers to make such a suggestion. The idea of fostering on the public a Carnera-Stribling engagement is short of suicide, for such a bout—even with Stribling's popularity in the South—wouldn't draw a fly. Stribling's poor showing in Australia where the papers are still panning him, should be a most convincing argument.

There are plenty of good boys who are more deserving of a shot at Carnera, if Primo insists on fighting someone other than a topnotcher, down in Miami. A Miami fight would be a good money maker next February or March if an opponent worth while is selected, but not if a has-been or a palooka is to be tossed against the champion.

The average fan is no longer a sap. He knows his fight game and he won't pay his good money, even if only a dollar, to see the champion pitted against one who hasn't a ghost of a chance to win. Likewise, the fans won't go out to the theatres to see a champion give a three minutes' exhibition of rope-skipping and sparring with a training partner. They want action.

That was demonstrated recently when Max Schmeling and Jack Dempsey, and later Max Baer and Dempsey, toured the country in exhibitions. In only half a dozen places did they get enough to pay expenses. Both tours were far from financial successes.

Carnera last year tried a tour of the sticks and found the trip lucrative. Then in the spring, after his return from abroad, he again went on the road and that time his tour was a financial bust. The public got wise. It refused to give up money to see an exhibition and when the fight with Sharkey was later staged, the average fan remained away because he didn't think that Carnera was the logical opponent for a championship mill. The fact that Carnera proved otherwise, has not altered the conditions so far as exhibitions are concerned.

* * *

CARNERA, the title-holder, pitted against Baer, the world's foremost contender, the man who knocked out Schmeling, would revive boxing to a stage where it again would be drawing in the crowds at the gate. Such a fight might even revive the million-dollar gate, and that's why I fail to understand the logic of Primo's mentors who would rather ignore Baer to take a chance on touring the sticks.

Such a fight is a "natural" if ever there was one and the Garden, which controls Primo's services, should insist on that as the logical bout either for Miami or New York. If Primo wants one tuning-up bout before he meets Baer, that right should be given him, but he must not make the error of taking on a third-rater because, if he does, he is likely to have the public sour on him and once that happens his days are numbered.

Apparently Messrs. Duffy and Soresi forget to heed the lesson that was brought so firmly to the front by the defeats of both Sharkey and Schmeling by knockouts. The once-a-year fight programs of heavyweight champions was responsible for those defeats.

In Carnera's case, idleness will make him more rusty than it did either of his predecessors because he thrives on work and if he fails to remain active, he will take on weight and will become clumsy. He will lose the speed which he now possesses and the little sharp hitting he has. That's why he should plan a defense of his crown, at the latest, by February or March, and again next summer. If ever a heavyweight king required at least two fights a year, Primo is that man.

At this writing, Baer is the only fighter who stands a chance

to whip Carnera, although I personally do not think he will be able to turn the trick. I think Carnera will hold the crown for a number of years.

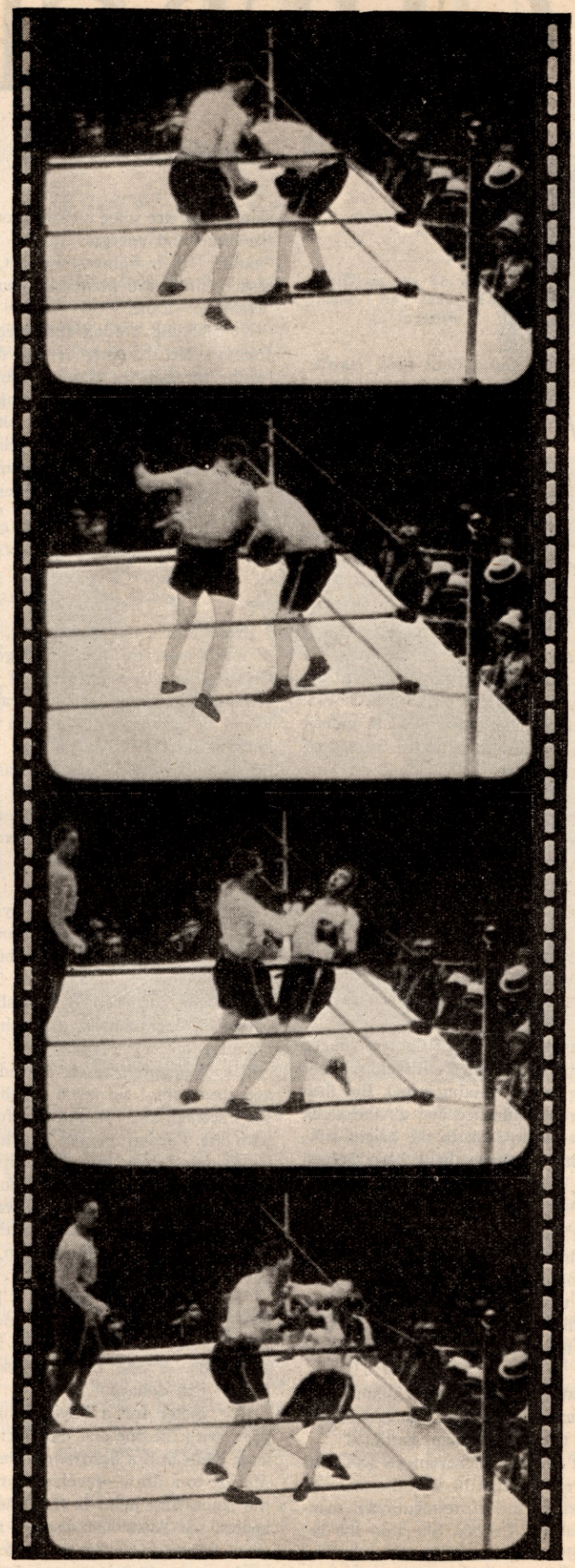
Now as things stand, the Garden has Carnera under contract to perform only for the House that Tex Built. Baer is under contract to do likewise only for Dempsey. The Garden officials know that in holding the champion, it holds an ace. The Eighth Avenue organization has a hidden asset, worth at least a quarter of a million to it, and it is safe to predict that under no conditions will the Garden jeopardize its stand by permitting Carnera to fight for any one other than the Garden.

Of course, that being the case, even if Carnera's mentors wanted it, a Carnera-Baer fight couldn't be staged unless the Garden and Dempsey arranged a truce and joined hands to promote such a fight. Dempsey is willing. He is ready to play ball if proper arrangements are made, but the Garden is not. That of course, will cause a hitch in any proceedings tending to bring the title-holder together with the leading contender. But it is my prediction that when such negotiations get under way, if at all, the obstacle will be quickly overcome.

* * *

THOUGH the Sharkey-Carnera fight drew one of the smallest gates in years for a heavyweight championship affair, yet the Garden made close to $40,000 profit on the mill. A net of $163,798 showed thousands of dollars more for the promoters—the Garden and the Milk Fund—than did the net of $201,000 of the Schmeling-Baer fight, which didn't show a cent profit. In fact, it is said on good authority, that Dempsey and his backer, Tim Mara, lost $7,000 on that show despite the splendid gate.

Thus the heavyweight fight at the Garden Bowl was anything but a flop. It was a thrilling battle because of its ending, and a huge success, despite the small attendance. The fight leaves the Garden with the champion still under its control, a position that enables it to dictate to the challengers, regardless of any big offers that might be made by other promoters for the services of the contenders.



Movie scenes of the Carnera-Sharkey battle
From top to bottom—1—Stage set for the uppercut; 2—Carnera lets the right go; 3—Sharkey's head bobs back as punch lands; 4—Carnera's left ends the fight. Here Sharkey is seen on his way down and out.

The contender must play with the Garden and thus the line of heavyweight championship bouts will continue for a number of years, with the House that Tex Built, because, no matter who the challenger, before he will be permitted to fight Carnera, he will be forced to agree to place his services at the command of the Garden if he should emerge the victor. And as Carnera is already thus signed, neither Dempsey nor any other person or organization can hope to snare away the heavyweight classic from the Eighth Avenue organization.

As a result of the heavyweight tilts of this summer, where before the Schmeling-Baer affair there were only two good cards, there are now at least five that would draw well. With Baer, Schmeling, Sharkey and Carnera as the leaders, three fine bouts are assured if promoters can garner them.

As this goes to press, we are informed by Joe Jacobs, manager of Schmeling, that he has agreed to terms for a return engagement between Herr Max and Sharkey, but has not decided on the date nor the place. According to Jacobs, Schmeling will be in this country shortly and will definitely announce his plans which, to date, call for two bouts—one with Sharkey, and the other a return battle with Baer in Los Angeles, in the event the German is successful in taking Sharkey into camp.

In the event the Sharkey-Schmeling bout materializes, it will be staged under the auspices of Mrs. William R. Hearst's Milk Fund and, Jacobs says, held in New York.

Despite the lack of friendship existing between the Garden forces and Schmeling's manager, Jacobs realizes that such a fight in New York would draw more than the same bout held elsewhere, hence his reasons for being willing to play with the Garden and the Milk Fund for a bout. As for the Los Angeles affair, I doubt that such a fight would draw as much in the Golden State as it would in the East or at Miami during the racing season. California reports that boxing, at present, is at its lowest ebb.

"CHERCHEZ

By GEORGE F. NOCK

Bold Bendigo, whose mother shaped his career.

FIFTY million Frenchmen can't be wrong! At least, that is what the song tells us.

Well, maybe they can, and maybe they can't! But they certainly are not wrong when they say: "Cherchez la femme," which, I am told, means: "Find the woman." For when you find the woman, you can explain a lot of happenings in the fight game.

Yes, sirs! Adam's rib has had quite a lot to do with the "Business of Bash." Doubtless you already know that, without my telling you, but a story is a story, so let's get on with it.

With the reminder that a Biblical character, Delilah, gained fame as one of the first women to meddle with the affairs of fighting men, we will start off with the bare knuckle days. This Delilah woman had an influence—an evil one—on the fighting affairs of hubby Samson. He was her man, but she did him wrong. It appears that she made a palooka out of him by the simple process of cutting his hair. Such is life with a wife. Wouldn't she be popular in the House of David!

Nowadays the presence of women at the ringside is no uncommon sight. However, 'twas not always thus. Anyway not in the good old days—the days when the spectators were constantly aware of possibility of the fight being broken up by the arrival of the cops. But even in those days the ladies had their influence on fistic doings.

In many cases, the influence was bad as a lot of fighters slipped through, devoting their time to wine and women with and without the song, instead of concentrating on the training grind. But then again, in many cases it was a good influence and as the stock advice in these days of depression is to look to the bright side, I'll relate some instances in which fighters have been helped by the fair sex.

* * *

ONE such instance was that of William Thompson, better known as Bendigo. The fighting son of a fighting mother, Bendigo was one of the most colorful of English bare-knuckle champions. He owed his rise to the title to his mother—in fact, he owed his entire fighting ability to her. It was his mother who was responsible for him being bred to fight, taught to fight and trained to fight.

Another parallel case was that of the brothers, Johnny and Harry Broome. What a lesson many alleged fight managers could learn from the mother of these two Birmingham battlers!

Johnny Broome's first fight at the age of seventeen was witnessed by his Ma, who at once realized that he was the makings of a great fighting man. But, unlike the afore-mentioned managers, she was not a money grabber. Proof? She told the lad that she would not let him fight until he had matured. And what is more she kept her word.

Whatta woman! Not only was she Johnny's adviser at the start of his career, but ably played that rôle throughout his fighting days. It was mainly through following her advice that Johnny defeated Hannan for the English lightweight championship. There are some conscientious managers who devote their entire time and energies to the welfare of their charges. They "mother" their fighters. In fact, they live for them. But in this respect there are none who could outdo the mother of Johnny "Hammer" Lane.

No standing around the street corners for Mrs. Lane's boy, Johnny! No drinking of the fluid that won the election! No loafing through the training routine. It was a habit of Ma Lane to burst into her son's training quarters and heaven help the trainer whose methods with which she was dissatisfied. Johnny Lane, being a good and appreciative son, always gave credit for his successes to his mother's attentions.

There lies a tale in these lines:

"Maddox, the pride of the milling race,
Secured his conquests with a Grace.
But once neglected, changed the case;
George ne'er had lost, had he said Grace!

From which you may gather, the twice-mentioned Grace, was of much value to fighter George Maddox, who was her brother. George himself admitted that his sister Grace was the best second he had ever had. As Grace also admitted that her brother would not have lost a certain fight if she had been handling him, we'll prove that the age of chivalry is not dead and let the lady have the last word as to the merits of her handling ability. Anyway, she evidently had a reputation as a fighting woman, for immediately after one of her brother's triumphs, she offered to fight any man present. No one took her on!

* * *

AS already stated, in days gone by, women did not generally make their presence noticed at prize fights. But a certain Mrs. Wigmore undoubtedly made her presence felt at Camden Town (England), on August 21, 1805. Mrs. Wigmore was in the corner of her husband, who, however, lost to his opponent, one Johnson, after the fight had lasted a mere fifteen minutes.

Was Wigmore's missus peeved at him losing so quickly? Peeved and then some! So much so, that she sorted out Leveret, Johnson's second, and relieved her feelings in a fair "dinkum stoush" with him. Pardon the pun, but this battle of the sexes and seconds lasted only ten minutes, the hitting power of the representative of the weaker (?) sex being too much for the mere man. Leveret quit cold or rather before he was knocked cold.

"What started you off in the fight game, Jim?" On being asked this question, Jim Barron, old-time Australian lightweight, answered:

"My mother was sick in a hospital and badly wanted some Granny Smith apples. I did not have any money, so went to Larry Foley and asked for a fight. He matched me with Ben Anderson. I won by a knockout and received five shillings (about one dollar)."

One dollar for a kayo! That was what Barron—who later drew with the one and only Griffo over 22 rounds and who, still later while still a lightweight, held the famous middleweight Kid McCoy to a draw—received for his first fight. But that is beside the point. The point is that had not Jim's mother wanted those apples, the Australian boxing ring might never have seen this great fighter in action—a fighter who was and is a great credit to the game.

* * *

ANOTHER ringman who, like Barron, was a product of the Foley school and who owed much of his success to the influence of the opposite sex, was Bob Fitzsimmons.

LA FEMME"

A Story of the Influence of Women on Fighters' Careers

Sullivan, as he looked when he met Anne Livingston.

Pretty Anne Livingston, with whom John L. Sullivan was enamoured.

In Bob's case, it was his wife, Rose, who helped him to the top. For readers to fully understand how Fitzsimmons' wife aided him, and how he appreciated it, they would have to read "Ruby Robert" written by Rob't H. Davis. It can be obtained from the Ring Bookshop and believe me, it is well worth the money. Buy it and realize the value of a good wife to a fighting man. In proof of this, I quote an instance which, however, is not related in the books; it comes from Joe Choynski.

Back in the year 1894, Bob Fitzsimmons and Joe Choynski fought a five-round draw in Boston. In the third round, Choynski toppled Fitz with a dandy left. Fitzsimmons was out to the world when the gong saved him.

Next day when he chanced to meet Choynski in the street, he said:

"That was some bloody wallop that you handed me, Choynski!" To which Joe replied: "I know it, but there's one thing I want to ask you, Bob. How did you ever manage to get up?"

Fitzsimmons' reply bears out what I have already said about Rose's influence helping him. "I was thinking of what Rose would say," he said.

* * *

NOW to quote an instance in which blemish was cast on the careers of two fighting contemporaries of Fitzsimmons, by the meddling of their wives. In 1900, Jim Corbett scored a kayo over Kid McCoy at the old Madison Square Garden. That kayo ended the fight in the fifth round, but it started a fight scandal which lasted quite a while.

It happened that both fighters were not enjoying complete domestic harmony. It seems that after the fight, both the first Mrs. Corbett and Mrs. Selby (Mrs. McCoy) took up the well-known over-the-back-fence attitude. You know, something like this: "I'm not a woman to talk, but, if I opened my mouth, I could dig up a bit of dirt, my word, I could!" Well, anyway it seems that they did open their mouths and they did dig up a bit of dirt—a whole lot of it, in fact. Both declared that the fight was rigged and that a number of insiders had cleaned up in a big way. This kind of talk was just what the "knockers" of the game wanted to support their muckraking attacks on the game.

There are many cases on record in the fight game where a woman was responsible for a champion quitting the ring and other cases, where they have been responsible for the failure of a titleholder to hold the crown for any length of time. Take the case of John L. Sullivan, for example. When he was at the height of his career he became infatuated with a beautiful Broadway actress, Anne Livingston, and he lavished a fortune on her. It was soon after he met her, that he separated from his wife and also began to hit the high spots at a killing pace.

Not only did he imbibe more than ever, of the amber fluid, but he ceased all training and became an inactive champion, except for exhibitions. He went to England on an exhibition tour rather than to fight for the championship; and with him went Anne Livingston, whose beauty became the subject of many articles in the British press. It was said by the Boston Strong Boy's friends that Anne Livingston was responsible for Sullivan's downfall. In 1896, she died in a New York hospital, a subject of charity.

Sullivan's second wife, a sweetheart of his boyhood days, Katherine Harkness, on the other hand, brought him back to the straight and narrow path from which he had wandered. They were a happy couple and under her guidance, John L. was steered into a retiring life. He gave up drink and became one of the chief supporters of the reform movement waged against John Barleycorn.

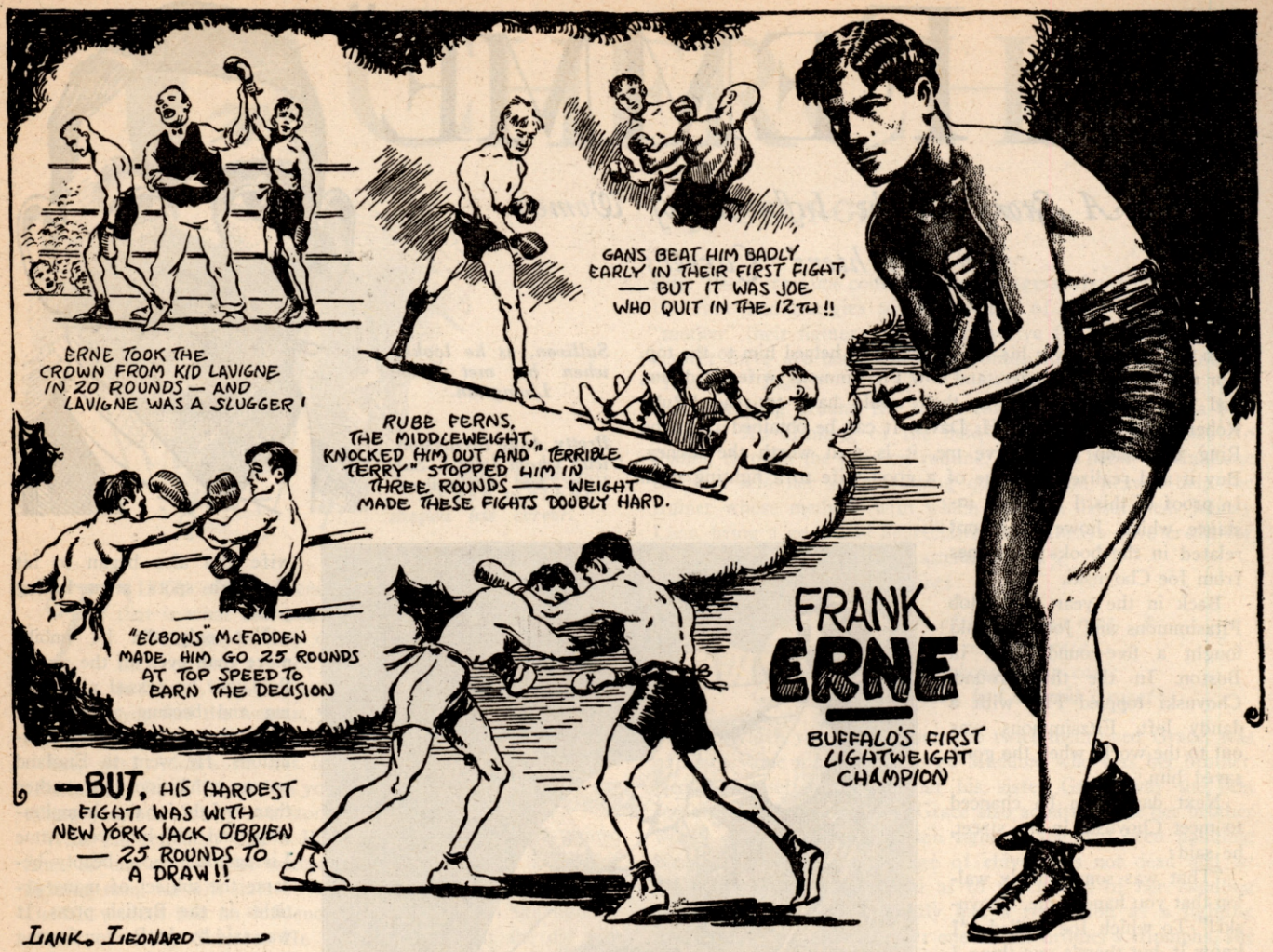
Now to finish up with Jack Dempsey. No, you need not think that I am going to dig up the affairs of Jack and his former wife, Estelle Taylor. Doubtless you already know as much, if not more, about that, than I. But there was another lady who had much to do with the fighting career of Jack Dempsey.

It has often been said that the break—that unprofitable break—between Dempsey and his manager, Kearns, could be traced to Dempsey's marriage to Estelle Taylor. We'll leave that and recall that Dempsey's climb to the title was mainly due to the harmonious relationship between him and Jack Kearns.

Readers will perhaps be asking: "Well, where does the 'Cherchez la femme' part of it come into this fighter-manager friendship!" I'll answer that query with Dempsey's own words culled from his own story:

"I want to say for Jack Kearns, Mother Kearns loved me, and I loved her. This helped to bring about a friendship between Kearns and myself, which was as enthusiastic as the ballyhoo which he sent out about me."

So reader, next time you sit in on a fanning bee, discussing a fighter who slipped, with talk along the line of: "He was a good fighter, but the dames got him," just think of the other side. Think of the fighters who have been helped by the influence of women.



Boxing Still Has Its Lure

Frank Erne, Who Beat Three of the Greatest Fighters of All Time, Retains His Interest in the Sport at the Age of 58

By SAM AUSTIN

PROBABLY the most modest and gentlemanly lightweight champion of all was Frank Erne, who won the title from that remarkably aggressive, slashing fighter, George Kid Lavigne, at Buffalo, N. Y., on July 3, 1899. It was in that city that Erne grew up from early childhood, made his professional boxing start and later gained world-wide fame for his skillful and game pugilistic qualifications.

Today the youthful, dashing, spry battler of thirty years ago is just as keen about boxing as he was when in his prime, although he no longer is an active participant in the sport. He lives in New York City, where he is engaged in the financial district, and there isn't a fight of importance that Frank misses. Often he visits the leading gymnasiums when a fighter of note is preparing for an engagement of national interest and watches their workouts with a critical eye.

When you go to visit Erne in the Wall Street section of New York City, you are whirled almost up to the top of a skyscraper and before you can enter Frank's office, you are announced by a charming young woman. It seems incongruous to be seeking an interview with a former "pug" in such surroundings. They usually are located in less sumptuous places. Once in his office, you see a stately fellow, his hair somewhat gray, and he greets you with a smile and a good hand shake. Frank is no longer a chicken, for he has just passed his fifty-eighth birthday, but he doesn't look his age. He is associated with an oil and engineering firm but that doesn't keep him from talking fights.

Once the handsomest fighter in captivity, rivalling Jim Corbett and Jimmy Britt for the honors, Erne today looks much like the gentleman banker, instead of a fighter who has gone through the mill with some of the greatest gladiators of all time. He now weighs about 175 pounds and he hasn't a mark to show for the many gruelling battles in which he was a participant.

* * *

ERNE was born at Dottiningon, about twenty miles from Zurich, Switzerland, in the canton of Argau, but his parents came to this country and settled in Buffalo when Frank was just beginning to walk. Erne learned his fighting by battling his way from brewery to brewery. His father was a brewmaster in the Bison City and his work took him from one brewery to another. Dad Erne made his home in the neighborhood where he worked and young Erwin, who doesn't know why he was called Frank, a name that he still carries, had to establish himself socially—in the good old-fashioned way.

The first time the family moved, the Swiss youth went to the trouble of whipping the entire new gang, but the generalship that was to carry him to the lightweight championship evidenced itself early. He quickly discovered that it was much easier to

eliminate the rest by picking out the street bully and handing him a pasting.

He won his first amateur title at 16 and shortly thereafter James J. Corbett appeared in Buffalo on an exhibition tour. Frank Erne's entire career was shaped that night. Gentleman Jim showed him so much stuff that was entirely new that he at once became his idol and inspiration. He copied Corbett—in and out of the ring.

Erne assisted Corbett in putting pugilism in the parlor. He was the first boxer to cultivate the more substantial people, Corbett identifying himself chiefly with the sophisticated, smart riding set. It was an association Erne formed while instructing at Yale that put him in the position he occupies today. Only Corbett compared with him in sartorial splendor during their days on the firing line.

An interesting story told of him is that he started the vogue of parting the hair on the side in San Francisco. The boys all parted it in the middle until they saw how the well-groomed lads of the East were doing it.

Some consider Erne to have been the best of all the lightweights, Joe Humphries believes he could have whipped any of them since Gans. All of the old-timers agree he was the neatest thing they ever saw in and out of ring togs. He operated as though on ball bearings and no opponent ever succeeded in making him back up.

In his heyday, Erne looked more like a college student than a fighter. He was always suave, polite and good company until he went into fistic action, and then, oh boy—how he could fight. It took a real battler to gain victories over such warriors as Joe Gans, George Lavigne, George Elbows McFadden, George Dixon and George Siddons, among others, and that's what Erne did.

One of the greatest victories Erne earned was that over McFadden on March 9, 1899, a few months before Frank won the lightweight title. It was a twenty-five-round affair. It was his triumphs over McFadden and Lavigne that earned him a shot at Joe Gans, whom he whipped in twelve thrilling rounds at the old Broadway A. C. of New York City.

* * *

ERNE was asked which, of the many thrilling contests in which he engaged, he thought was his hardest and he didn't hesitate to say that it was the battle with New York Jack O'Brien at Coney Island in 1899. And here is his story of that bout:

"It was almost thirty-five years ago that I had my hardest fight, but the memory of it is as fresh in my mind as though it had taken place a month ago. And yet every one of my fights was a hard one, for I fought every good man of my day, beating some, losing to others, but I can safely say that none of those encounters was what you might term a 'pink tea.'

"George Siddons, Solly Smith, Kid Lavigne, George Dixon, Joe Gans and Terry McGovern—all these made things very rough for me, whether I was beating them or they were beating me. I was just a youngster when I held Siddons and Smith even. I fought a draw with Lavigne and beat Dixon—four years before McGovern did. I stopped Gans the first time I met him and I was stopped by McGovern. Hard, cruel fights, all of them.

"But the hardest! I'll give the palm to my 25-round draw with New York Jack O'Brien at Coney Island on December 4, 1899.

"O'Brien, for a reason which I cannot understand, never has received his share of the glory that we all pulled out of the last years of the Nineteenth Century and the early years of this. He was a rough, tough fellow if there ever was one and I mean no disrespect to him when I say that he looked like a gorilla in the ring. His barrel chest and his abnormally long arms were matted with thick, black hair and his face continually wore an expression that was almost primitive.

"Nor did his looks belie his ability. He was one of the best fighters I ever saw. You will look in vain for his record in the books, for it seems to have vanished, but look into the records of some of his contemporaries. He fought two draws, one of ten rounds and the other of 20 with Oscar Gardner, the great little Omaha Kid, and then won a 20-round decision from him.

"He took the measure of Martin Flaherty in 25 rounds and did the same for Dal Hawkins, who wielded such a deadly left hand. These were some of his notable achievements. He had many more to his credit and he should have gone down in ring history as one of the outstanding lightweights of all time.

"I originally was matched to fight him before the Coney Island Athletic Club, which was run by William A. Brady, in October, 1899. I trained for the fight at my home in Buffalo and while training contracted a cold. Despite my efforts to throw it off, it became worse, so that I was pretty sick when I boarded a train for New York the night before the fight.

"I was met at the Grand Central Depot the next morning by my manager, Bob Smith, and a representative of Brady's. As soon as they saw me, they declared I was too sick to fight. Not wishing to call off the engagement at such short notice, I told them I would go ahead with it.

* * *

"BRADY'S representative called him on the telephone and reported my condition to him and Brady told him to take me to a doctor at Bellevue Hospital, adding that if the doctor said I could not fight he would be satisfied. Over we went to Bellevue and the doctor, having examined me, said that I was too ill to fight.

"O'Brien and his manager, however, were informed that the fight was off and they collected my forfeit. In doing so, they were perfectly within their rights, as O'Brien was ready to fight, as provided in the articles of agreement, while I was not. However, I didn't like their insinuations that I wasn't sick at all but merely was stalling. I made up my mind to fight O'Brien as soon as I could and because I fought him sooner than I should, I very nearly lost my title to him.

"Meanwhile, Brady had refused to take my forfeit, although he, too, was entitled to it.

" 'I want you to know that I appreciate the manner in which you have treated me, Mr. Brady,' I said. 'I will fight this fellow very soon and you can bet that I will fight him for nobody but you.'

"I got over my attack of pneumonia, as I thought, within a couple of weeks and almost the first place I went when I was able to get about was to Brady's office, where I signed to fight O'Brien on December 4. Then I went into training, having something like three weeks in which to prepare myself.

"On the night of the fight I felt great—until the fight actually was under way. Then I knew that I had returned to the ring too soon but there wasn't anything to do but fight my way out of the jam in which I found myself. That this was a particularly tough assignment I soon realized. O'Brien was not a master boxer but he was far from being a crude mauler. He knew how to hit—and how he could hit! Strong as a bull and very aggressive, he was on top of me all the time.

"I felt as though I was carrying an anvil around the ring on my chest and my arms and legs were leaden. Round after round went by with O'Brien steadily increasing his lead and if it had been a 15-round fight, such as they have in this state today, I would have been a badly beaten champion at the final bell. Just about the 15th round I pulled myself together. My chest was free again, my arms and legs limber and my brain clear. I started to cut down O'Brien's lead.

"It was slow work at first but I began to make progress along about the 18th round. After that the fight was very much mine. At the finish, one of O'Brien's eyes was closed tight and the other rapidly was closing, while I had punched his body raw. I thought I should have got the decision but I guess that in view of his fine work in the earlier rounds a draw was a just verdict.

"There was an immediate demand for a return bout between us, a demand to which we both acceded. Articles were signed and, after a rest of a couple of weeks, we went into training. Just about a week before the fight was to take place, I was notified that O'Brien had called off the match and dropped out of sight. Subsequently I endeavored to get him to agree to meet me again but in vain."

(Continued on page 33)

Master Boxer Speaks

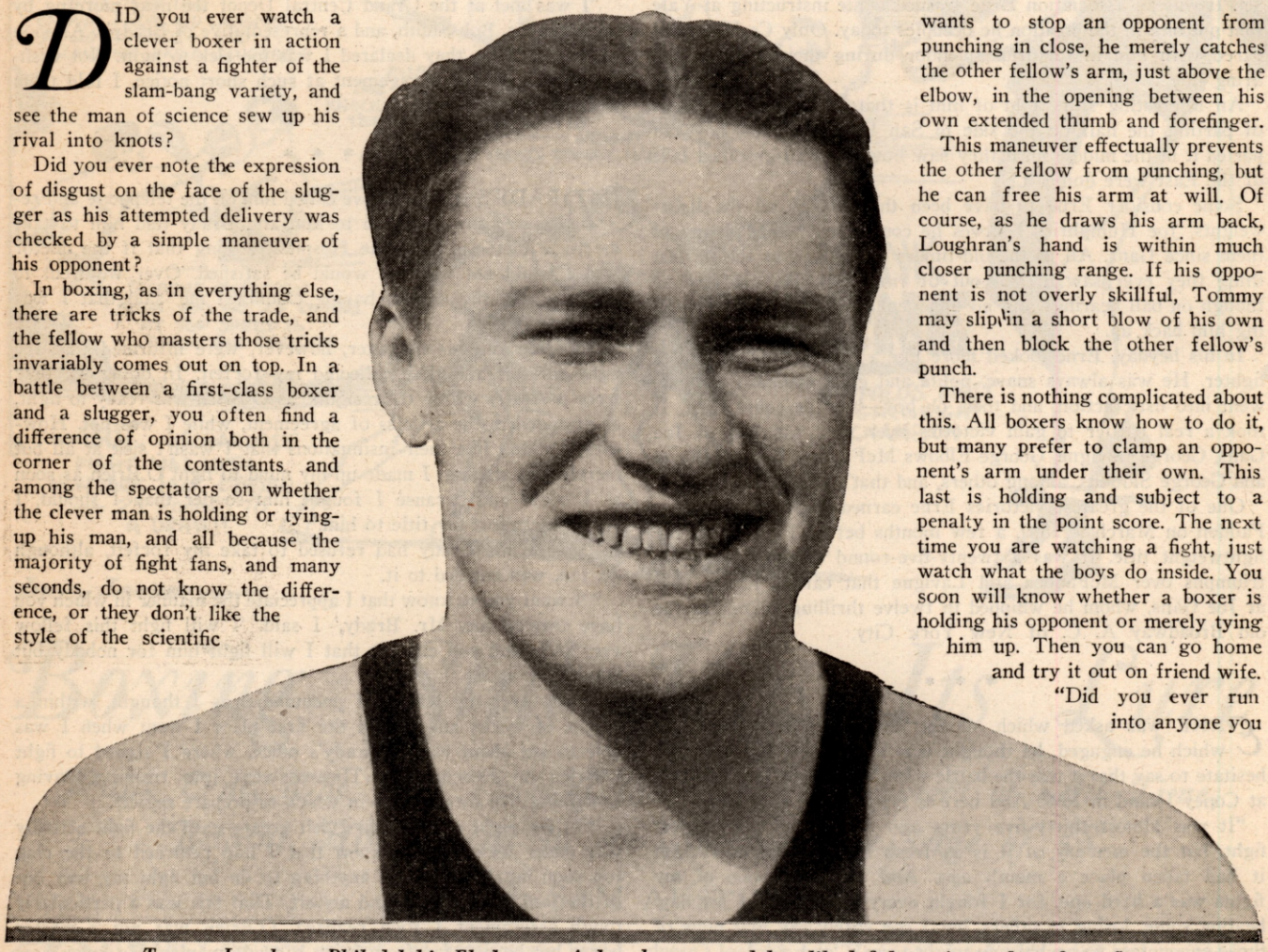
Tommy Loughran Discusses the Difference Between Holding and Tying-Up an Opponent

By WILBUR WOOD

DID you ever watch a clever boxer in action against a fighter of the slam-bang variety, and see the man of science sew up his rival into knots?

Did you ever note the expression of disgust on the face of the slugger as his attempted delivery was checked by a simple maneuver of his opponent?

In boxing, as in everything else, there are tricks of the trade, and the fellow who masters those tricks invariably comes out on top. In a battle between a first-class boxer and a slugger, you often find a difference of opinion both in the corner of the contestants and among the spectators on whether the clever man is holding or tying-up his man, and all because the majority of fight fans, and many seconds, do not know the difference, or they don't like the style of the scientific boxer and show their preference for the slugger type of fighter.



Tommy Loughran, Philadelphia Flash, one of the cleverest and best-liked fighters in modern fisticuffs.

There always seems to be considerable confusion as to that difference, and, in the case of the handlers of the slugger, they naturally take full advantage of the ignorance of the fans by repeatedly calling the attention of the officials to the "holding" of the opponent. Yet, in reality, he is doing nothing of the sort. He is simply using his knowledge of the finer points of boxing to tie up his rival so that he cannot use his fists effectively at close-range fighting. So long as a fighter does not hold an opponent's arm in such a fashion that it cannot be freed, he is not guilty of technical holding and, therefore, should not be penalized.

* * *

WHENEVER Tommy Loughran fights, there are some who accuse him of doing a great deal of holding. When he met Paulino, he was heavily penalized by one of the officials for holding. Tommy really was guilty of considerable holding in the fifth and sixth rounds while his ankle was troubling him.

"I venture to say," remarked Loughran in discussing the matter, "that I do as little holding as anyone in the game. I do not have to hold, because I know how to tie a man up."

Thereupon Tommy demonstrated what he meant. When he wants to stop an opponent from punching in close, he merely catches the other fellow's arm, just above the elbow, in the opening between his own extended thumb and forefinger.

This maneuver effectually prevents the other fellow from punching, but he can free his arm at will. Of course, as he draws his arm back, Loughran's hand is within much closer punching range. If his opponent is not overly skillful, Tommy may slip in a short blow of his own and then block the other fellow's punch.

There is nothing complicated about this. All boxers know how to do it, but many prefer to clamp an opponent's arm under their own. This last is holding and subject to a penalty in the point score. The next time you are watching a fight, just watch what the boys do inside. You soon will know whether a boxer is holding his opponent or merely tying him up. Then you can go home and try it out on friend wife.

"Did you ever run into anyone you could not tie up?" was a question that was put to Loughran.

"Not yet," he smiled. "Some of them are harder to tie up than others. Dempsey was so strong that I had some trouble tying him up when I was sparring with him at Atlantic City. Walker was easy. It is less trouble to tie up a man of his short build. Greb was the hardest of all to tie up. He was the busiest chap I ever met. The only time I ever have had to resort to holding was when I was hurt. I don't suppose anyone will blame a boxer who is in bad shape for holding until his head clears. I had to hold Paulino for a couple of rounds until my ankle got better."

"What about King Levinsky?" was the next question.

"Levinsky is an extremely busy fellow, but I can tie him up without too much difficulty. The remarkable thing about him is that he can keep punching all night without tiring. Most of those slam-bang punchers tire after a few rounds and the steam is gone from their blows. It is not that way with Levinsky. He punches just as hard and just as often in the tenth round as in the first.

"He hits hard, too. I know. In our first fight, he hit me high on the head with a right hand and knocked me down. If the punch had been a few inches lower it would have been just too bad. I am going to beat him again, but I think the fans will like him because he never stops trying."

(Continued on page 33)

The Man Who KAYOED DEMPSEY

Recounting the Ring Exploits of Jim Flynn, the "Pueblo Fireman," Who Put the Only Blot on the Manassa Mauler's Escutcheon

By HARVEY BRIGHT

Pueblo Jim Flynn, the only man to score a knockout over Jack Dempsey.

OUT in Pueblo, Arizona, friends of a once-famous heavyweight fighter recently broadcast a request for financial aid for a pal. The distressed pugilist, more recently a taxi driver, was Pueblo Jim Flynn, the man who fought Jack Johnson for the heavyweight crown, engaged almost every great fighter of his era and was recognized as one of the heaviest hitters of his time. Long after the gameness and fighting qualities of Jim Flynn will have been forgotten, his name will continue to live in ring stories because of one accomplishment that will never die. For no matter what else Flynn may have tried and failed to do, he has the distinction of being the only fighter who scored a knockout over Jack Dempsey. For that alone, he will live forever in the memories of boxing fans.

This memorable encounter took place on February 13, 1917, at Salt Lake City, Utah, and the end came in the very first round. Many at the ringside were of the opinion that it was another one of "those things." Dempsey's friends have always insisted that Jack "took a dive." Partially substantiating this version of the affair was the fact that a year and a day later, the "Manassa mankiller" knocked out Jim in one round at Fort Sheridan, Ill. Dempsey himself has often said that he was broke, and didn't try to beat Flynn, for at the time he was only a novice and was out to make a few dollars, but the fact remains that Jack was knocked out—the only K.O. chalked up against him in his entire career.

Jim Flynn was one of the gamest men that ever donned a pair of padded mitts. Jim Flynn was only the ring name of this rugged and willing heavyweight, who was of Italian extraction and was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 24, 1879, and christened Andrew. The name of his parents is Chiariglione.

* * *

FLYNN was a lad of only six or seven years when his people packed up their worldly goods and moved out to Colorado. They settled in Pueblo, and there it was that the fighting spirit of the youngster asserted itself. In the words of Jack Curley, present-day wrestling impresario, who managed Flynn for a number of years through his most important ring encounters:

"Jim developed into a tough youngster who thought he could lick the world. You never could convince Jim that anybody could lick him. He roughed it with all the kids in the neighborhood of Pueblo, and, as a young man, when he became a fireman on an engine (whence he derived his nickname) Jim went after any fellow who showed an inclination to scrap."

Flynn's gravitation to the roped arena, therefore, was a natural process of events. Jim was a rough and tearing sort of fighter. He never expected any quarter and, as a consequence, never gave any. Never weighing more than one hundred and eighty pounds, but generally fighting eight or ten pounds under that weight, he waded into bigger men with the same stout courage that he displayed against adversaries of his own size and weight.

In 1901, his first year as a professional mittman, Flynn won all of the seven battles in which he engaged. He scored knockouts over Ed Seaman, Ray Condy and a big mauler by the name of Chambers, and took down decisions in short bouts with Fred Davis, Pat Malloy, Fred France and Kid Dawson.

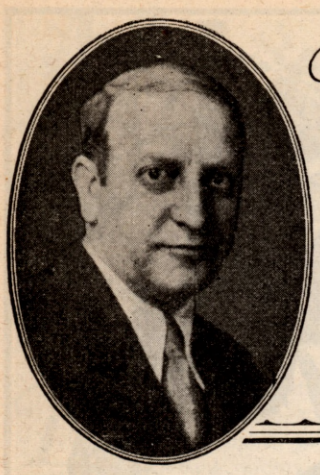
He continued to be successful in the following twelve months, hanging up a record of six knockouts, a twenty-round decision over Willard Bean, a win on a foul from Graham in five cantos, and draws of twenty rounds each from Joe Cotton and "Dummy" Rowan.

The first real blot on Jim's escutcheon came in 1903, when he lost a verdict in three rounds to Jack Root, who was then going strong. The fight took place on November 26 at Pueblo.

"Cyclone" Kelly found out that Jim was a great fighter, and a better one than he, when the two staged a twenty-rounder in 1904. In that same year, Jim took a ten-round decision from George Gardiner.

Tommy Burns was the undisputed heavyweight champion of the world in 1906, and Jim felt that he had every reason in the world to beat Tommy and get the title, as he had fought and defeated the best that the heavyweight field had to offer. It was on October 2, 1906, that he stacked up against Burns at Los Angeles, Calif. Burns and Flynn crossed gloves in Los Angeles before a large gathering of sporting men.

Tommy was, of course, the favorite in the wagering. The battle was fast from start to finish, but Flynn's championship aspirations were crushed when Burns sent him into *(Continued on page 34)*



Nat FLEISCHER says:

"No Foul" Rule is Now Appreciated by British
New Rule In-re Injuries, Should Help Boxing
Ringside Seat Abuse Receives K. O. in New York

OUR British brethren are all het up over their heavyweight champion, Jack Petersen, the successor to the elongated Phil Scott. Many years have elapsed since England boasted a heavyweight to whom the fight fans could point with pride, and in Petersen, the Welshman, they feel they have such a fellow. When sixty thousand persons crowded the White City Stadium recently to see Petersen defend his crown against the Irish challenger, Jack Doyle, they gave sufficient evidence of the patronage that boxing can command when good men are pitted against each other. Unfortunately, as has been the case with so many important contests in the past five years, two fouls by the Irishman ended a contest that, from the start, bore all the earmarks of a stirring battle.

Such an ending to a bout that drew so heavily has left the same sour taste in the mouths of the British fans as did the fiasco down in Miami three years ago, when Jack Sharkey was awarded the verdict over Phil Scott. It is such wind-ups that have caused the average sports follower to lose his faith in boxing and, when one talks of the pugilistic depression throughout the world, he must give due recognition to unsatisfactory bouts as the major cause.

* * *

ON the same night when Doyle fouled Petersen and was disqualified in the second round, a New York physician ordered the bout between Bep Van Klaveren, the welterweight champion of Holland, and the veteran, Billy Petrolle, halted because Bep had a slight gash over the right eye. At the time, a gathering of about twelve thousand persons were witnessing one of the best welterweight scraps at the Polo Grounds that it has been my pleasure to see in ten years. It was one of those contests that causes the blood to tingle and gives the dyed-in-the-wool fistic followers one hundred per cent action for their money. It wasn't a toe-to-toe barroom brawl or dock fight, for there also was plenty of science in the milling.

The boys went at each other like two gamecocks. It was a rip-roaring, slam-bang thriller that seemed certain to aid considerably in killing the pugilistic depression in the big city, but just when the Hollander was picking up lost ground and was beginning to use his thumping fists to the dismay of his opponent, up stepped the good old doctor and ordered the bout halted. That action not only riled the fans—and justly so—but almost caused a riot.

The crowd was angry. The newspapermen, who have done their share nobly to aid killing "Kid Depression," were disturbed. But the most riled person in the Stadium was the promoter of the fistic treat—Tim Mara. And he had ample reason to be so. He explained in no mincing words to the boxing commission that it was his money that was being gambled on the success of the show and that he wouldn't stand by and permit members of the state commission to interfere with its success.

Of course, Tim was all upset and his arguments were a little stronger than he otherwise might have made. But, after all, Tim went into the boxing promotion field to make money. And the only way he can gain a little on his gigantic investment is by giving the public full action for their admission fee. When the doctor stopped the fight, he deprived the public of their just dues.

I WOULD be the last to find fault with a referee or a doctor who intervened to save a fighter from possible fatal injury. A deep gash over the eye, a deep lip-cut, a mouth-cut—all are dangerous. But in the case of Van Klaveren, his wound was superficial. It was more of an abrasion than a cut, and there was no reason for interfering. He wasn't even bleeding when, to the astonishment of all, the bout was stopped.

For one reason only am I glad that such action was taken. It served to bring up for consideration before the boxing moguls a point to which I have called attention time and again. When the Bob Godwin-Rosenbloom championship fight was halted in the Garden because of a deep cut over Bob's eye, I demanded to know, in the interests of the fans whom this paper has always served, why the official physician had passed Bob as satisfactory at the weighing-in when the same condition existed at that time as it did eight hours later when the fight got under way.

And for being so rude, I was upbraided by a member of the commission, who insisted that when Godwin weighed in he had no outward sign of an eye injury, yet we newspapermen who saw the boy at that time marvelled at the fact that he was passed with such a deep eye injury that required three layers of adhesive tape as a protection.

At that time, I said to the commission what I now repeat—the board should make it mandatory on the part of the examining physician to refuse to pass as a target any fighter who, at weighing-in time, shows signs of an injury that, after a few hard blows from the opponent's fists, might result in the halting of the bout. Then the public would be saved, the promoter would be aided and the boxing commission will have done its duty by those who pay the freight.

In General Phelan and Commissioners Wear and Bill Brown, New York has, without the shadow of doubt, the greatest boxing commission in the world—bar none. The first two, prior to the selection of Brown by Governor Lehman, have given their time and energy freely to keep boxing on a high level. Now, with Brown as a co-worker, the board is continuing its broad-minded action in ruling the sport in the Empire State and it is safe to say that wherever a condition arises that requires a new code of procedure for the protection of the fans, General Phelan and his members will act.

Such action was quickly taken following the introduction of a resolution by Commissioner Brown, to the effect that hereafter no physician may enter the ring, or order a bout halted, without first being requested to make the examination by the referee. The third man in the ring hereafter will be in supreme command, as he should be, for he is closer to the injured lad than is a doctor sitting at the ringside.

Thus, in the future, if a contest is halted, the fans will have an assurance that, in the opinion of both the referee and the physician, it would be dangerous to have the bout continued.

* * *

THE innovation adopted by the New York commission in having the announcer read to the fight fans the reasons for the decisions rendered by the judges and the referee at all contests has met with popular approval. It has aided the sport because officials who heretofore have been lax in their duties, now fear

public ridicule and therefore pay closer attention to the bout they judge.

When an official writes on his card that he has given a fighter the verdict because "of aggressiveness and cleaner hitting," and the spectators have noted just the opposite throughout the fight, such a man won't be able to remain long in his official capacity, if I know Bill Brown as I think I do.

Of course, there are times when all the officials suffer from astigmatism and are unanimous in their opinion that a fighter has been the aggressor, the cleaner hitter, the cleverer and the harder hitter, although, in reality, his opponent whipped him to a frazzle, but there aren't many such cases. However, such a case was on hand when the verdict was rendered against Patsy Pasculli in his bout with Herman Perlick in one of the preliminaries on the Van Klaveren-Petrolle card.

How any officials could hand the worn-out Perlick the decision after his rival had battered him from pillar to post and caused him to hold and miss throughout five rounds, is a mystery that neither the scribes nor the spectators could solve.

That is why I am heartily in favor of the reading of the opinions as now is ordered by the boxing board. It must make the judges and referee feel mighty awkward to hear the boos and hisses when the judgment they have rendered meets with such public disfavor as did that decision. It wouldn't be long before everyone would know which officials were doing good work and which were rendering the verdicts which caused considerable criticism.

I think that if the boxing boards throughout the country were to adopt this new rule of the New York commission, the judging a year hence will be of a much higher caliber than it has been for many years. Make the incompetents blush with shame when they show their lack of knowledge of the finer points of the game they are asked to judge or when they pay little attention to their official duty by showing 'em up. There is no better way to make them perk up than that.

* * *

THE commotion that was started recently in New York in-re the issuance of complimentary tickets to members of the boxing commission, police, firemen, politicians and friends of the promoters, came as a result of the unsatisfactory conditions that have prevailed at the ringside of big fights. It has been customary for the promoters to set aside from six to ten rows of seats adjoining the press, and in those seats, the "elite" found a fine vantage point. But those who were asked to pay the stipulated fee for a ringside seat complained bitterly when they found that instead of being seated in the row called for by their ticket, they found themselves seated from ten to twelve rows farther back.

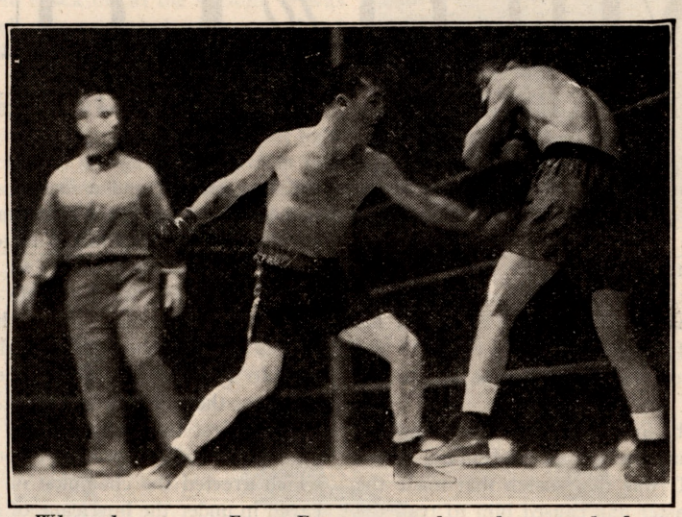
The squawk reached the boxing commission after each show was staged, but nothing was done to rectify this injustice. Then along came the Sharkey-Carnera bout where, much to the dismay of the promoters—the Madison Square Garden and Milk Fund directors—most of the ringside seats were unoccupied, and an investigation was started. Why did the fan who usually paid his money to see a heavyweight championship fight remain away? Was it because he didn't think Carnera had a chance or that he tired of seeing Sharkey?

No, the answer to the puzzle was found by Bill Brown in the ticket arrangements. He learned that the persons who heretofore have been the purchasers of ringside seats refused to fork up their money when they learned that again ten or more rows would be set aside as "guest seats." Then came a statement to the effect that such a state of affairs must cease and that hereafter the press seats would be reserved for the working press only and that the ringside seats would be separated from the press so that a person buying a ringside ticket would know exactly where he was to be seated.

So far, so good. That is as it should be. The politicians, friends of commissioners, friends of promoters, etc., should not be permitted to give vent to their feelings in a section where men are attempting to concentrate on a story. The annoyance has been such in the past that the scribes have been able to work only with the greatest of difficulty. The press section at all wrestling and boxing bouts should be exclusively for those who are assigned to work or have other official business there.

As for the elimination of complimentary tickets, also urged by Bill Brown, I disagree with him. I think, as does General Phelan, that if the privilege is not abused, the promoter should be permitted to hand out complimentary ducats to those who, in his opinion, help the sport by their presence. Of course, those in the boxing game know that often a promoter has issued far beyond what should be a fair allotment, and thus has deprived the fighters, who work on a percentage, of their just due. That abuse can, and should, be curtailed in the very near future.

I think that if the boxing commission placed a definite limit on the number of complimentaries that may be issued, over and above the press allotment, which should not be interfered with, all concerned—promoter, fight managers and fighters—would be satisfied. There is such a thing as prestige, and the presence of nationally known politicians, leaders in civic life and high officials of the city departments, at a fight or wrestling show, does lend atmosphere to the sport. In recent years, the "free list" has been carried to extremes by giving undeserving persons complimentary tickets and thus depriving paying fans of their just due.



When the veteran Fargo Express staged another comeback. Billy Petrolle ready to throw his right against Bep Van Klaveren's ribs

* * *

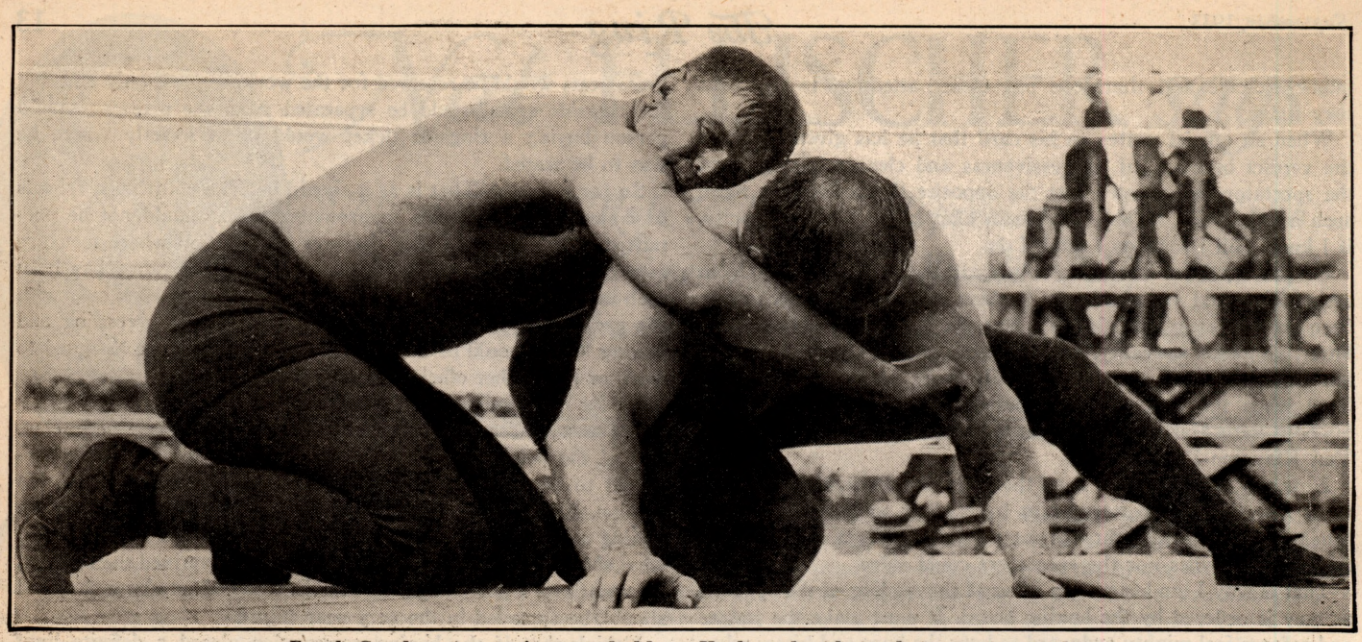
THE recent performances of a young Negro lad, John Henry Lewis by name, has brought that Arizona high school boy before the fight public as one of the greatest of the present-day light-heavyweights. Lewis's victories over the leaders, many of whom he has either stopped or given such a trouncing that they steer clear of him a second time, makes him the outstanding contender for Maxie Rosenbloom's crown. Twice in a few weeks he gave Maxie a pasting; but to date, we don't hear of the promoters falling over themselves trying to obtain the services of Lewis for a championship match nor the champion making any effort to give Lewis, who dropped him three times, a titular contest.

There's a match that would be worth while. Lewis deserves a crack at the crown.

* * *

FROM the state of Washington, where boxing has been legalized only recently, comes the report that the sport received a terrific blow in the solar plexus when, in a bout between Freddie Miller, the N.B.A. featherweight king, and Abie Israel, the latter went down, claiming a foul after he had been struck with a hefty wallop to the body. The referee, after counting four over the prostrate boxer, halted proceedings and gave Israel a three-minute rest, with the announcement that the foul was a doubtful one but that the official would give the fighter the benefit of the doubt. When Israel came out for round four, it didn't take long for Miller to drop his opponent twice, after which Referee McCarthy stepped in and called a halt to the proceedings.

Such a fiasco doesn't do boxing any good, especially when the "championship" bout is staged in a state that has just decided to legalize the sport. The law went into effect on July 1.



Frank Gotch trying to fasten a hold on Hackenschmidt in their return match

From MILO *to* LONDOS

CHAPTER XI

By A. D. PHILLIPS

(World's oldest, active sports writer)

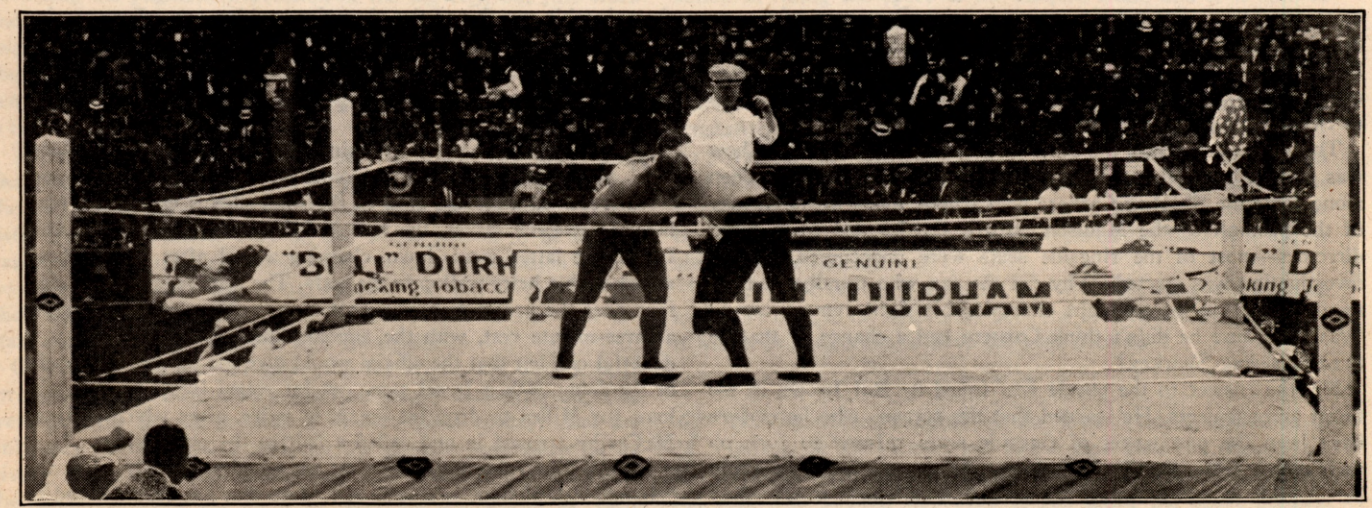
THE story of American wrestling at its greatest is the story of the career of its most illustrious champion—Frank Gotch. That is why we have had so much in this series on the mat contests of the Iowa Farmer. Gotch was to wrestling history in this country what John L. Sullivan was to boxing. He dominated the field. Through his extraordinary ability, he gained for wrestling many converts and brought the sport into such favor that it became as big in the promotorial field as was boxing.

In our last chapter we told of the first match between Stanislaus Zbyszko and Gotch, a contest that was staged in Buffalo, lasted one hour and ended in a draw. It was that match that made the Pole feel that he was Gotch's master and caused him to trail the Iowan until he received a return engagement, one which proved a rather sad one for Zbyszko.

Stanislaus was the chief figure in the crowning achievement of Gotch on June 1, 1910, at Chicago, when the world's champion flattened the Pole in the record time of 6 and 2-5 seconds. Zbyszko, at the time, was in his prime. He scaled far more than his rival and was huskier and a marvel of physical perfection, yet Gotch pinned his shoulders to the mat in time that never has been equalled in a championship match. The time of that bout proves the honesty of that match as compared to the many "phony" contests that are billed as title affairs these days.

Prior to that bout, Zbyszko had beaten every wrestler of note in this country and abroad and, because of their hour draw in Buffalo the previous year, when they met at the Coliseum of Chicago, there was a crowded house to see the action. Zbyszko was the first to enter the ring, accompanied by his handlers. He received a rousing reception, but not one as thunderous as that which greeted the champion on his appearance. The roof almost caved in under the hurricane of cheers.

He immediately strode over to where Zbyszko was sitting and grasped his hand in a friendly shake. It was 10.11 when Referee Fleming started the contest and, 6 2-5 seconds later, he tapped Gotch on the back, signalling the first fall. The fall came so quickly that the spectators could scarcely believe their eyes. And it could readily be seen that they were dumbfounded.



A general view of the famous return match between Gotch (left) and Hackenschmidt. Ed. W. Smith is the referee. Note the American flag on the post in Gotch's corner, in the right background, and the anxious seconds around the ring.

THE fall was obtained with a simple trick. When time was called, Gotch, who was standing in his corner with his back to Zbyszko, wheeled like a flash and ran towards his opponent. Zbyszko had not expected such quick action and he extended his hand for the usual shake. But Gotch fooled him. The men had shaken hands before the bell and Frank had no intention of doing it all over again.

Instead, he extended his hand and, as Zbyszko was about to grasp it, Gotch dived underneath and slammed the Pole to the canvas with a leg hold. In an instant, Gotch jammed in a bar-arm-lock and half-Nelson and Zbyszko fell back to the canvas. The time was exactly four seconds from the time that Gotch ran forward to the crash.

Fleming slapped Gotch on the shoulder, but Frank kept up the pressure to make sure. Two and a fifth seconds later Fleming again slapped Gotch on the back and this time Gotch jumped to his feet with a grin. Had he arisen at the first signal of triumph, he would have been credited with the first fall in four seconds. Gotch explained his continued action with the statement that he wanted to be certain that his man was down.

The Coliseum was a riot of noise when the crowd realized that Zbyszko had been thrown. An intermission of five minutes was taken, the Pole protesting the fall all during the wait. Suddenly there was a crash in the Pole's corner and the crowd jumped to its feet with a yell. The strain on the ropes, caused by the resting of arms and bodies of the wrestler and his attendants, had caused the ropes to snap and the post to crack off at the bottom. It was impossible to fix it, so the match was continued with one side of the roped ring sagging down almost to the floor.

Zbyszko came out cautiously for the second match. Gotch was extremely confident as he walked out. The time was 10:17 p. m. Gotch rushed the Pole about the ring after a few seconds of light work about the head. Zbyszko crashed up against the broken post and sprawled through the ropes, but Gotch pulled him back from a bad fall. Fleming ordered them back to ring center and Gotch toppled the Pole over with a bang by tripping.

* * *

AFTER six minutes of head-to-head work, Zbyszko went down when Frank gave him the foot, but Gotch experienced difficulty in holding his man down. At the eight-minute mark, Gotch held his man for two minutes, trying to get in a toe hold, but Zbyszko was too strong and jumped to his feet. Gotch made a flying tackle as the Pole tried to tincan out of the danger zone and was on top at the twelve-minute mark, with Zbyszko enmeshed in a half-Nelson. For the first time during the evening the Pole got behind the champion by some fast ground work. The Pole fastened his famous wrist hold about Frank's stomach, but the title-holder kicked his way free.

Zbyszko flopped Gotch with a leg hold and was behind again for a brief few seconds, but Gotch turned the tables when he reached down and tried for the toe hold. Gotch kept his man down for seven minutes, but Zbyszko was wary and played strictly on the defensive.

Twice the Pole tripped Gotch, but could not hold him. As the men feinted for a hold, Gotch suddenly dived under and grabbed Zbyszko's toe in a wicked grip. He held on tight for a minute and then let go when the Pole kicked him in the ribs. They both jumped to their feet at the same instant and stood glaring at each other.

Gotch began to feint rapidly for the head with his left hand, but the Pole's toe was cruelly hurt and he backed away, at the same time starting to reach down to feel if it was broken. Gotch saw the action and rushed in like a mad bull. He caught Zbyszko in a neutral corner and heaved him to the canvas with a thud. Quicker than a flash, he whipped in a bar arm and wrist lock, and one second later the man from Poland had both his shoulders *(Continued on page 32)*

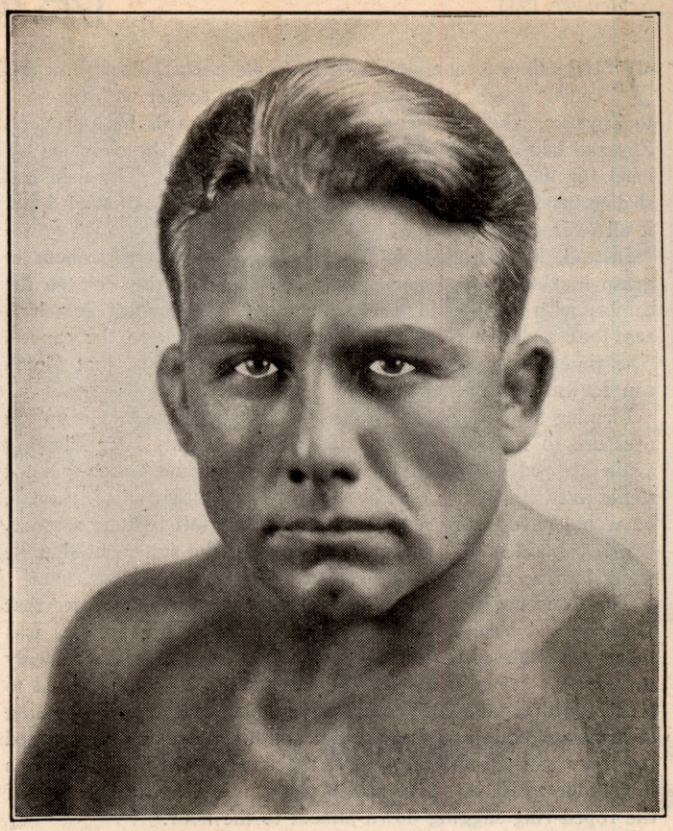
The worried-looking Hack, with his handlers, Dr. Roller, Americus and Jack Curley.

Gotch, confident, surrounded by his seconds, Yussif Hussane, Jim Asbell and Emil Klank.

Airplane Spin Inventor

Everett Marshall, Recent Conqueror of Dick Shikat, First to Use Sensational Hold

By CHARLES WEBSTER



Everett Marshall, the Colorado blond mat star.

IT was on July 7 that the newspapers carried the headline, "Everett Marshall Gains Sensational Victory Over Dick Shikat in Philadelphia Wrestling Match"—a dispatch that proved as sensational in wrestling circles as did the previous one from Chicago, telling of the defeat of the hitherto "invincible" Jim Londos by Joe Savoldi. In the Quaker City, that victory of the young Colorado star received considerable attention, but in New York, where Shikat is a most prominent figure for the Johnston-Dusek group, the news was either suppressed or given an obscure notice in the lower end of most of the wrestling columns.

But when one considers the significance of such a victory for so young a wrestler as Everett Marshall, that item deserves considerable space in the mat news of the world. It was only a few months ago that the name of Marshall meant nothing to the followers of the grappling sport in the East. He had been brought to the metropolitan district after taking part in many sensational matches in the middle and far West but, as his name was an unknown quantity in New York and vicinity, he was forced to be content with second- and third-rate matches.

But it didn't take long before Everett showed his mettle and became one of the favorites of New York fandom. The boys in the Greater City know their wrestling, and they know a good wrestler when they see one, and it was their support that soon brought Everett into the top-notch ranks with matches against the headliners. That he made good, a peep at his record will prove.

* * *

IT was back in 1922 that a young blond boy and his companion were riding stock saddles on pinto ponies between La Junta, Colorado, and the Marshall ranch, when, in answer to his companion's query, "What you gonna be when you grow up?" Everett replied:

"I'm gonna be a professional rassler."

A few years later, his dream came true, for that same blond lad is the Everett who astonished the wrestling world a few weeks ago by throwing the experienced, great Dick Shikat, one of the three outstanding mat stars in the world.

Of Irish and German extraction, Everett is only twenty-five years old, married, is six feet and one-half inch tall, weighs two hundred and eighteen pounds when in condition, and lives at Santa Monica, California. There he owns his home and, when not touring the country in wrestling matches, he spends his time swimming and swordfishing. He is wealthy, for, in addition to his home, he possesses a fine fruit-bearing grove of 25 acres.

Until three years ago, he had been only a preliminary boy. Then, on January 8, 1930, at the Coliseum of Los Angeles, he gained his first big match, that with Joe Malcewicz. He was a 1 to 10 shot, yet he surprised even his most ardent supporters by planting Joe on his shoulders twice in twenty-nine minutes to win the bout and to gain for himself a position as a top-notch wrestler.

In that match, he used the airplane spin for the first time in his pro career, a wrestling "hold" which, Everett insists, he invented. He says that he first tried it as an amateur, then kept secretly practicing it until he perfected it and, when he had the opportunity of trying it out on Malcewicz, he successfully used it and, since then, he has tossed most of his opponents that same way.

Malcewicz, he says, was surprised when he was caught by the left wrist and jerked over Marshall's shoulders. Once over, Everett got his left arm around Joe's legs and, dancing about the ring, spun Joe around until Malcewicz was dazed. It didn't take long thereafter to down him.

Marshall's father, Henry C., has a ranch about six miles out of La Junta, Colorado. Everett was the only child and could ride a horse at the age of four. He could shoot at eight, and at twelve, had rolled up quite a record for a lad by having killed a dozen or more coyotes and many rabbits. He bagged his first deer when only twelve.

* * *

EVERETT graduated from the grammar school and then entered high school, where he was named on the all-Colorado football team of 1926. In 1927, he attended Denver University, and the University of Iowa the following year. There he became quite an athlete. Everett says he studied many books on physical culture and became proficient in many branches of sports.

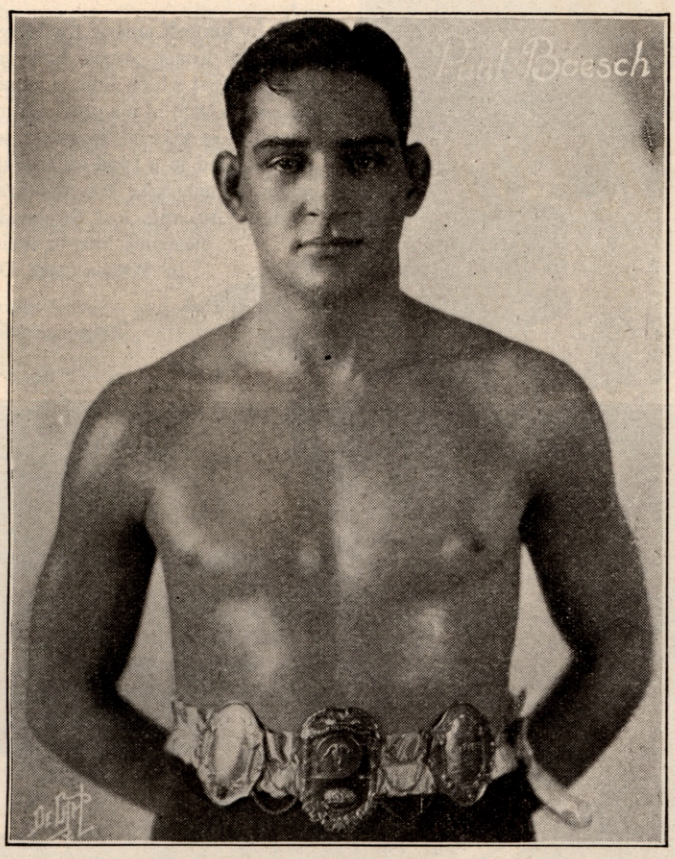
He enlarged his muscles and strengthened his back and shoulders by climbing ropes forty feet high several times a day, hand-over-hand. He went up and came down the same way—quite a feat. He didn't make the Iowa football team, but did win the intersectional wrestling meet. To his dismay, he beat his college coach in the final. He quit the university the following year because his dad met with financial reverses and it was then that he decided to try his hand at professional wrestling. He practiced his holds on a tame, six-hundred-pound bear he owned and still carries the scars from those combats. *(Continued on page* 31)

Ex-Life Saver

By SAM TAUB

NEW YORK'S wrestling fans have marvelled at the rapid rise of a young 200-pound boy who, from a life saver only a year ago, has become one of the leading grapplers in the East. Dame Fortune was with him when he was discovered by Jack Pfeffer, junior member of the famous wrestling group of Curley-Mondt and Pfeffer, for it was just a matter of luck that he was able to throw aside a thirty-dollar-a-week job for one that has netted him close to $10,000 during the past year. And it all happened in this way:

Pfeffer, with several friends, had gone to Long Beach, Long Island's popular seashore resort, to spend the afternoon prior to showing a group of his pachyderms at the local club. Jack had scarcely donned his bathing suit when he heard shouts for help. A young man had ventured beyond his head in a rather heavy sea, and a dozen or more huskies were swimming out to aid him. The young fellow had gone down once when help reached him.



Paul Boesch, ex-life guard, now a mat favorite.

A big, though young, life saver, powerfully built, using the famous Australian crawl, dived under the drowning boy, grabbed him and towed him towards the shore while thousands let out a lusty cheer. What Jack Pfeffer saw when the life guard came in with the rescued lad, amazed him. He was all het up over the beautiful, symmetrically built physique of the guard, his broad shoulders and well developed muscles. As a wrestling impresario, he had seen many fine specimens of manhood, but here was a lad, who, in the opinion of Jack, would make a great wrestler.

"Look at that fellow," he shouted to his friends. "Did you ever see a better built athlete? A perfect man! The ideal wrestler, that is what he would make."

* * *

AND with that, he rushed over to the life guard, shook his hand, congratulated him for his daring, and then inquired what college he attended.

"No college," replied the guard. "I just graduated from Long Beach High School and am making a little extra coin by working as a guard."

"Were you an athlete?" queried Pfeffer.

"Yes, I played basketball, baseball and was a member of other teams," replied the hero, after which he informed the inquirer that his name was Paul Boesch.

"You'll make a good wrestler, if you care to take up the sport," said Pfeffer. "How would you like to give up your job and join Jack Curley and me."

"I'd like it very much," answered Boesch, "but I don't know anything about the sport other than the little I did just for fun in school."

"Never mind that," replied Pfeffer, "you don't have to worry. With your fine physique, your height, weight and your muscles, I'll make a good wrestler out of you in three months and then you'll find yourself earning more than you could get in any other line of work. What do you say?"

The bargain was struck. Paul accepted Pfeffer's proposition and the next day he reported to his mentor. For three months, Boesch and Pfeffer were seen regularly at Bothner's Gymnasium where Paul received instruction in the tricks of wrestling. He was an adept student. He learned so quickly that before a month had elapsed, he was ready for preliminary assignments. First he was placed against the weaker fellows and he gained his victories with such ease, that it wasn't long after that he gained semi-final matches; and before the winter was over, Paul was a headliner in New York and vicinity.

* * *

PFEFFER predicted a rapid rise for Boesch and Paul has made good. Pfeffer knew he had a good prospect in the life guard and his judgment has not proved faulty. Only twenty-one years old, Boesch should become one of the best grapplers in the business before he is through.

To date he has faced almost every star in the field and has come through with many victories. True he has lost a number of keen tussles, but that was expected. Yet against the cream of the American talent he has given such a fine account of himself that every one who has wrestled him, has nothing but words of praise for Paul.

Only six months after he inaugurated his "pro" mat career, Paul Boesch finds himself one of the most popular performers in the East, with promoters in all sectors keen for his services.

Boesch is content in the knowledge that his brief career as a grappler finds him almost on a par with Sammy Stein. Paul bowled over Herbie Freeman in their match at the Bronx Coliseum. The "Adonis" took many liberties with Freeman on that occasion and in the end Herbie was a well-beaten warrior.

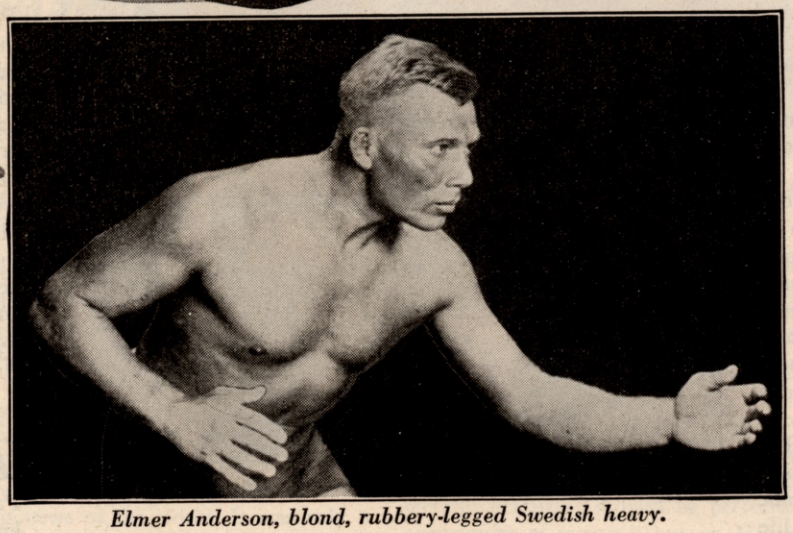
No wonder the Jack Curley-Jack Pfeffer outfit is smiling as its members look over their stars for next season. Besides the array of champions and near-champions—including Jim Browning, Joe Savoldi, Ed "Strangler" Lewis and Gus Sonnenberg—they also have a flock of wiry lads, ripe and ready for the big time, and expect to see the newcomers in the bone-crushing industry cope with the veterans and become stars ere the season is over.

And Boesch, happy in his new environment, is thanking the stars that sent Jack Pfeffer scurrying on a day's outing to Long Beach last summer. Only for that, the "Jewish Adonis" might still be languishing in the burning sun, with nary a thought in his handsome makeup other than a life of ease and a life or two to save. Who said there is no Santa Claus?

NEWS of

By "TEX" AUSTIN

Fred Grubmeier, lithe Iowa star, working a punishing Japanese Frog-Scissors.



Elmer Anderson, blond, rubbery-legged Swedish heavy.

THE wrestling world was alive with activity of every imaginable type in recent weeks. Not content with surprises and upsets in the conventional matter of matches, it had more than its share of unexpected and, no doubt, sad, sidelights. Numbered among the big matches, upsets and surprises among the heavyweights was the tossing of the former champion, Dick Shikat, by Everett Marshall; the throwing of Strangler Lewis by young Sammy Stein; the loss of a bout by Hans Steinke to Ray Steele, and the badly messed plot to "get" Joe Savoldi.

In the light-heavy class, Hugh Nichols threw Frankie Wolff to regain all he had lost in their muddled Texas match, while the veteran, Jack Reynolds, took Wildcat McCann into camp to win back the welter crown, which has been his for more than a dozen years.

Sidelights included the automobile accident which took the life of George Kotsonaros, and inflicted serious injuries to Paul Jones, and the discovery that Judith Allen, the movie star, who has been seen with Gary Cooper, is the wife of Gus Sonnenberg. The latter fact was not a surprise to this writer as he clearly recalls the day Sonnenberg was married at the "Little Church Around the Corner" in New York City. They will be divorced.

* * *

THE throwing of Shikat by Everett Marshall in Philadelphia was a distinct surprise and halted Dick's progress in receiving a return bout with Jim Londos—a match that Shikat has been after for over three years. Only two weeks before, Shikat had won over Marshall, when the latter was disqualified.

Marshall accomplished the task of tossing Shikat by grasping the latter's wrist and yanking Dick toward his own shoulder, as a result of which Shikat went hurtling through the air for a hard fall.

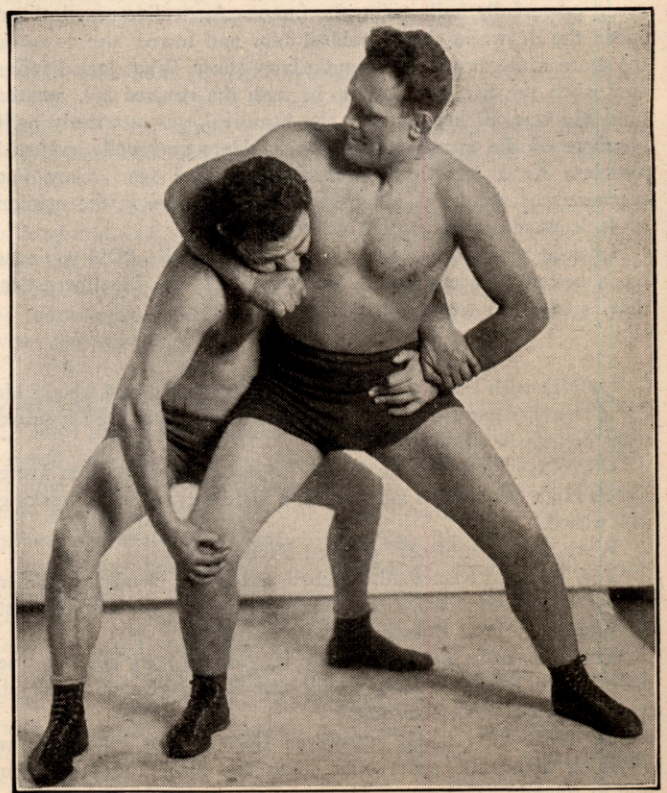
Can it be that the injuries suffered by the German in an auto crash last year have handicapped him to the extent that he can never regain his old form—the form that seemed to set him in a class by himself among the heavyweight wrestlers in this country?

On the Coast, young Sammy Stein finally flattened Strangler Lewis, a feat which Stein's admirers insisted he could have accomplished in each of his previous matches with the veteran Strangler. Sammy lost ground, however, when he met Gus Sonnenberg. The two crashed in a head-on collision and rolled to the floor, unconscious. Sonnenberg was the first to recover, and so, received the verdict. Gus, too, lost the headway gained, when Jim Browning flattened him in their Coast meeting.

In Washington, D. C., Ray Steele pinned the German, Hans Steinke, after a gruelling battle. Previously, they had grappled to a draw on the return Shikat-Marshall card in Philly. Since Steinke is under the same management as Londos, he couldn't have met Londos if he had won. It was not the first victory Steele has registered over Hans, though.

* * *

EVER since Joe Savoldi won from Jim Londos in that many-angled match in Chicago, it has been no secret that the Greek's camp has been seeking Savoldi's scalp. Therefore, when the chance came, the plot was



George Hills, the Wisconsin lumberjack, using a headlock.

the MAT WORLD

hatched. In Staten Island, Savoldi was grappling Sol Slagel, when the latter was disqualified by the referee for using the strangle five times in succession, and the verdict awarded to Savoldi.

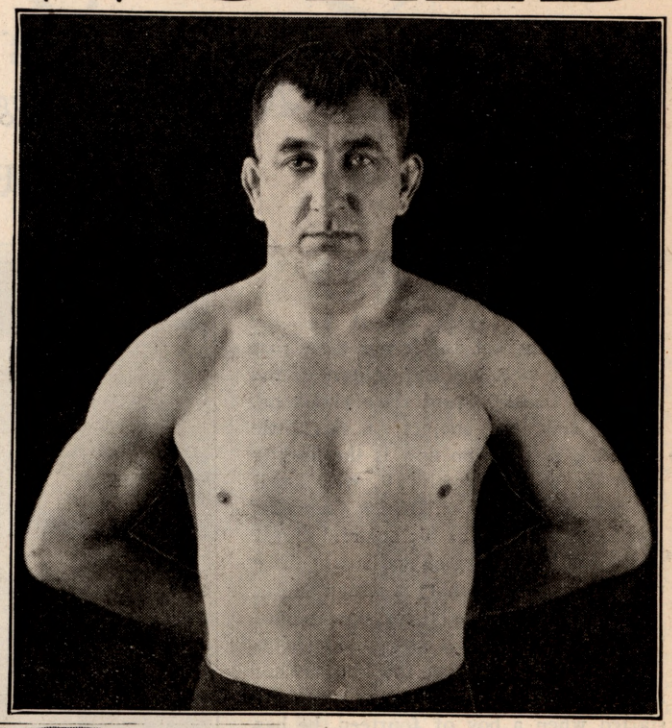
After Joe left the ring with the referee, Tom Alley, the Australian heavy, jumped in and held Slagel's hand aloft, while a photographer, brought along for the occasion by Savoldi's enemies, snapped the picture. An attempt to have the wire services fall for the story was made, and some papers did state that Savoldi had been beaten. When the true facts were printed, however, the whole affair reacted in Savoldi's favor, although he met no real opposition during the month and still can't convince that he knows a great deal about grappling or that he rates near the top.

* * *

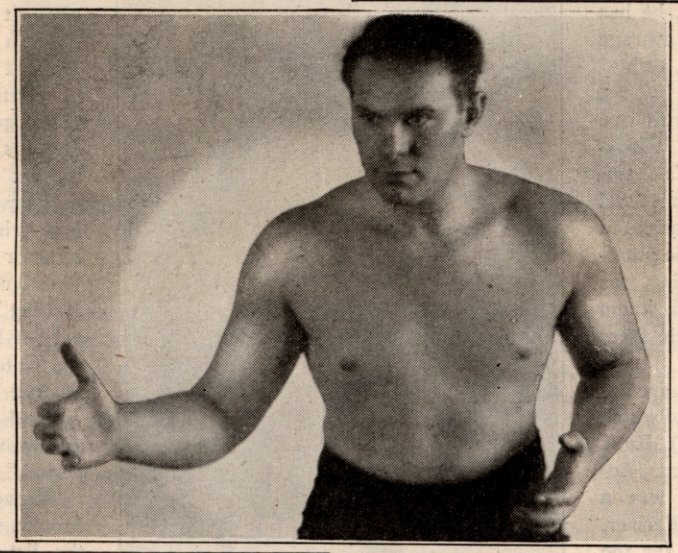
TWO former champions, Hugh Nichols and Jack Reynolds, regained the honors they, until recently, had held. Nichols defeated Frankie Wolff, two out of three falls, in a bout staged under the N. W. A. jurisdiction in Oklahoma City, to regain the light-heavyweight crown, while Reynolds tossed Wildcat McCann at Redland Field, Cincinnati, to take back the welterweight title, which has been his for a dozen years. It took the veteran Reynolds thirty-five minutes to down McCann with his favorite hold, the rear leg-split.

* * *

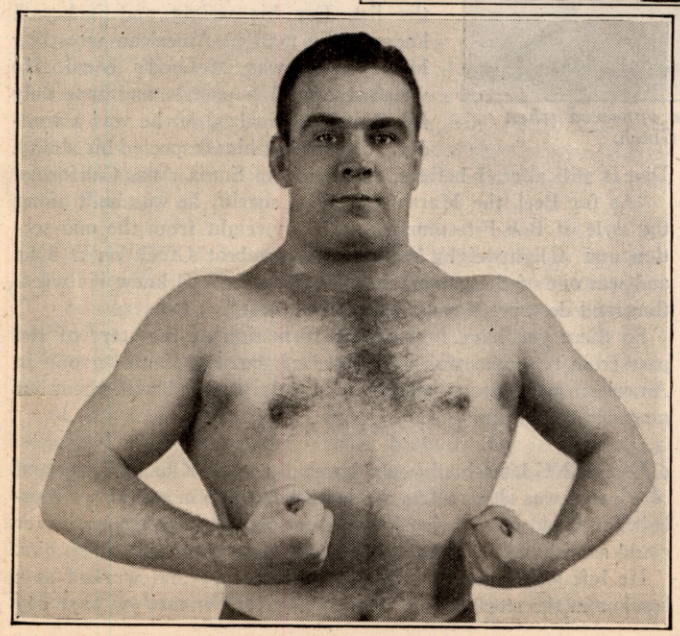
THANKS to Jimmy Amann and Doc Almy, correspondents, and Bernice Sandboe, formerly of California, but now back again in her native Texas, for the news they forward each month. Bernice knows her wrestling as few of the fair sex do, and her interest in the sport is second to none. We would greatly appreciate any special notes of international interest which correspondents would send in. That includes you fans, too. Let's hear from you, whether you dissent or agree with us. Send along your comments and ideas. How about it?



Farmer Bill Nelson, veteran Iowan, one of the men behind the Londos troupe.



Eli Fischer, former Rutgers College football star, is colorful.



Left—Jim Coffield, sturdy Ohio Irishman, has a pleasing style.

DEATH claimed a veteran of the mat, and narrowly missed one of the younger favorites of today, when George Kotsonaros was killed and Paul Jones severely hurt when the automobile in which they were riding overturned near Eutaw, Alabama, on the unlucky thirteenth of July.

Jones and "Kotsy" had wrestled in Nashville the night before and were headed for New Orleans in Jones' big Studebaker with Kotsy at the wheel. In trying to slow down on a turn in the loose gravel road, the car swerved around, struck a concrete post and overturned, in the act of which Paul and George were tossed through the roof of the car. George was killed when the car landed on top of him, and Jones received a gash on the head that necessitated twenty-three stitches, and also injuries to his arm. From all appearances, he will be out for the rest of the year.

Abe Kashey and Joe Cox drove by shortly after the accident but, seeing no one, did not stop.

Kotsonaros, at forty-five years of age, was a veteran matman and subsequently took the part of a gangster in quite a few movies. It is said that at one time he was considered a very wealthy man, but lost huge sums in the depression.

Just a few days before his death, Kotsy almost put the skids under Jim Londos. George took the first fall, one of the few Londos has lost in several years, and had Londos backing away in bad shape, while working for the second fall, when he misjudged his distance in charging in, and went flying out of the ring for a seven-foot fall.

(Continued on page 31)

GOTCH, *the Greatest*

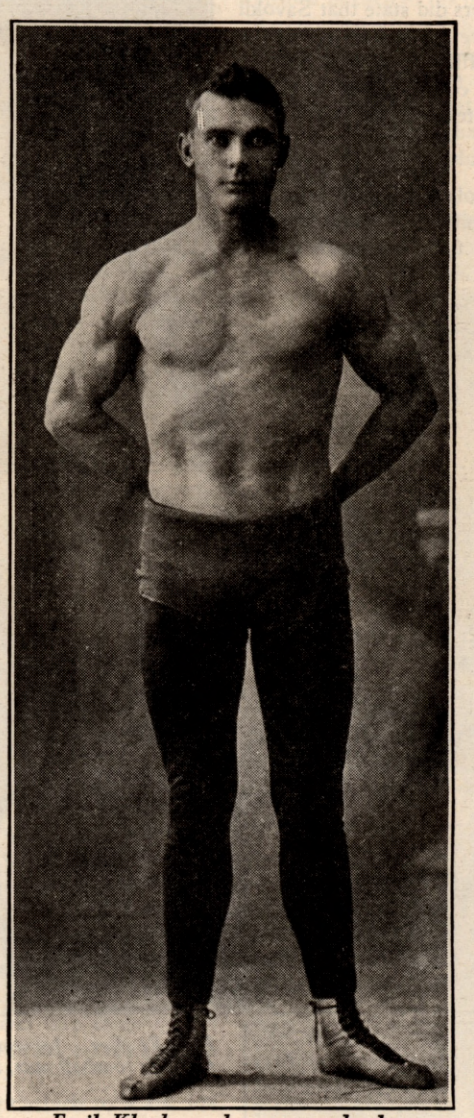
So Says Emil Klank, Manager of the Late World's Champion During His Prime, and Now the Leading Wrestling Promoter in Vancouver

By JACK PATTERSON

"BACK of the Yards" is still one of the tough spots of Chicago. Fifty years ago it was the toughest and it was there that many great wrestlers and fighters of the past half century spent their childhood. Emil Klank, the subject of this little wrestling sketch who now is the leading promoter of the Northwest, with headquarters at Vancouver, British Columbia, spent sixteen years of his colorful career in the Stockyards region and it was there that he learned the sport in which he has figured so prominently for upwards of thirty years. Klank is now in his fifty-fourth year and during the time he has followed the wrestling game, which he started when a boy of fourteen, he has seen more of the world than the average person sees during a lifetime.

And during that period he has had the distinction of being associated with two of the greatest wrestlers of all time—Frank Gotch, who won the world's championship from George Hackenschmidt and Stanislaus Zbyszko, who later acquired the crown. According to Klank, the greatest thrill he ever got out of wrestling, was obtained on the night when Gotch, whom he handled, gained the world's title from Hackenschmidt.

Asked who in his opinion was a greater wrestler, Gotch or Zbyszko (both of whom were under Klank's management), Emil, without hesitation, replied Gotch. According to Klank, there never was a wrestler the equal of the Iowa Farmer. He declares that Gotch was by far the strongest of all wrestlers and when he got a hold on his opponent, he simply tortured him. This was especially true of Gotch when he obtained his famous toe hold. Once he got a firm grip, there was little left for his opponent to do other than to throw up the sponge.



Emil Klank, as he appeared when he met Gotch.

Klank seemed very much amused recently when he read in this publication, Hackenschmidt's version of his two matches with Gotch, contests in which Klank acted as chief of Gotch's staff. In one of the articles, Hackenschmidt is quoted as saying that Gotch not only was so slippery from an overabundance of oil that had been rubbed into his skin but was guilty of every kind of a foul imaginable. To this attack on Gotch, Klank replied:

"If he thinks so now, I wonder why he didn't say so twenty-three years ago when the first bout with Gotch was staged? At that time, after a two-hour struggle in which Gotch had all the better of the argument, Hack quit and remarked to the newspapermen:

" 'Gotch is the greatest wrestler on earth and the greatest man by far that I have ever met. After going two hours with him, my muscles became stale and my feet gave way under me and I had to retire. I simply could not go on.'

"He didn't think about fouls then and I wonder why he suddenly, at this late date, has decided to defend himself against the loss of his title to Gotch? No one can ever prove by me that Gotch had any master. He was in a class all by himself, and I should know as I handled him during the height of his career."

* * *

ASKED what he thought of Hackenschmidt, Klank said:

"There is no doubt that the Russian Lion was a great wrestler. He was a finished grappler. He defeated every star in Europe before he came here but he couldn't down Gotch. That shows how good a wrestler Frank was. Hackenschmidt was temperamental. He was a great athlete and a real artist. On or off the stage, he was a poser. Everything he did was with a stage gesture—the artist in him.

"I have often heard it said and also saw it in print, that Tom Jenkins, now an instructor at West Point, was a better wrestler than was Gotch. The Cleveland Rolling Mill man undoubtedly was a marvel but I would string along with Gotch, the Gotch who reached his prime after beating Tom for the American title."

"And what do you think of Fred Beel and Dan McLeod, the other stars of your period," Klank was asked.

"It would be a crime to write about famous wrestlers and not include them in the list. For his weight and inches, I know of no man in American wrestling history who was McLeod's equal. He weighed only 176 pounds and was only five feet seven inches, yet he was a wonder. All who met him respected his ability. Dan is still alive, I believe, and living in Santa Ana, California.

"As for Beel, the Marshfield, Wis., sheriff, he was built along the style of Bob Fitzsimmons—a heavyweight from the mid-section and a lightweight below. He once beat Gotch on a fluke and was one of the gamest men of his time. Fred knew his wrestling and deserves a ranking with the best."

So there you have first-hand information of the stars of the past from one who was a member of the most famed group in American mat history and who not only wrestled with them but managed their affairs.

* * *

DURING his school years, baseball caught Klank's fancy and that was about all he did in athletics. He never played football. He could stand being bounced around by one man but never could see what there was in letting a whole team pile up on him.

He left school earlier than the average boy and worked as a butcher in the stock yards. He had a *(Continued on page 35)*

Garden's New Leader

Col. Kilpatrick, Soldier, Business Executive, Great College Athlete, Assumes Command at House That Tex Built

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

SO much has been written about Colonel John Reed Kilpatrick, new boss of the Madison Square Garden forces, that the only new angle in his colorful business and sports career is the fact that very shortly he will be appointed a Brigadier-General in appreciation of his valorous war deeds.

"J. R. K.," who put Yale on the football map back in 1908, 1909 and 1910, celebrated his forty-fourth birthday on June 15 last. He is about a month older than yours truly. In case you must know we first saw the light of day May 17, 1889, on Mulberry and Canal Streets, New York's lower East Side, and the Colonel was born on East 58th Street. Both of us ducked the famous blizzard by one year and two and three months.

Col. John Reed Kilpatrick

Colonel Kilpatrick has been elected president of the Garden Corporation by the board of directors of which Richard F. Hoyt is chairman. He succeeded William F. Carey, who had been at the helm since February, 1929. To keep the records straight, Carey, another big business man who went into sports promotion upon the untimely death of the glamorous Tex Rickard, created a stir by picking up the almost stranded Jack Sharkey-Young Stribling fight at Miami and in conjunction with Jack Dempsey turned it into a tremendous success. The bout was a complete sellout. With this swell job completed the directors had no hesitancy in putting him into the president's chair.

It was not until April 19 that the sports world was surprised to learn of the election of Kilpatrick to the vice-presidency of the amphitheatre. He was a member of the Board of Directors. Pressure of activities in the construction field forced Carey to turn in his resignation right after the Sharkey-Carnera heavyweight championship tilt on June 29. Carey is now with his family in California.

* * *

STRANGELY, Kilpatrick is also a builder. From the time of his Yale graduation in 1911, he has been in the construction business and was, until only recently, vice-president of the George A. Fuller Construction Co.

No sooner was he ensconced in Carey's chair than the six-foot 220-pound Kilpatrick, whose graying close-cropped hair tops off a full, bronzed face, decided upon several innovations he believes will revolutionize the Garden business. He is going into the promotion of commercial shows on a larger scale than heretofore. He wants the amphitheatre occupied with one thing or another all year round, even the basement of the building. Everything is going to be run by him with businesslike precision.

Most everybody thinks the Garden is an arena for sporting events only. Such is not the case. Let him explain:—

"Since the new Madison Square Garden was constructed in 1925 it has housed more shows of wide world interest than any other structure in the country, first under the management of the late Tex Rickard, and since his death, under the direction of Mr. Carey. There is some significance, however, attached to the fact that our next undertaking under the roof of the Madison Square Garden building, the National Electrical and Radio Show, to be held September 20 to 30, inclusive, is the first commercial show ever to be managed directly by the Garden Corporation. It is not unlikely that the Garden in the future will manage other commercial shows, where heretofore we have merely rented out the building to other promoters of such enterprises.

"Most people regard the Garden as an arena for sporting events only. While boxing and hockey will continue to be very important phases of our business for years to come, as they have in the past, the fact must not be overlooked that Madison Square Garden has entertained and will continue to entertain the public with many shows and events of national and international importance entirely outside the realm of sport.

"Among the events that are now housed in the Garden are the following:

"Damrosch concerts, of which there were five last winter; Paderewski concerts, skating carnivals, political rallies, pageants, charity entertainments, circus, rodeo, wrestling during the winter, dog show, horse show, National Electrical Show, and many others which are produced by tenants who rent the Garden on a few nights during the winter when it is available."

* * *

ALTHOUGH in office only a short time, the Colonel seems to like his job. He is an indefatigable worker. Every morning promptly at 9 o'clock he is at his desk. His only relaxation is golf but he doesn't brag about it. "I shoot in the low nineties," adding crisply:—"I quite often come in ahead of the low eighty fellows."

The lads who work under him appear to like him. "Sizes up as a regular feller," one said, "but you can tell he wants plenty of action."

He likes boxing. He goes to all the fights. Only a few weeks ago he had his face buried almost in the resin dust watching Billy Petrolle and Bep Van Klaveren throwing punches at one another.

His football, track and field and war records are something any man should feel proud to own. He gained lasting fame as an end on Yale's gridiron teams of '08, '09, '10. Some of those who saw him play say he was one of the *(Continued on page 34)*

"The Tin Ear"

By JOHN B. OXFORD

TIM MULVEY looked sharply at the very thin and very well-dressed young man, who swayed to and fro in the rocker by the little front room window, sending out great clouds of cigarette smoke from the very depths of his lungs.

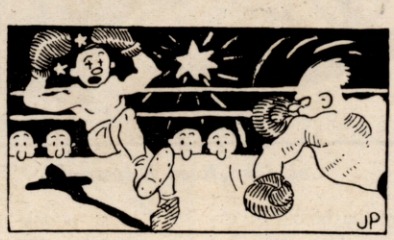
"Yer know why I sent for yer to come down, don't yer, Skinny?" said he.

"Oh, I could make it in four or five guesses," Skinny Conroy chuckled. "Yer might be gettin' nervous about this fight that Poucher's got on. Maybe yer'd like a line or so on how this Australian, Langley, is shapin' up."

"Ye're on, Skinny," Tim verified the surmise. "Here's the fight comin' off in less'n three weeks now; and it means a whole lot, this fight does. Snipe Phelan, the lightweight champeen o' the world, has promised to take on the winner. Seein' as we'll have a hack at the lightweight champeenship if Poucher wins out, I'd naturally like to know a little somethin' about this Australian dark horse that Al Bermer has went and picked up.

"They're keepin' terrible secret about him over to his trainin' quarters at Lakewood. Three fellys I've sent over diff'rent times, but all the points they comes back wit' is that Langley has got tow hair and a bum left ear; all of which I was well aware of before they went.

"So I says to myself, 'They's just one felly that can bust into this little secret session and cop the dope, and that felly is Skinny Conroy.' So"—Tim pulled out a thick wad of bills, peeled off several of the outer ones and tossed them into Skinny's lap—"go get me somethin' definite, like a good felly. I don't care how yer work it, only get it!"



"All right," said Skinny, getting out of the rocker and pocketing the bills. "I'll run over and dig yer up a little somethin', Tim. How's Poucher comin' on?"

"Fine as silk," said Tim. "Down to weight already and faster'n shiftier'n he ever was in his life. If the lad only had a real good stiff kick in his mitt I wouldn't do no worryin' about no one. But Poucher McGee never did have the punch he'd oughter."

"Aw, he makes up for it wit' his speed and his cleverness," said Skinny. "See you later, Tim. Soon's I get anything, I'll either hike back here or let yer know."

* * *

THREE evenings later the pair again sat in the little front room of Poucher McGee's training quarters.

"Holy smoke!" said Tim, turning up the light and catching his first glimpse of the altered Skinny.

Instead of his usual immaculate attire, Skinny was clad in a flannel shirt of faded gray, a shabby coat, and baggy trousers, the lower legs of which were thrust into the tops of cowhide boots. In his hand he carried a worn felt hat.

"I come down in my regimentals to show yer what I was sufferin' for the cause," Skinny grinned. "I blew over to Lakewood, and to be on the safe side, I gets a job wit' a' old geezer that runs a truck farm right next to the trainin' quarters that Al has hired for his Australian marvel. Yep, I've actually been weedin' onions on my hands and knees for three days, but when the old gink ain't round I take a sneak over the fence and watch the mills in the ring they've pitched in the shed."

"How's this Langley look to yer?" Tim inquired, anxiously.

Skinny's face became grave.

"Yer got some cause to worry, Tim," he confided.

"Fast?"

"Naw, he ain't so fast to look at, nor he ain't uncovered no amazin' speed while I've been there lookin' on," said Skinny, "but leave me tell yer, Tim, that gink's got all kinds of it, if he gets to goin'. Yer can tell by the way he moves. He acts sorter dopey and sleepy, like he didn't care a cuss; but let him get woke up and he'd sure be a bad one. He can take a whole lot of maulin', too, and say, he's got a kick wit' his right that's like a mule's."

Mulvey wrinkled his brow. Also he nervously bit at the end of a cigar in his fingers.

"But I think Poucher's lots faster'n him, at that. I think Poucher can hold him off, and, if he can't put the guy out, I believe he'll get the bout on points. But he's gotter keep outer the way of the mule-kick right."

Mulvey's face lightened somewhat.

"Leave Poucher alone when it comes to footwork," said he. "He's got the best of 'em skinned to death on it."

"They're considerable worried up there, too," Skinny went on. "They think Poucher's goin' to be too fast for Langley. They keep at him all the time to show speed, but he just grins and keeps agoin' along at his lazy pace. But he's got speed in him somewheres. I'm goin' to try to be around some time when he uncorks it. I'll hike back there now. Old man thinks I just run into town to git some tobacco. I'll keep you posted."

* * *

SKINNY'S observation that there was worry in the Australian's camp over Langley's lack of speed might have been verified the next morning, had any one been listening to the pessimistic remarks which Matt Carney shot at Al Bermer as the pair sat on the front steps of the little cottage.

"Yer've sure went and picked a lemon wit' this Langley person, Al," Matt was declaring. "Yep, I know he can take a whale of a dose of punishment, and that he's got the divil's own punch in that right of his; but he ain't got no speed. He's a reg'lar ice wagon. Poucher McGee'll dance all round him and laugh at him till the ref'ree gives Poucher the bout on points, yer mark me. He—"

At that moment Art Dolan, one of the stable of tryouts, came round the house, his eyes snapping and blood on his nose and cheek.

"Say, come out to the shed wit' me, quick," he said, seizing Matt by the sleeve, and all but lifting him to his feet in his eagerness. "Say, I've found out somethin', I have. Come on!"

Piloted by Dolan, with Bermer lumbering fatly after them, Carney suffered himself to be led to the shed in which the ring was squared.

It being the hour of his regular morning bouts, Langley, short, tow-headed, pink-skinned, stood in the ring. But his usually placid face was distorted with a deep frown, and his gloved left hand was rubbing tenderly that mutilated left ear of his.

"Put on the gloves and get into the ring wit' him," Dolan said excitedly, as he pulled a pair of gloves onto Carney, who was by far the best boxer in the stable.

"And say," Dolan whispered in his ear, as he boosted Carney into the ring. "Tap him a good one on his left ear and see what happens."

Thus instructed and not a little mystified, Carney pranced about the ring, finding no particular difficulty in bringing his quick and by no means gentle blows through Langley's careless guard.

Blows which would have dropped another man Langley took with a grunt and a smile. Then Carney, seeing a good opportunity, sent his right heavily to Langley's left ear.

There was a sharp howl from Langley. He stepped toward Carney and his eyes narrowed to the merest slits. Even so they smoldered angrily. Never in his life had Carney experienced such a veritable whirlwind of blows as those which tore through his own guard and lifted him from his feet.

The next thing he knew he was being lifted up from the hard floor quite outside the ring. Art Dolan was sluicing him with a pail of water and in one corner of the ring Langley, his elbows on the ropes, was muttering thickly as he watched the proceeding:

"I'm sorry, but it gets me mad when I get hit on that ear. I sorter lose my head, and that's the second paste I've got on it this morning," feeling it gingerly.

Art Dolan grinned meaningly.

"Aw, that's all right," said Carney. "Darned if it ain't worth it to know yer've got that much speed. Speed! Say, nothin' alive could stand against them pokes."

"Gee, if he done that to Poucher McGee!" said Carney as Dolan helped him round to the front steps.

"He would if Poucher tapped that ear," said Dolan. "Touch that and he don't seem to be human. Why, he ain't no more like himself when that ear's hurt than nothin' at all; and he ain't nothin' alarmin' till the ear does get a poke."

* * *

AL BERMER had waddled back with them to the front steps.

"This fight is as good as over right now," said he, smiting his knee. "All we gotter do is spill the dope round that Langley'll quit if any one hits his left ear. Let that get to Tim Mulvey's ear—and his ears is always peeled for things of that kind—and there won't be nothin' to it. He'll tell Poucher to play for Langley's left ear, and when Poucher hits him there—"

Mr. Bermer held his fat stomach and his booming laugh went crashing through the peaceful summer morning.

"And speakin' of spillin' the dope round," put in Art Dolan, "by gee, I know the very way to do it. Yer know that boob that's been hangin' round here mornin's, the one that's weedin' the onion bed across the fence most of the time? Well, he thinks I ain't onto him and that none of us is onto him. If I ain't a fathead, that fellow is Skinny Conroy, one of the spies Tim Mulvey always keeps hangin' round the other fellow's camp. Say, I'll drop that bait for Skinny Conroy to swaller. Watch me!"

That evening after supper, when Skinny Conroy, feeling quite sure that he had not as yet been recognized by any of the training-camp next door, saw Art Dolan in the yard, he lounged up to the fence, placed his elbows on it, and inquired in the most forced of nasal drawls:

"Wa-all, haows yaour fighter comin' on?"

Dolan was instantly beside him at the fence.

"Fine, Bub, fine!" said he.

They talked together long and earnestly in the gathering dusk. Skinny drawling out absurd questions, which Dolan answered patiently. And rest assured that ere long Art, after swearing the supposed yokel to secrecy, had confided to him Langley's weak spot—that a tap on that mutilated ear, even a very moderate tap, so tender was the member in question, was quite enough to make Langley quit.

Art invited the other to see the boxing whenever the latter could find time, and next time he came, said Art, be sure and watch the way Langley guarded that ear. Yep, that was his weak spot. But never, never dare breathe it to a soul! It was a piece of confidence he expected the other to guard as he would his very life.

At ten that night Art Dolan was slapping his confreres joyfully on the shoulders and declaring that it was all over now; that he was going to dig up all the money he could get and place it on Langley in the forthcoming fight with Poucher McGee.

Also, in the little front room at Poucher's quarters, Skinny Conroy was saying encouragingly to Tim Mulvey:

"Yep, he'll quit if he catches one on that bum left ear of his. Why, I had it tonight from Art Dolan himself. Yep, he leaned on the fence and told me, real confidential like, and he never for a minute suspected who I really was, neither."

Whereupon, Tim, as was his way, made no comment, but dug more bills off that wad and tossed them to Skinny.

* * *

BUT a few nights later Skinny was once more sitting with Tim in that front room, and Skinny's face was troubled.

"Say, I seen the goes over in the shed this mornin'," said he—"seen 'em without none of the bunch knowin' I was there. Yer see, the shed's got a floored cover loft right over the ring, and I crep' up there early, the old man bein' away in town all day, and I laid there peekin' down at the whole mornin' work-out. And say, twicet Langley got clipped on the ear, and when he did—say!"

Skinny Conroy leaped out of his chair and made a few whirlwind swings of his arm.

"Biff, biff, biff! Just like that! Gee, I never see anything like it in my life! And both times he hollered at the man they picked up off'n the floor clean outside the ring where he'd fell—once it was Art Dolan and the other time Matt Carney—Langley, I say, hollered at 'em kinder sad 'n' apologetic like: 'I told you dubs not to touch that ear! I ain't responsible when you hit that ear!' Just like that he says it."

"Well, whatter you make of it?" asked Tim anxiously. "Just a kid, was it?"

Skinny shook his head.

"I believe now," he said slowly, "that they knew who I was, after all, and that they handed me the wrong dope for me to pass along to Poucher. That feller ain't so awful much till he gets that ear hit, but when he does—"

Again Skinny shook his head and drew down his lips suggestively.

"Anyway," he added, rising, "I'll watch them mornin' bouts for a few days, and if what I think is so, yer tell Poucher to keep away from that left ear as he would from the devil himself."

* * *

THE battle in the Parkway Arena had gone nine rounds. The gong clattered its strident summons for the beginning of the tenth. Art Dolan and Matt Carney, who were acting as seconds in Langley's corner crawled through the ropes and knelt, each on one knee, just outside the ring. Art's face was far from cheerful, and Matt was nervously chewing his nails.

Langley, heavy, sleepy, awkward, even as he had been in his training bouts, had inflicted no damage at all on the more nimble Poucher McGee, who danced about him, bringing in quick, sharp blows seemingly at will. Langley took them with smiling grunts, apparently but little the worse for them; but to the veriest tyro among the spectators who rose from the ringside, tier on tier, to the dim recesses of the roof, Langley was a sadly outboxed and outpointed man.

So it had been the first round, but Carney had whispered to Dolan beside him: "Wait till Poucher cracks that ear."

Whereat Dolan had nodded briskly and grinned.

But the second round was even as the first, and so was the third, the fourth—each succeeding round. And now, at the beginning of the tenth, Art and Matt nervously watched the same thing being repeated. Langley was tiring. His breath was coming faster; doggedly he strove to block the blows which Poucher, prancing in and out, placed when and where he would.

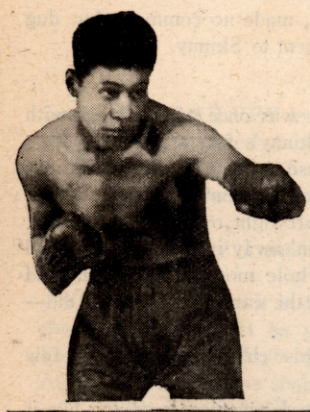
Already ominous sounds were coming from the crowd up under the roof.

"McGee's fight! Give it to McGee!" came the yells to the referee, and they were coming louder and more frequently.

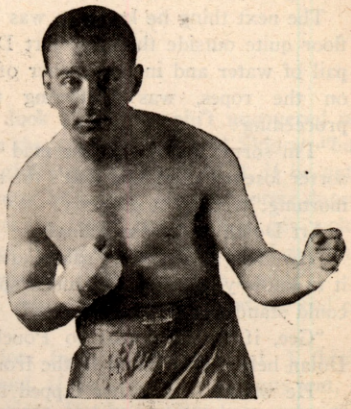
Suddenly Art, whose eyes were glued to the two figures in the ring, clutched Carney's arm.

(Continued on page 35)

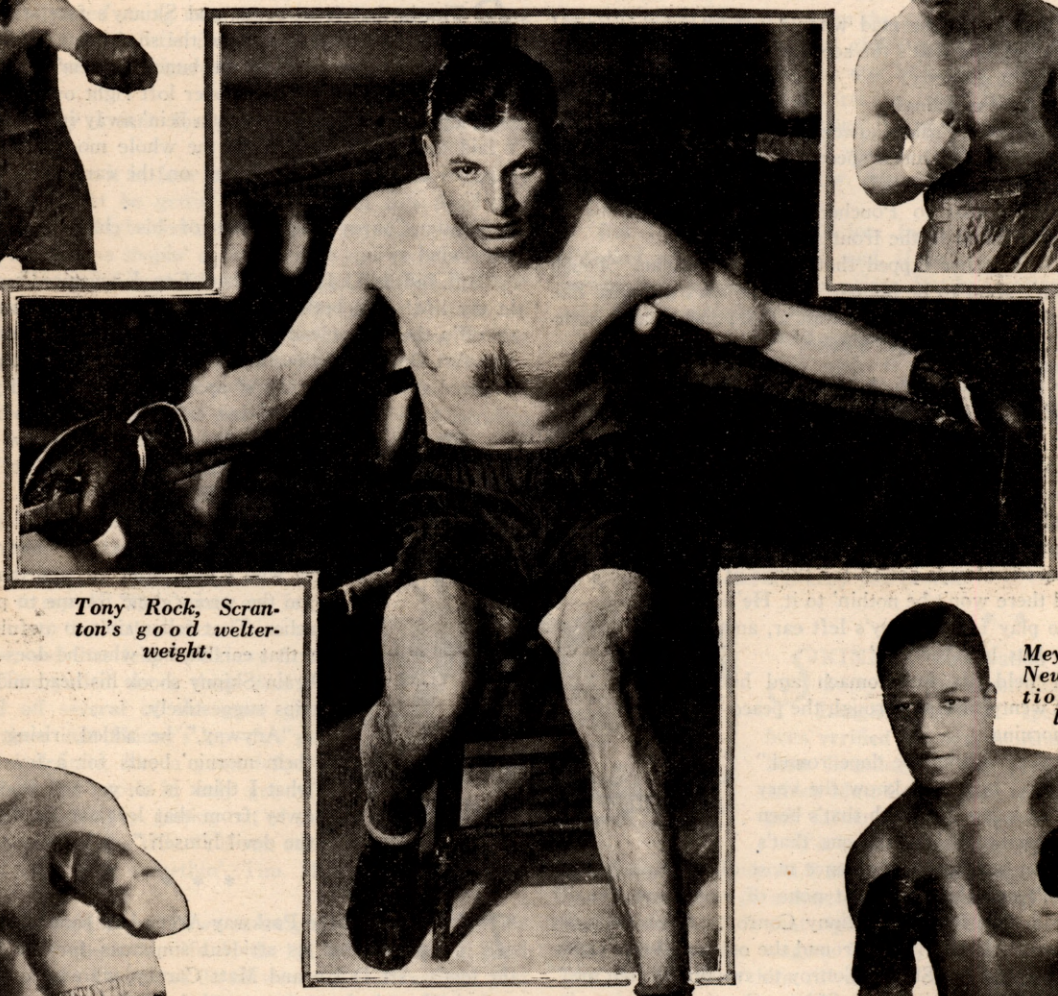
From the EAST *and* SOUTH



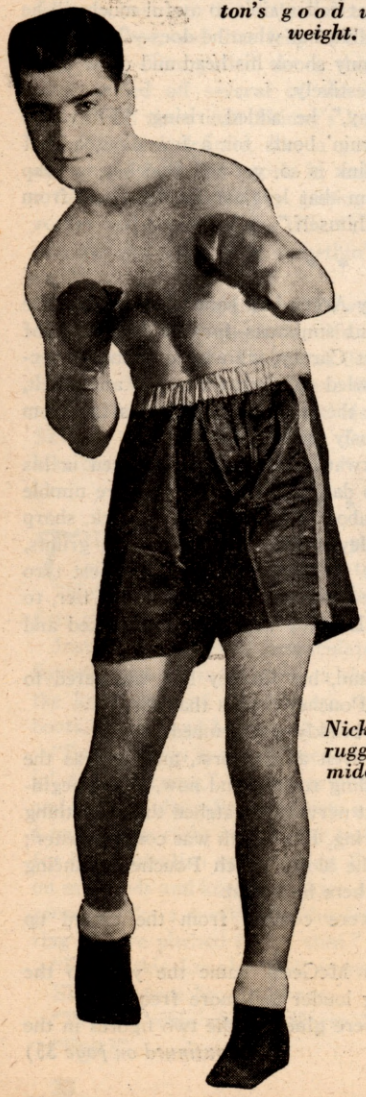
Speedball Cite, leading Texas featherweight.



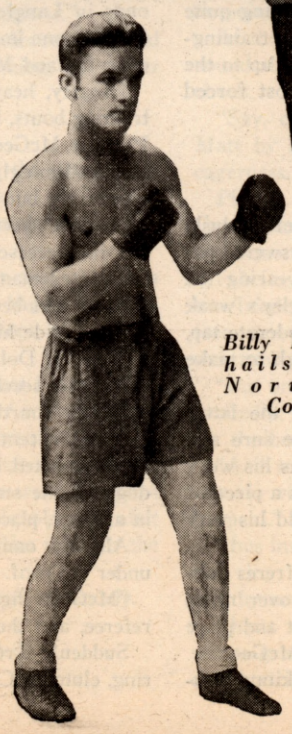
Joey Zodda, hard-hitting Italian from New York.



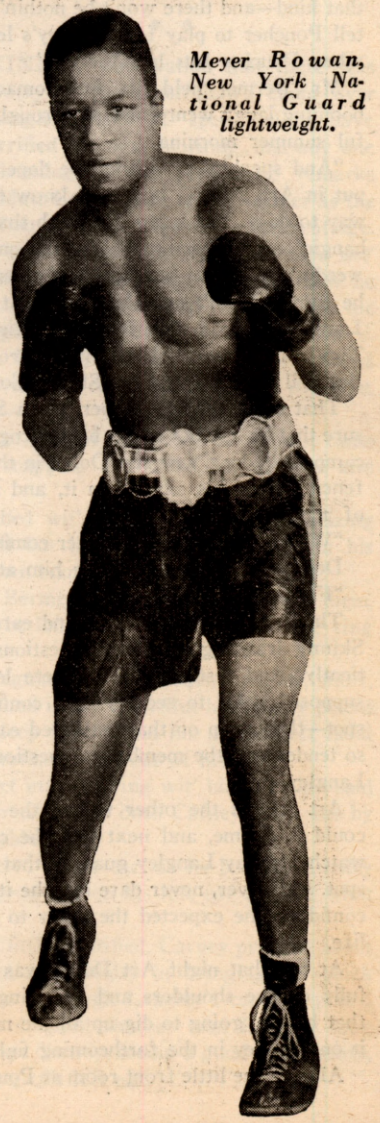
Tony Rock, Scranton's good welterweight.



Nick Lillo, rugged Texas middleweight.



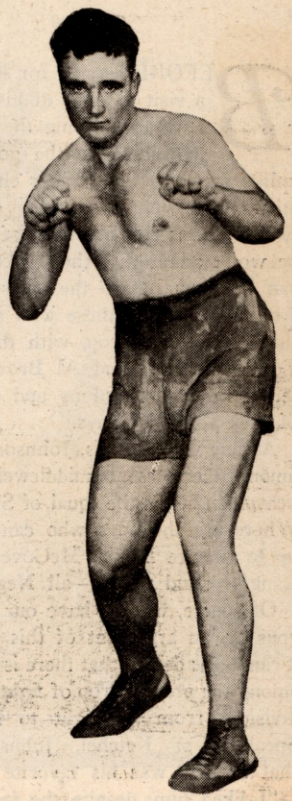
Billy Bridges hails from Norwalk, Conn.



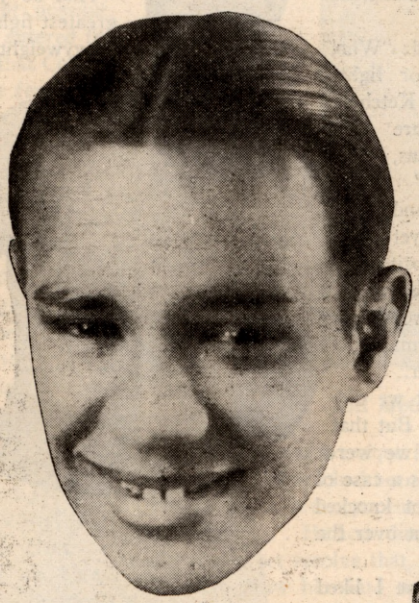
Meyer Rowan, New York National Guard lightweight.

They Have Made the Mark

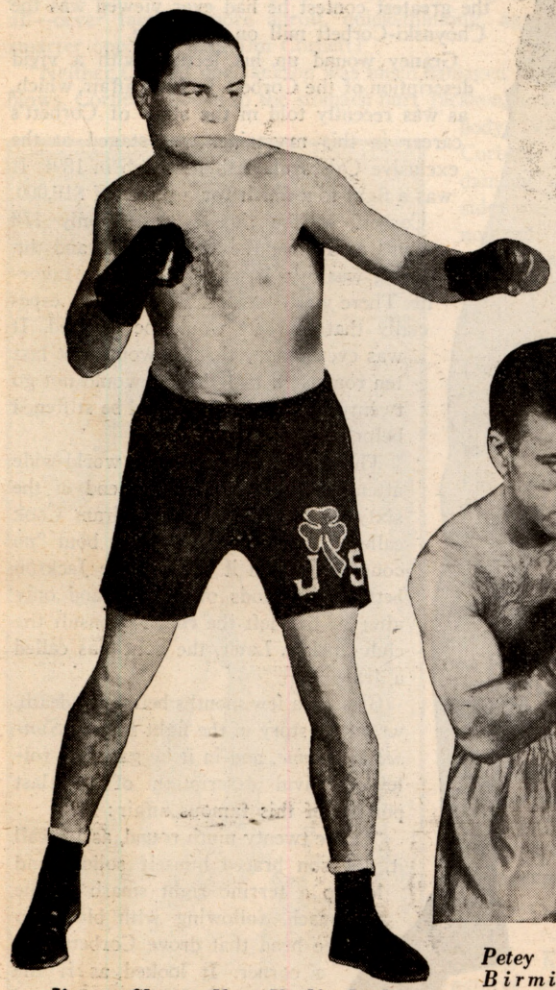
Les Kennedy, rugged Pacific Coast heavyweight, now in the East.



Frank Malish, 22-year-old Bohemian cotton farmer from Texas.

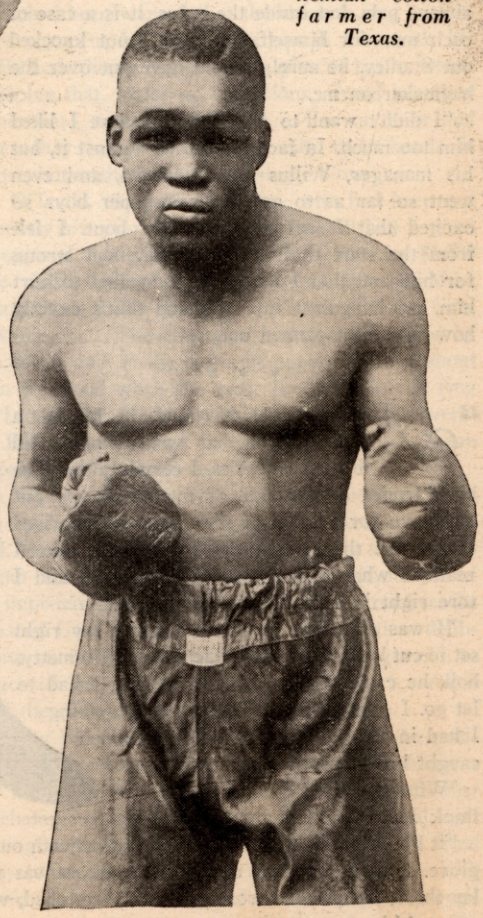


Pete De Grasse, classy New York featherweight.



Jimmy Slavin, New York's Irish lightweight star.

Petey Sarron, Birmingham's sterling featherweight contender.



Billy Jones, slashing Negro light-heavyweight from Philadelphia.

The Story Teller

By TOM DALEY

BEFORE leaving for France recently, Jack Johnson paid a visit to some of his old Harlem cronies in New York City and, during the evening, many a story was heard pertaining to the good old days of boxing. Johnson, unlike many of the former champions, admits that boxing, like other professions, has made considerable progress in the last twenty years; but, like most of the old-timers, he won't admit that the present-day pugilists can be compared to the stars of yesteryear. And I am among those who feel as he does, that the present crop, with the exception of Tony Canzoneri and Al Brown, are far inferior to the champions and near-champions of Jack Johnson's days.

Among other things, Johnson asked: "Who, among the present middleweights or light-heavyweights, is the equal of Stanley Ketchel? Where are the boys who can measure up to George Dixon, McGovern, Gans, Langford and myself—all Negroes?"

Of course, we will have our pros and cons on an argument of this kind, yet it cannot be denied that there is inferiority among the present crop of fighters in every division, from flyweight to heavyweight. Speaking of Ketchel, Johnson remarked that Stanley was his favorite fighter.

"I liked him, despite the fact that we did have a fight and I knocked him out. But that was business. Outside of the ring, we were always pals, but inside the ropes, it is a case of each man for himself, and had I not knocked out Stanley, he surely would have put over the haymaker on me.

"I didn't want to fight him, because I liked him too much. In fact, I pleaded against it, but his manager, Willus Britt, insisted, and even went so far as to get the newspaper boys so excited that I had to accept the bout. I felt from the start that I was too big and strong for him and that I might be compelled to hurt him, much against my will, and that's exactly how that fight panned out.

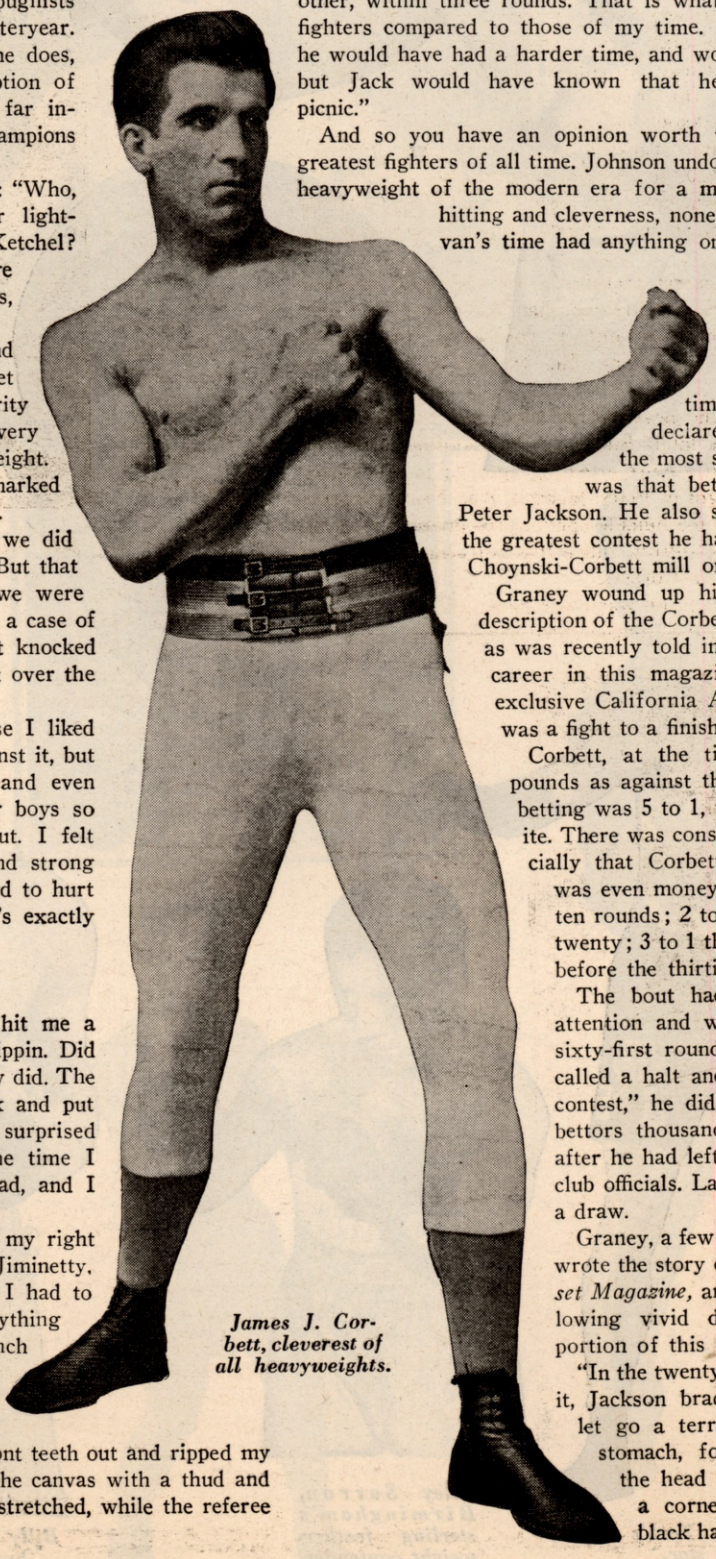
* * *

"IN the twelfth round, he hit me a right-hander that was a pippin. Did I see stars? Yes, I certainly did. The blow landed on the side of my cheek and put me down for a count of six. I was so surprised that I sat there laughing, but all the time I realized what a close shave I had had, and I tore right into Stanley when I arose.

"I was all ready for him, and got my right set to cut loose if he came back at me. Jiminetty, how he came! He rushed at me and I had to let go. I shot my right hand with everything I had in the world behind it. The punch caught him flush on the mouth.

"What a wallop that was! I don't think I ever landed another like it.

"It knocked all of poor Ketchel's front teeth out and ripped my glove. He was knocked cold. He hit the canvas with a thud and lay there, dead to the world, arms outstretched, while the referee counted him out.



James J. Corbett, cleverest of all heavyweights.

"I hated to do it. I liked Ketchel, but it was either him or me and, as we were in there for a fight, I did what I had to do. I don't think there ever was a gamer, more courageous, more natural fighter than Stanley Ketchel.

"Who have you today to equal him? He would have knocked Tunney kicking in six rounds, despite Gene's cleverness, and probably Schmeling, Sharkey, Carnera and Baer, one after the other, within three rounds. That is what I think of the present fighters compared to those of my time. Against Jack Dempsey, he would have had a harder time, and would have been whipped, but Jack would have known that he had not attended a picnic."

And so you have an opinion worth while from one of the greatest fighters of all time. Johnson undoubtedly was the fastest heavyweight of the modern era for a man his size, and as for hitting and cleverness, none of the men since Sullivan's time had anything on 'Lil Arthur.

* * *

WHEN Eddie Graney, famous Coast referee and one-time fighter, was alive, he declared during a lecture that, the most skillful fight he ever saw was that between Jim Corbett and Peter Jackson. He also said that, for fierceness, the greatest contest he had ever viewed was the Choynski-Corbett mill on the barge.

Graney wound up his lecture with a vivid description of the Corbett-Jackson affair, which, as was recently told in the story of Corbett's career in this magazine, was staged at the exclusive California Athletic Club in 1891. It was a fight to a finish for a purse of $10,000.

Corbett, at the time, weighed only 178 pounds as against the Negro's 205, and the betting was 5 to 1, with Jackson the favorite. There was considerable wagering, especially that Corbett would be stopped. It was even money that he would not last ten rounds; 2 to 1 that he would not go twenty; 3 to 1 that he would be stiffened before the thirtieth.

The bout had attracted world-wide attention and when, at the end of the sixty-first round, Referee Hiram Cook called a halt and declared the bout "no contest," he did it to save the Jackson bettors thousands of dollars, and only after he had left the ring to consult the club officials. Later, the bout was called a draw.

Graney, a few months before his death, wrote the story of the fight for the *Sunset Magazine,* and in it he gave the following vivid description of the last portion of this famous affair:

"In the twenty-ninth round, as I recall it, Jackson braced himself solidly and let go a terrific right smash to the stomach, following with blows to the head that drove Corbett into a corner. It looked as if the black had his fight won then and

there, but Corbett suddenly cut loose with a shower of lefts and rights that drove Jackson clear across the ring to the opposite corner. As I look back on this hectic round, it seems to me that either man might have won right then had he but taken his time and landed the telling blow. But each was over-anxious, and so the big chance slipped.

"Round by round the battle progressed, apparently without a let-up on either side. But the experienced eye could see that both were tiring rapidly. Each tried to convince himself that the other fellow was even worse off than he himself was, but that was slim encouragement.

"Jackson's legs were bothering him. They had lost their spring and vitality. Corbett's hands were numb, and his arms were so tired, as he admitted afterward, that he could hardly lift them. But this was a finish fight, and so they plugged on and on, each hoping to land a punch or two that might yet win the battle.

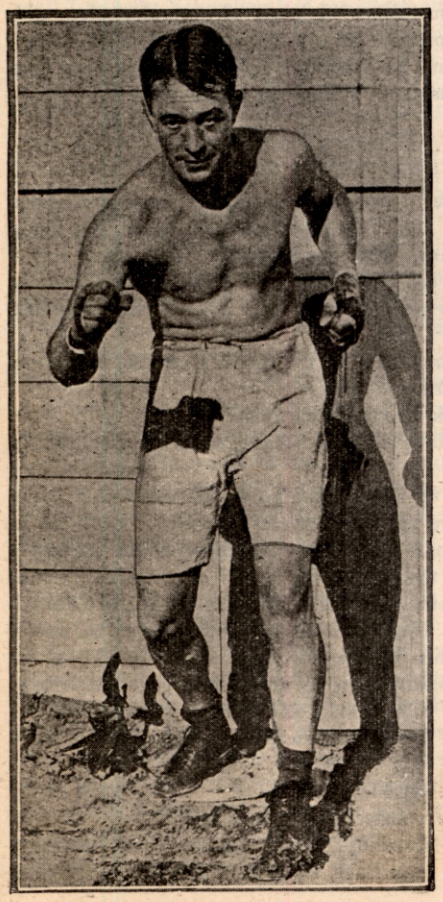
"The end came in the sixty-first round when Referee Cook stopped the fight and called it 'No contest. All bets off!'

"The crowd went wild, for Corbett, in staying sixty-one rounds with the great Peter Jackson, had accomplished something that even his most enthusiastic backers had not thought possible. Recall that Jackson was 100 to 20 favorite when they entered the ring; that most bets were made on the basis of rounds that Corbett would stay—some as low as four rounds, and only a few going as high as twenty-five.

"That he had stood against Jackson in the sixty-first round—against Jackson, regarded as greater than the champion, John L. Sullivan, by some, and second only to John L. by others—was almost as big a boost for young Jim Corbett as though he had won!

"Corbett was to become heavyweight champion of the world a little more than a year later. But in all his fighting career, he was never to take part in a more gruelling fight, or meet a better man than he met that night in Peter Jackson. And Peter Jackson, great man as he was—in my humble opinion, the greatest of them all—never faced a more adroit, quick-thinking, aggressive and smarter opponent than Jim Corbett!

"Neither Corbett nor Jackson was much damaged by the other's blows. Corbett's hooks to the stomach hurt Jackson, and Jackson's body blows hurt Corbett. But the damage on both sides was decidedly nominal by comparison with the punishment inflicted in the Corbett-Choynski battle, for instance.



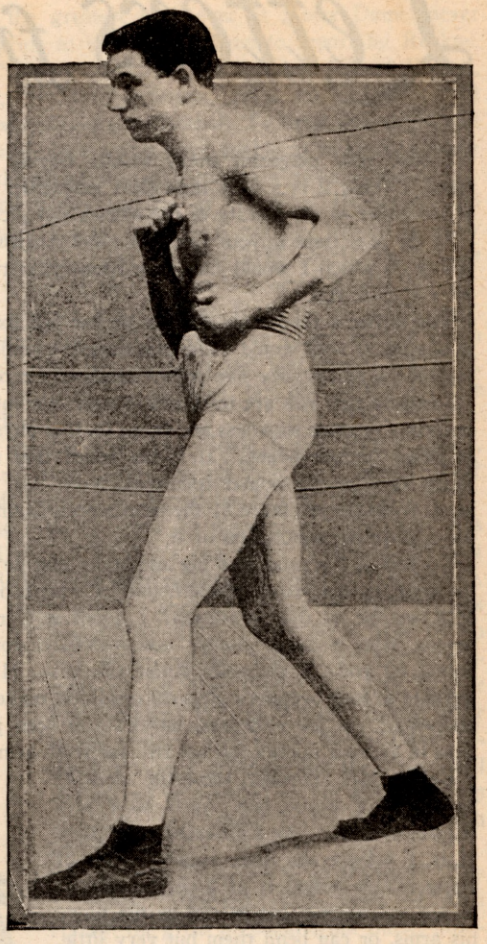
Stanley Ketchel, a natural and courageous fighter.

"Fatigue, more than anything else, took its toll. Jackson's legs swelled so that his tights and shoes had to be cut off, and Corbett could hardly raise his arms from his sides, so numb were they. But, after a Turkish bath, both recovered sufficiently to get about, though it was months before either was ready for another engagement in the ring . . . .

"The most fiercely contested fight in my recollection was the Corbett and Choynski. The most marvelous exhibition of skill and stamina—Corbett and Jackson. Do you agree with my choice? If not, will you oblige me by pointing out better examples. I rest my case."

* * *

PULLED from the pages of old: Jem Mace, the British fight champion, beat Tom Allen in 1870, after ten sizzling rounds . . . . This dethroned Allen from the American championship . . . . There was a unique fight the next year when Joe Coburn met Mace. Coburn had been warned that the champ's ring custom was to make his opponent lead and then smash him with his counters . . . . He accordingly mapped out a plan of battle, which included a set resolve that, under no conditions, would he allow Mace to draw him into making a lead . . . . For an hour and seventeen minutes they stood in the ring with their hands in attitudes of defense, but without striking a single blow.



Kid McCoy, trickiest fighter in ring history.

In 1873, Mike O'Toole, old-time champion, who had been out of the ring for nearly six years, decided that he still had a good battle in his system, and challenged Tom Allen to fight for $1,000 a side and "the championship" . . . . Allen slaughtered Mike . . . . Ben Hogan brought his gang with him to Pacific City, Iowa, to fight Allen . . . . The champion ended every round by knocking Hogan down, and, in the ninth, he apparently was about to put him down for good when the gang jumped into the ring and confronted Lovey, the referee, with the muzzles of several revolvers . . . . But Lovey refused to award the fight to Hogan . . . . Later he published his decision—a win for Allen.

The champion kept a saloon in St. Louis and, for three years after the Hogan fight, did no fighting . . . . Joe Goss, ex-champion of England, thought that Allen was sufficiently softened so that he could clean him up . . . . They had a try at it outside of Cincinnati in an improvised ring pitched beside the railroad tracks . . . . Allen smashed Goss for twenty-one rounds and then deliberately fouled him on the forehead as he knelt on the ground, to escape the menace of the revolvers at the ringside . . . . Allen lost the fight and the championship, but saved his life.

"Grayback" Jimmy Elliott had just finished a term in the penitentiary, where he was sentenced for beating up and robbing a noted singer of the day, when he was matched to fight Johnny Dwyer for the championship . . . . Elliott was nearsighted, and the fight was going so badly for him that, in the ninth, he tried a subtle shortcut to victory . . . . He came into the ring with his hands wet with turpentine and, in a clinch, gouged at Dwyer's eyes. The fight was stopped and,

(Continued on page 36)

Letters from Our Readers

I read your magazine every month, buying it on the newsstand. I think it is a very high-class magazine, from the quality of the paper to the quality of the stories and pictures.

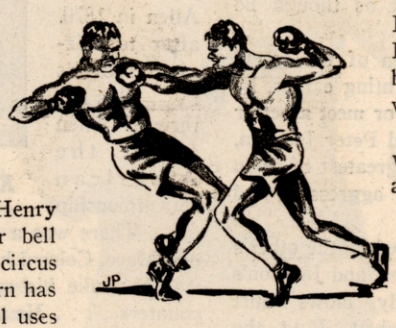
In the May issue in your Questions and Answers, you state two points on which I would like, in a friendly, critical way, to take sides against you.

You advise a reader not to take up bar bell exercises as an aid to boxing, as they would make him muscle-bound. You advise him to take up *progressive* five-pound dumbbell exercises instead.

I believe that you are mistaken in your contention that bar bell exercises produce slowness and bring on that physical state known as being "muscle-bound." It is my belief that there is no such thing as a muscle-bound condition. Now, Mr. Fleischer, think hard. What do *you* mean by the term muscle-bound? Every person has a different conception of it.

To you, if a person is so big and bulky that he can hardly move his arms, is that being muscle-bound? Perhaps, but have you ever seen anyone in that condition? I doubt it. I never have. Is a person who is slow, clumsy and awkward considered muscle-bound by you? I seriously doubt this also. How would using weights to improve one's physical condition make one clumsy and awkward? As for slowness, haven't you seen persons who are slow in all their doings, but are still far from being muscle-bound?

Really, Mr. Fleischer, the term "muscle-bound" is a vague one. As I have said before, everyone has a different conception of it. I believe the most common idea of being muscle-bound is of a person who is so big and strong that he can hardly move his arms, or can bend them but very little.



As further examples in my argument, I wish to cite Jim Londos, Primo Carnera and Henry (Milo) Steinborn. Londos is a former bar bell man, Primo Carnera was, in the past, a circus strong man and user of weights, and Steinborn has been using weights for years. In fact, he still uses them and, if I am not mistaken, is a record-holder in several lifts. Do you consider any of the above men slow or muscle-bound?

Steinborn is probably the fastest heavyweight wrestler and weight-lifter in the game. Carnera has surprised critics by his footwork. Londos is also fast on his feet.

Now, as for bar bell exercises as a means of development:

I think the sport is unexcelled as a method of physical betterment. I do not mean the use of light dumbbells, but the use of heavier weights.

With light dumbbells, one develops certain parts of the body to a certain point and then, because of the lack of resistance, fails to develop any more. Light dumbbells are also only good for certain parts of the body. For the calves and thighs—the strongest muscles of the body—they are no good at all, because they haven't the weight to develop the muscles. The same goes for practically all of the other muscles of the human body.

The science of weight-lifting is this (I presume you know this already, but I am saying this as one of my arguments): One does various exercises with a bar bell, doing each exercise a certain number of times. After two or three exercise periods, repetitions for the exercises are added. When the maximum number of repetitions are reached, weight is added. The new weights are not beyond the strength of the athlete. If they are, he does not add so much weight. In this way, weight is added as the exerciser becomes stronger. His strength is not taxed, and he soon develops a well-built body.

Why, Mr. Fleischer, should a person using bar bells become slow? I think much of this talk about bar bells making a person slow and muscle-bound originated in the old days when weight-lifting was in its infancy. Most of the lifters then were big, ponderous men. The lifts and exercises they did were slow, and most of the lifts were just pushes.

The men guzzled too freely of the then "three-point-two" and became larger in stature. Nowadays, most of the lifts used around 1890-1910 are out of style and seldom used. These modern weight-lifters cannot be slow, or else they could not lift the enormous amount of weight that they do. The greater the speed, the easier the lift is performed and the more weight is raised.

Mr. Fleischer, in this letter I have endeavored to prove the fallacy of being "muscle-bound." Let's have your views on the subject.

I sincerely wish that your magazine prosper in the future as it has in the past. Your articles are good and your editorials are fair and unbiased. I wish you continued success.

CLIFFORD HOPEWELL,
Dallas, Texas.

I have been a constant reader of RING for the past three years and have been an interested reader of your comments against women appearing in boxing or wrestling matches. I agree with you on your stand against boxing, but cannot understand your ban on wrestling. There are very few punches delivered in a female wrestling match. I feel that I can speak with authority, having wrestled with women weighing as much as one hundred and fifty-eight pounds.

I weigh one hundred and twenty-eight pounds. In the many matches in which I have participated, I have received comparatively few blows. These blows were delivered in the heat of battle and were not very effective.

Women wrestlers usually rely on superior weight and stamina to win their match. I will admit that there are any number of hair pulling matches in a female wrestling match, but these are not very harmful.

Won't you give your opinion on women in wrestling in your column at your earliest convenience? I know of several readers who would very much appreciate an article on this topic of women in boxing and wrestling, so that they might judge for themselves whether or not it is harmful. Won't you please oblige?

JOAN READE,
New York City.

Being a RING booster, I hasten to express my views about your magazine. Two years ago, THE RING was very good, but today it is not up to the mark. What has happened? THE RING was a favorite in Trinidad, but now many have forsaken it. Certainly there are many ways of improving this mag. Here is my list of suggestions:

1. A real good photograph of the month's leading boxer on the cover, done in attractive colors.
2. A revival of Lank Leonard's cartoons.
3. About three or four full-page photographs of the month's leading pugilists.
4. The life stories of the leading lights. Certainly they have stories to tell! I have read the careers of various pugilists in your magazine, but these stories are too short, about one page. Run the life stories of the outstanding stars from month to month. Why not run the life stories of the leading boxers in serial form? Certainly, the life of Tony Canzoneri, from the time he was a kid on the streets to his present position, could be run for about four months, each instalment being about four pages in length. Does the life story of John Gilbert afford better reading material than the life stories of Tony Canzoneri or Mickey Walker? Certainly not!
5. More articles by Nat Fleischer.
6. Better and fuller reports from everywhere.
7. More praise for Retzlaff, Hamas, Ramage and Levinsky.
8. The life story of Max Baer, from his childhood to the time

of becoming the outstanding heavyweight; with his love affairs, failures and successes brought to light.

The Schmeling-Baer bout created quite a stir in Trinidad. Schmeling was the favorite, and everybody here believed that he would stop Baer in jig-time. We were all shocked by the form reversal. Two years ago I saw a photograph of Baer in THE RING and since then, Baer has been my favorite. I was his only booster here. On June 8, my money was on Max Baer. I wagered that Baer would finish Schmeling within eight rounds. Of course, Baer is going to be the next champion. Watch him go!

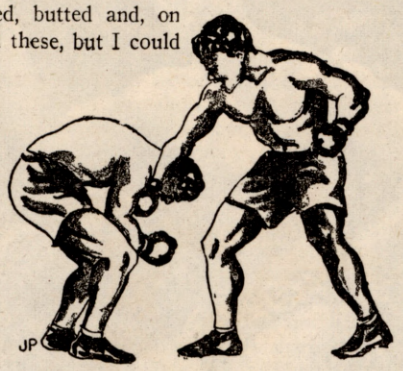
Here is hoping that we will see a bigger and better RING in the near future.

WINSTON K. ACHONG,
Port of Spain, Trinidad,
British West Indies.

The night after a fight you can usually expect a letter from me. So far, you have never objected, so here goes. How, for the betterment of boxing, can fouling be eliminated?

When a boxer continually fouls, the referee continually warns him, but does nothing at all about it. Now, I don't really think the fans should be cheated by having the fight stopped, yet there should be some way to curb violations of the rules of boxing.

Baer did them all. He hit low, back-handed, butted and, on one occasion, used his elbow. I forgave him all these, but I could not overlook the two back hands after Baer had Schmeling going. The German did not know what to expect and had to defend himself against any kind of a blow which might land anywhere between the shoes and the head.



I am not holding Donovan at fault. He had a job on his hands, and I know he did not want to stop the fight because of the crowd, but this is how I would have handled the situation:

Baer hit Schmeling a good right and Schmeling was on his way when Baer deliberately used his back hand, his next damaging blow. Under such conditions, I would have sent Baer to his corner and not allowed the fight to continue until I thought Schmeling had recovered and could have defended himself. When Wills used the "hold-and-hit" on Sharkey, it was called a foul. Stribling was tossed out of a European ring for those tactics. Can't something be done to overcome this?

We now have a protector for low punches and it works well. How can we eliminate rough boxing? Or should we go back to head-and-chancery or open warfare, where everything goes?

OTTO R. DEMPEWOLF,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

I have just read the paragraph in your June issue of THE RING in which you comment on the Associated Press poll and its overwhelming vote in favor of Rockne over Rickard as the greatest sports leader of the last decade.

I am happy to find at least that you stand alone, of all I have read, who question that the honor was placed upon the right man.

The fact that you disagree with the poll, however, is not half as surprising as some of the erratic statements which appear later in your article. All of which shows that your knowledge of the playing personnel of Notre Dame teams of the past decade, and the athletic policy the school generally followed, leaves much to be desired.

After all, it appears your literary work was meant to be confined to the fight and wrestling racket, but in order that you may be better informed in the future, a few facts presented here for your edification would not be out of order.

You state only a handful of men were plucked from the student body and taught the game at Notre Dame. Nearly every great star developed at Notre Dame, and surely the greatest, either never played football before coming under Rockne or were barely able to make their prep team. Was Savoldi anything but a crude novice when he came to Notre Dame? Ask him and you'll learn very shortly just how good he was.

George Gipp, the greatest back ever at Notre Dame, never played a game prior to being encouraged to report by Rockne. "Buck" Shaw, "Clipper" Smith, "Jack" Elder, "Chet" Wynne, Johnny Mohardt, "Nordy" Hoffmann, and a score of others, all great players, never played prep football. To these one might add fifty other names of players who were unable to make their home town teams but developed into all-Americans under Rockne.

Don Miller and Elmer Layden, of the Four Horsemen, and their captain, Adam Walsh, were very ordinary players on their respective high school teams; Marty Brill couldn't make the Penn team, but is one of Notre Dame's greatest products.

Jack Cannon, all-time guard, shone forth in his senior year, after being groomed by Rockne for three years, during which time he was a sub. Also Bert Metzger and Marchmont Schwartz, who was a fair halfback in Louisiana, but one of the greatest ever, under Rockne.

Did you ever inquire how good Noble Kizer, Harry Mehre, Slip Madigan and others were during their high school days? Include "Rip" Miller, now at Annapolis, in that group.

Your damaging remarks about the many stars whose way was paid at Notre Dame in Rockne's era prove beyond doubt that you are unqualified to give your readers the truth on this subject.

I have heard many coaches and authorities in other schools repeat that Notre Dame gives little or no help to any athlete, least of all any inducement to get him there. The late Walter Eckersall and Wilson Walker, among other sports writers who knew Notre Dame intimately, stated ofttimes that the school and alumni can be counted on for the least help of nearly any school in the country with athletic teams.

In the San Francisco "Call-Bulletin," Tiny Thornhill, Stanford coach, said of Dan Hanky, the great prep star from Butte, Montana: "Every school and every coach in the country knew about this great prospect, and they all tried to get him, except Notre Dame, and he went there."

Why did not Elmer Morek, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, attend Notre Dame after becoming the greatest prep star in the country a few years back? I hold a letter from his prep coach, Leo Novak, in which he states nearly all the alumni from schools have had him visit their campus and houses. He would like to go to Notre Dame, but can't afford it.

Morek went to Ohio State. So did Wonowitz of Gary, Indiana, who said he probably would attend Notre Dame or Indiana.

I am sorry you haven't a column for your readers' letters, because I believe your subscribers, some at least, would be interested in seeing a few facts in print to refute your charges.

I personally know that Savoldi, and possibly others, waited tables at Notre Dame, but they're still on an amateur basis at South Bend, dear editor, in spite of your broad remarks.

CARL R. NEDOM,
Salinas, California.

[It was your letter, Mr. Nedom, that caused me to feature two pages of "Letters From Our Readers." Criticism of a constructive nature is always welcome. These pages are open to our readers, and if at any time you feel that the Editor deserves a knock or a boost, don't hesitate to send your letter to me. If it warrants publication, I'll gladly place it in THE RING.—Editor's note.]

Please find enclosed $2.25, this being for one year's subscription to your magazine. I will say that I never sent a subscription with more pleasure. Also will say that by following the top-notchers and their careers in THE RING, I have been able to call the turn on the last few fights with agreeable financial returns.

I also want to compliment your magazine on the unbiased opinions rendered on fights, whether the contestants are black, white, yellow, British or Canadian. They get the best treatment in your magazine. They are criticized only as to their ability as fighters, irrespective of color or nationality. Your magazine is looked for eagerly and I have no trouble lending it here to others.

D. R. MCCRIMMON,
Hughton, Saskatchewan, Can.

Perfect Development

By CLIFF NORTON

THOUSANDS of persons jammed the famous Madison Square Garden in New York City. For five days and nights the great Physical Culture Exhibition had been going on. This was the final night—in which the official title of "America's Most Perfectly Developed Man" was to be awarded. Hundreds were standing upon their seats, craning their necks, as the finest examples of physical strength and development paraded before the judges' platform. Strong men, physical directors and athletes from all over the country stepped forward to be weighed, measured, and tested as carefully as a prize race-horse before the starting gun is fired.

One after another those men, whose physiques may have looked perfect to the outsider, were eliminated. One after another these men were discouraged when informed by the judges that they did not quite make the grade. Their hearts sank, not merely because of the loss of the $1,000 prize, but mainly because of missing the fame of being hailed as "America's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

Finally there were only ten men left. Then seven. Then five. And then only two. The judges encircled those two. The decision hung in the balance. Again their weight was taken. Again the measurement of their neck, biceps, chest, waist, thighs, calves were entered upon the records. Again the tone and "texture" of their skin and muscles were tested.

Finally, amid the cheers of thousands, the chairman of all the judges held up the hand of one of the two men. It was the powerful hand of Charles Atlas!

* * *

THE show over, hundreds of spectators flocked about the winner, some to grasp his hand, others merely to take a peep at the tanned, physically perfect fellow who had romped off with first prize. His lithe, sinewy, well-proportioned body, brought forth the admiration of all. Here was a man who, although clearly as powerful and full of stamina as the rest of them, moved with the smooth, yet muscular grace of an Indian in the forest—with a physical sureness that comes of tremendous power ready for instant use.

I was among those present on the day that Mr. Atlas had triumphed over a field of the world's most physically developed men, and like the others in the arena, I marvelled at this perfect human specimen. Years had passed and I kept up my interest in the affairs of the young man whose name adorned the pages of every physical culture magazine in the world and recently I received an assignment to visit him and obtain from him first-hand information on how he had developed his body and what method he was following in developing the bodies of thousands of his pupils.

I walked into his office one morning and was surprised to see before me a man who appeared just as physically fit today as he was on the day that he won the greatest honors in his field. I was amazed and after a short introduction, I fired away.

* * *

Charles Atlas, the "Perfect Man." Note the fine development of arms, legs, shoulders and chest.

"MR. ATLAS, will you tell me what kind of apparatus you have used to develop so perfect a physique?"

"Stop right there!" he replied. "Apparatus has never played any part in my development or in the physical development of any of my pupils. To me, the use of apparatus of any kind is the prize piece of bunk of them all.

"The natural, scientific methods that I have used to build up my body and the bodies of my students, gives an even, balanced development—with the long, clean muscles that Nature herself gives to the tiger and other live, powerful, quick-moving animals.

"Imagine a tiger developing its tremendous muscular power through weight lifting!" He went on. "Apparatus, to me, is a crutch upon which no one should get to depend."

"If apparatus isn't the answer, what is?" I asked him.

"Nature," he replied. "The apparatus-user is asking Nature to bring about in an unnatural way something that Nature is quite ready and willing to do for you more quickly and more easily in a natural way through the proper use of your own powers. Once you use Nature's way, you get muscles that are big and powerful, and not bound-up muscles that harm more than help you!

"Nature made man so that he would be big and powerful. But modern living has robbed him of his power and physical development. I have discovered a quick way, which I call 'Dynamic Tension,' to restore these priceless possessions, a simple way that will give lasting results.

"The early Greeks, Spartans and Romans were the most perfect races the world has ever known. A study of how these superb races lived shows that they obeyed certain definite natural laws, an obedience which was the secret of their tremendous power. They developed such perfect physiques by certain scientific exercises and diets.

"My studies have developed these *(Continued on page 31)*

News of the Mat World

By "TEX" AUSTIN

(Continued from page 19)

DON GEORGE is, without a doubt, Henri DeGlane's master! The mat feud of several years existing between the two heavyweights reached its finale on July 18, when fully twenty thousand fans at Braves Field, Boston, saw the former whip DeGlane for the fourth time in one of the fastest, cleanest mat frays ever staged in Boston, or New England. George defeated DeGlane in 1 hour, 21 minutes, 36 seconds, with only one fall being registered. The champion put over the win with a flying tackle, at which he is much faster and better than Gus Sonnenberg.

In their third contest, on June 23, at the Boston Garden, an affair which drew about fourteen thousand, the result was rather flukey. After each had gained a fall, DeGlane got the champion with a hammerlock in the third round that looked one hundred per cent to the good. As he was about to pin George for the fall, a spectator seized a towel in the champion's corner and hurled it into the ring. Seeing the towel, DeGlane released his hold. As he walked away, George knocked him flat with a flying tackle, winning the fall and match. The towel-thrower escaped in the general confusion.

A few months before that, in the Boston Garden, George won whatever claims DeGlane possessed to the crown, when DeGlane's shoulder was broken.

In their first match, in Los Angeles, a couple of years ago, George broke DeGlane's collar-bone in pinning him.

SENATOR PAT HARRISON of Mississippi likes to go out to the ball park in Washington, D. C., and watch the grapplers do their stuff. Recently, he sat in the first row and bet on Ray Steele against Jim Londos. Steele lost, and so did Pat.

* * *

THROWN FOR A LOSS—Indianapolis has a new arena, built along the lines of A Century of Progress structure, which holds four thousand . . . . Jim Londos is said to have a half-million in cash, some we know in the National City Bank of New York, and an equal amount in property and bonds . . . . Londos has a yearning to raise chickens, of all things . . . . Dick Shikat made only a quarter of a million as champion . . . . Wrestling has been going great in Nebraska and Iowa, while boxing seems to be out of the race there . . . . Karol Zbyszko tossed Adam Krieger so hard with a body slam, that the latter was knocked unconscious . . . . With their time limit up in the United States, Sandor Szabo and Mihaly Orgovanyi, two of Hungary's greatest matmen, crossed the Canadian border, and have been giving the fans up there some great shows, as has Jim Browning . . . . Browning drew $700 at Winnipeg; $800 at Regina; and $400 at Moosejaw . . . . Browning's share was $40 at Moosejaw; $100 at Regina; and a guarantee of $500 at Winnipeg . . . . Bill Curry of Chicago is one of the current "Masked Marvels" . . . . Tommy Marvin, the Indian, was refereeing the Whitey Hewitt-John Katan match in Houston, Texas, when a lighted cigar found a resting place on his head . . . . Marvin is a former boxer, and the fellow who attacked Jack Curley during the free-for-all which followed the Strangler Lewis-Ray Steele match in Madison Square Garden last year . . . . Tiny Ruff is a very poor excuse for a wrestler . . . . If George Zaharias was as skillful as he is rough, he might reach the top . . . .

* * *

"DIXIE DOINGS"—Tommy (Big Chief) Marvin has an English bulldog named "Prince," who has won eight championships . . . . the Marvins also have a tiny Boston bull named "Sister" as a playmate for "Prince" . . . . Jack League, San Antonio boxer, wrestler and referee alternately, once knocked Primo Carnera to the floor four times in one bout . . . . John Katan is on a barnstorming tour of Canada . . . . Pete Brown has a ranch near El Paso, Texas . . . . Walter Stratton, light-heavy, broke a blood vessel in the back of his neck when George Sauer gave him a back body drop . . . . It's a boy at the Marshall Blackstocks . . . .

At Harlingen, Texas, Dutch Hefner and his opponent, Hans Swartz, fell through the ropes. Several officers came over to the wrestlers and separated them. Hefner, getting the worst of the fall, groggily started toward the ring. He made no attempt to hit at Officer Chaudoin, who had his billy in his hand, and brought it down on Hefner's head, cutting him badly and knocking him out cold for several minutes. Dutch had to have seven stitches taken in his head. S'terrible!

FIGHT FLASHES FROM OREGON

By GORDON M. CONNELLY

AFTER hitting the canvas four times, "Cowboy Eddie" Anderson, 139, caught a vicious left smash square on the button to take the full count from Ah Wing Lee, Portland, in round three on Promoter Joe Waterman's only card of the month.

Andy Bundy, 129¾, Portland's Negro contender for the featherweight title, won by a technical kayo over Phil Thil, 128, Klamath Falls, in two.

Hal Moe, Oregon State College halfback, turned pro by chilling Dude Plincketh, 168, Albina. Paul Karch, 151, Portsmouth, scored over Dick Johnson, Portland, in four vicious rounds. Louie Nelson, 135, Portland, defeated Young Harry Wills, 138, Longview, Wash., in four.

Under Tex Salkeld's promotion at the St. John's Bachelor Arena on the last three cards, Wildman Pat O'Hannigan, Portland light-heavyweight, drew with Ernie Krank, Butte, Mont., in four. Sig Eklund, Portland light-heavy, stopped Main Street, Georgia Negro, in two. Dick Johnson decisioned Jock Malone.

Frankie Monroe, 134, Klamath Falls, outpunched Pat O'Day, Albina, in four. Big Boy Helgerson, 187, Albina, beat Ernie Krank, ex-grid star, in four.

Roy Ockley, St. John's, fought a draw in four with Frankie Monroe, southern Oregon lightweight champion. Main Street kayoed Ernie Krank in four cantos. Ah Wing Lee acted as referee on the card.

Perfect Development

(Continued from page 30)

exercises into a form that is really simple and enjoyable. This system safely strengthens your vital organs and develops your physique symmetrically, without the use of unnatural means.

"Furthermore, I have devoted a great deal of study to different diets, and I have discovered that by using the food you most likely eat every day, only in special combinations, remarkable results are obtained. In a comparatively short time, you can reach the correct weight, whether it be to gain or lose. Constipation and skin disorders disappear and you are well on the road to perfect health.

"I take a pupil in hand, through the mail, and make of him a perfect physical specimen by the time he has completed my course. It consists of a series of individual lessons which are mailed to my pupils each week. The entire course lasts for three months, but once a pupil, he remains my pupil for life. He can call on me at any time for information without extra charge. And I guarantee results! I apply natural laws to get my results. Natural law is far more effective than any hokum ever devised by man.

Airplane Spin Inventor

(Continued from page 16)

It was in February, 1929, that he became a pro. He was invited to meet Joe Robins, the champion of Kansas, and beat him in two falls in twenty-five minutes. Then he travelled through Colorado, Washington and California, tackling men in preliminary bouts, all booked by Lou Daro, famous Los Angeles promoter.

After his defeat of Malcewicz, he had no difficulty getting good bouts. In April, 1930, he defeated Strangler Lewis, whose deadly headlocks enabled him to gain the first fall, but Everett got the next two for the victory. He lost his first big match to Gus Sonnenberg. He beat Gus in 40 minutes for the first fall but lost the next two on flying tackles. After that he beat Joe Stetcher, Pat McGill and other stars. He later lost a match to Don George. Until he was signed by Billy Sandow, who "broke" with Lewis to become Everett's manager, Marshall was his own manager. He would sit for hours, as he explains it, and call up promoters all over the land, asking for bouts. Now, however, with the stamp of "contender" affixed to his name, he never has to worry. Promoters are constantly on his trail instead of him trailing them.

From Milo to Londos

(Continued from page 15)

slammed down on the canvas. The time of the second fall was 27 minutes, 33 seconds.

Gotch outpointed his foreign adversary at every point of the game. His speed was too great for the Pole to cope with; his generalship stood out in so pronounced a manner that it made his opponent appear like a novice; his strength was superb, and added to these his offensive and defensive tactics brought him a victory which Zbyszko never had a chance to gain. It was a simple case of one man outclassing another, and that man was Frank Gotch.

Several months later, Frank succumbed to Dan Cupid. The day of this important event was January 11, 1911. The bride was Gladys Oestrich, a home-town friend of Frank's, who was eleven years his junior. In fact, she was so much younger that when Gotch engaged in his first bout, which was with Marshall Green at the Humboldt Opera House, the little girl went to sleep in her father's arms as the contest was being waged. With the remark that they were the happiest pair on record, and that no matter what Frank did she was his partner, we will leave the subject of family matters and return to the professional career of the champion.

* * *

SOON after Gotch had returned from his tour of England, another American wrestler, Doctor Roller, under the management of Jack Curley, famous American promoter, paid a flying trip to the continent and engaged in a match with Zbyszko in Vienna, which he had lost. It was shortly after that bout that the Pole came to this country for his American tour, while Curley and Doctor Roller left Europe by way of Liverpool for Montreal, where the Pennsylvania medico was billed for a series of matches under the promotion of George Kennedy.

After their arrival in Canada, Curley left Doctor Roller in Montreal, while he proceeded to Chicago, where he at once went to work on a return match between Gotch and Hackenschmidt. While abroad, Curley had seen Hack and, in accord with an agreement he had made with the Russian, he had deposited ten thousand dollars, or half of the stipulated price for the tour, with the American Express Company, to be paid to Hackenschmidt on the day he set foot on the boat that was to bring him to America, and the other half to be paid to him in weekly installments during the tour which, Curley hoped, would wind up with a second Gotch-Hack affair.

Hack arrived and the tour began. Montreal, Buffalo, New York, Chicago, Indianapolis, Omaha, Des Moines, Lincoln, Denver. He made all the well-established wrestling centers, with Hack meeting all comers and wrestling on an average of six nights a week.

Meanwhile, the ballyhoo intended to draw Gotch into a second match was on, but Frank announced he had retired and was interested in Yusif Mahmout, who, he professed to believe, would beat Hack. However, Curley worked on him through the newspapers and directly by mail, telegraph and telephone.

Curley knew that one bar to the match was the personal enmity between the men and he hoped to break that down by bringing them together for a quiet talk in which their grievances, real or fancied, might be ironed out. The meeting, after considerable maneuvering on Curley's part, took place at the Raddison Hotel in Minneapolis in March of 1911. Hack and Curley were staying there, and Gotch came on from Humboldt to see them.

However, the personal enmity of Hack for Gotch resulted in an argument that ended the negotiations for a return match.

* * *

A FEW nights after their meeting, Curley and Hackenschmidt were in Omaha, where the Russian was scheduled to meet Henry Ordeman at the Auditorium. As Ordeman had a big following in his home town, the arena was packed with about four thousand persons and among the spectators were four of Gotch's pals, ready to hurt the show by "showing up" Hackenschmidt. They were Farmer Burns, Doc Krone, Emil Klank and Doc Message, and with them was Mahmout, the Bulgarian wrestler.

Following his marriage, Gotch had announced his retirement and declared that henceforth he would handle the affairs of Mahmout, who, he said, was the greatest wrestler in the world, excepting himself, and when Hackenschmidt, through Jack Curley, was seeking a return bout, Gotch informed both that, before he gave his consent, it would be necessary for the Russian first to dispose of Mahmout, which condition, of course, Hackenschmidt refused to accept.

So here was Gotch's chance to belittle Hack by forcing the issue before the crowded Coliseum house. Just before the referee gave his instructions to Hackenschmidt and Ordeman, Farmer Burns mounted the platform and shouted that Hackenschmidt feared Mahmout and refused to give him a chance. He hurled a defi at the Russian to meet the Bulgarian, Hackenschmidt to take all the funds, but the management ushered Burns and Mahmout out of the arena and Gotch's ruse failed.

A few weeks later, while Curley and Hackenschmidt were touring in the South, there was a great fire in Chicago, in which many firemen were killed, and Curley wired to the committee in charge of a benefit sports affair that Hackenschmidt would be glad to meet any wrestler for the fund, Gotch preferred. On arriving in Chicago, however, Curley was informed that the committee could not obtain the services of Gotch and that Jess Westergaard, better known as the Big Swede, had been accepted as Hackenschmidt's opponent for a match billed on April 15.

On the day of the match, Gotch, who was a breeder of prize cattle, came on to Chicago to attend the Stock Show and also to watch his arch enemy in action against Westergaard, and Curley decided to take advantage of the situation to force Gotch into accepting terms for another match with the Russian Lion. Finally the two were matched for a finish bout at the White Sox ball park, best two out of three falls, and the largest crowd of modern times that ever witnessed a wrestling match jammed its way into the immense stadium.

A few days before the match, word came from Hackenschmidt's camp that he had sprained his leg, but the "Russian Lion" looked in fit condition when he crawled through the ropes. He was accorded a fitting ovation, but Gotch came in for the lion's share of the applause when he was spied elbowing his way through the infield. Ed Smith of Chicago was the referee.

That there was bitter feeling between the two giants was seen at a glance. Gotch came into the ring with a big smile playing about his mouth and he was all attention to his ringside friends, ignoring his opponent entirely. Hack was peeved over his condition and looked worried when the two were called to the center of the mat for instructions.

Sheer speed in the first ten minutes of the bout defeated Hack. The American was a whirlwind on attack, ready to rough it on the slightest pretext and chattering away at his man like a magpie in an effort to disconcert the "Lion," yet there was no hippodroming. He went to the mat with the "Lion" with the express intention of taking no chances and of crushing him in as decisive a manner as possible.

The first ten minutes' work was lightning fast. Gotch was all over his man, rushing him off the mat a dozen times in his anxiety to get the "Lion" on the ground. Gotch finally threw his man with a thud by a headlong dive between his legs, and then he started to work in earnest for the dreaded toe hold.

He fussed and fumed about Hack's feet and had the Russian nervous and kicking freely. Suddenly Gotch started to dig one of his powerful arms between Hack's thighs and the Russian was almost rooted off the mat. Gotch kept jabbing away and tearing at the "Lion's" legs, keeping his head close down to the Russian's knees.

Suddenly, quicker than a flash, Gotch swung around on his stomach on Hack's immense chest, swinging his legs clear to the front of the "Lion's" head and seizing him in a double body hold about the stomach. Hack was completely mystified at the move, and it only took a few seconds' pressure to jam both of his shoulders to the mat. The first fall was in 14 minutes.

* * *

HACKENSCHMIDT was naturally slow, due to his immense muscle development, but he was working smoothly and it looked as though the first fall was hours away when the sudden move of the American changed the complexion of things.

The men were given a fifteen-minute rest, and it was noticeable that the Russian limped lightly when he crawled back through the ropes for the second bout. Gotch was the personification of confidence and laughed openly at Hack as he sat propped up on his stool.

He came out like a mad bull for the second fall and rushed Hack up against the ropes, lifting him up bodily and smashing him to the mat. Gotch immediately began to play for the sore leg, and banged the knee a couple of times with his fist as if seeing if it would stand pressure. Hack wriggled away a few feet, but Gotch followed him up and grabbed his left foot.

For three minutes the two indulged in a battle of brute strength, Gotch trying to get a firm leverage for his thigh between both of Hack's legs and the Russian straining every muscle to break loose. At the six-minute mark Gotch slipped his leg in a trifle closer, and then, with a grim smile, started to press the foot up into the small of the "Lion's" back.

"Don't break my foot," Hack groaned as he felt the muscles getting taut in his leg. Gotch had his back to Hack at the time and turned his head to hear what he was saying.

"What?" shouted Gotch at his fallen opponent, at the same time edging in a trifle closer and bending the foot almost to the snapping point.

"Don't break my leg," again appealed the "Russian Lion."

"There will have to be a fall," Referee Ed Smith shouted at this stage, and Hack looked as though he would faint. Great beads of perspiration stood out on his face and he was biting his lips to keep back the groans of agony. Gotch was hanging on like a bulldog in grim death, and every time the Russian moved his body a fraction of an inch, he only followed in closer and jammed in his leg tighter.

Finally, with a sigh, the "Russian Lion" slumped back on the canvas and both shoulders touched the mat. The scene that followed the brilliant victory beggars description. Gotch was carried in triumph from the ball lot on the shoulders of his admirers, while Hackenschmidt, who only a few minutes before had been idolized, was left—a forgotten hulk—propped up in his corner, attended only by the few handlers who were yelling encouragement to him during the bout.

Another "Solid Man"

(Continued from page 3)

the best seats in the house to speculators. That would put an end to the outrageous charges that speculators are able to make for ringside seats which are purposely withheld from the public."

* * *

BROWN was born in Ireland on January 20, 1874, and came to this country fourteen years later, the year of the great blizzard. He lived in the Yorkville section of New York City in his youth and became a member of the famous Pastime A. C., where he learned his wrestling and boxing. It was there that he became acquainted with George Bothner and, a few years later, he trained George for all of his great matches. Bothner won the world's lightweight championship under Brown's direction and for years was recognized as one of the greatest wrestlers of all time. George says that it was Bill Brown's training that enabled him to turn the trick.

Brown is a self-made man, if ever there was one. As a boy, he worked in a grocery shop, then, as a young man, he became employed as the driver of an ash cart in the city service and from that he drifted into professional athletics and later to body-building, in which he is now a recognized authority. Brown's gymnasium on Twenty-third Street, near Sixth Avenue, was a landmark in New York's athletic history. His health farm at Garrison has had among its guests some of America's most renowned figures in all walks of life.

Boxing is indeed fortunate that Bill Brown has consented to give some of his valuable time to the sport.

Boxing Still Has Its Lure

(Continued from page 9)

SPEAKING of his fights with Joe Gans, Erne said:

"I stopped Gans in twelve rounds at the old Broadway A. C. on March 23, 1900.

"I trained at Villepigue's at Sheepshead Bay, and was quite a fighter that night. We could use all the bicycle tape we wanted to in those days. Kid McCoy taped my hands, and I'll assure you I got none the worst of it.

"Gans had all he wanted in the ninth. They had a tough time getting him out for the tenth. I nearly tore off his left eyebrow with a right-hand punch in the twelfth.

"It hung over his eye and many thought the eye had been knocked out of his head. Blood poured into the eye. Eagle Eye Charley White was the referee. 'I can't see him, Mr. White. I can't go on,' Gans told him.

"All I remember of our second fight at Fort Erie a little more than two years later was walking out after receiving instructions. They told me he cross-countered as I feinted. A sore cheekbone was something in the way of proof. It was suicide for the Old Master to do 133 for Nelson more than four years later. Why, 136 was the best he could make for me that night and 133 bothered him in our first match."

Erne won the featherweight championship when he did 122 pounds and took a twenty-round decision from George Dixon at the Broadway Club, November 27, 1896, but never claimed it. He previously had boxed Dixon ten rounds to a draw. Little Chocolate later beat him in twenty-five. He again had agreed to do 122, but a knee injury sustained on the road so curtailed his work that 125 pounds was the best he could do.

After stopping Gans, Erne contracted to do 128 ringside for McGovern and knock him out in ten rounds. He got down to 126, but after flooring Terrible Terry for a count of nine in the first, was himself knocked out in the third after one of the fastest fights in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. McGovern broke his nose and Erne lay gasping for breath under a right-hand punch to the body as he was counted out.

Master Boxer Speaks

(Continued from page 10)

"WHY do you so often insist on ten-round bouts instead of fifteen?" was the next one fired at the Philadelphia Adonis. "Can't you go fifteen rounds?"

"Certainly I can go fifteen rounds," he replied. "But why go fifteen when it is not necessary? The more rounds you are in there the more chance there is for a stray punch to get through your guard. I can go fifteen rounds as well as anyone and I will when it is necessary."

"Listen, Tommy," I remarked, "a lot of people think there is nothing much gained for you when you finish a round in your own corner, so that you can sit right down without any delay. Is that just a bit of showmanship on your part or is it really of help to you."

"I believe," he said, "that when a fighter is in condition the minute's rest between rounds is of as much value in restoring his strength as a whole night's sleep is to the average person. If I finish in my own corner I save two or three seconds, at least. I believe, roughly speaking, that a second saved between rounds is of as much value to a boxer as a half-hour's sleep to the average man.

"There's a psychological value to it, too. If I finish in my own corner, it is proof to my opponent that I am doing what I want to do, in spite of him. Then, if he is not too smart, he will concentrate more on preventing me from winding up the round in my own corner than in fighting me. It gives him something to think about in addition to the fighting.

"Sometimes I let a man keep me from finishing in my corner. He thinks he has solved the trick. But I'm only stringing him. If he tries to stop me the same way in the next round, I usually have a little surprise for him.

"I saw in the newspapers where Levinsky wanted the Boxing Commission to remove the time clocks so that I would not know when the end of the round was near. That's amusing. I know how far a round has progressed without looking at the clock. Even if I couldn't judge I could get a signal from my corner. As a matter of fact, without any clocks or bells, I can tell within four or five seconds when a round is over. I have learned that through years of experience.

"Experience is a wonderful thing. That's where I have a tremendous advantage over most of my opponents. I have been boxing so long that I have been confronted with every conceivable situation."

"If you had your choice, which would you prefer to meet, a slugger or a boxer?" was the final query as Loughran finished taping his hands, preparatory to his workout at Stillman's gymnasium.

"Most decidedly a slugger," he stated. "I can do my own stuff better against a slugger and I can block his attack more easily than I can a boxer's. That should be clear enough."

"And that," I murmured, "concludes today's lesson in the noble art of denting noses."

The Man Who Kayoed Dempsey

(Continued from page 11)

the land of slumber in the fifteenth round. Throughout the contest there was not a moment of rest for either man. At times Flynn fairly outfought the champion, wading in in his rushing, tearing style in a desperate hope of landing a haymaker for the heavy money.

It was the first occasion on which Flynn was a "near-champion," but not the last time that he was to be erased by a man whom pugilistic destiny already had chosen to wear the regalia of king.

Following his defeat by Burns, Flynn fought two battles with Jack (Twin) Sullivan. The first, on July 12, 1906, at Los Angeles, Calif., which he won in twenty rounds; and the second, on October 12 of the same year, resulting in a draw over the same distance.

In the following year, 1907, Flynn knocked out George Gardiner and Dave Barry, and won on a foul from Tony Ross. Then on November 2 of the same year, Jim stacked up against Jack Johnson and was stopped by the Negro in the eleventh round.

Just to show that a knockout meant little in his life, Jim came back in the following month, December 20, and administered the sleeping potion to the much-touted Australian, Bill Squires, in six cantos at Bakersfield, Calif.

Although in 1908 both Al Kauffman and Sam Langford dropped Flynn, he came back for more punishment and fought good battles with Billy Papke (whom he twice met in ten-round, no-decision bouts at Los Angeles), "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien and Jack Burns.

* * *

THE year 1911 found the fireman at the very height of his ability. It was during that year that all the world was looking for a "white hope" to succeed Jack Johnson, who had, in December of 1908, put the quietus on Tommy Burns. Jim staged a string of nine consecutive knockouts, and became known as the "white hope destroyer." He reversed Al Kauffman's victory over him by stopping the cowboy on May 5 at Kansas City, Mo., in the tenth round. He then put on a ten-round, no-decision bout with Carl Morris at Madison Square Garden.

New Yorkers will never forget that fight. It was one of the most vicious ever staged in the Garden, where countless furious battles have been staged in the history of the shrine to boxing. Though Flynn was outweighed thirty or forty pounds by Morris, he gave his bulky adversary such an unmerciful pasting that Morris was scarcely recognizable for several weeks after the conflict. No decision was permitted under the law, but Flynn won this, one of his greatest scraps, by a mile and a half.

On the Fourth of July, 1912, he again met Johnson. The battle was staged at Las Vegas, New Mexico, and was stopped in the ninth round. Witnesses of the encounter state that Flynn was plastering him good and plenty when the local police stepped in and halted the encounter on the grounds that it was a prize fight instead of a boxing match. Referee Ed Smith gave the decision to Johnson, feeling that the Negro had put up the better part of the fight, however.

The fight itself was a poor one, and the principals performed before a half-empty arena. Flynn was in perfect physical condition, while Johnson's physique showed the inroads of the dissipation in which he had indulged so much since he won the title. He appeared to be tiring in the early rounds and resorted to holding a great deal, but, on the other hand, Jim is criticized for having resorted to butting. Between the two phases of violation of the rules there was much "razzing" and cat-calling among the dissatisfied patrons.

Referee Ed Smith was placed in an embarrassing position when State Police Captain Fornoff stepped into the ring and said, "We will have no more of this kind of fighting."

* * *

HOWEVER, he figured that up to that time Johnson had had a bit the better of the going, although it was very evident to him that he would not have been able to last out more than four or five rounds, while Flynn was still as fresh as when he started. But they agreed before the fighting that, should there be any interference, the decision should be rendered according to the merits displayed up to that time.

Flynn was full of fight all the time. He attacked Johnson's stomach at the start, and when the sixth round had been reached, the golden smile of the champion had changed to a look of worry and concern.

It was at the beginning of that round that Flynn noted Johnson's approaching fatigue, and he bounded across the ring and met the champ in his own corner. Johnson reached out and, grabbing Jim's arms, pinned them to his side, while the fireman struggled vainly to free himself.

Arguments between the two men continued. In the seventh, Jim lost his temper and began to butt Johnson, his prime motive being to free himself from the terrible grip in which Jack had him.

Johnson complained to the referee of Jim's butting, and Jim complained of Jack's clinching. There was no question that Johnson was hitting Flynn at times and hitting him clean, but he wasn't hurting him much and he was weakening himself. Then came the end—about as unsatisfactory a finish as there could be to any fight. For the second time, Jim had missed out on the honor of having the title.

The year 1913 was a bad one for the "Pueblo fireman," for out of five fights, four were no-decision affairs, and in the fifth he was knocked out by "Gunboat" Smith in five rounds at New York. But Jim was far from through with the fighting game; he defeated his first three opponents in 1914 by knockouts. They were Jack Driscoll, Jim Logan and Al Norton. Jack Dillon took a decision from him in ten rounds at Kansas City on October 5, 1914, and Carl Morris defeated him in the same number of rounds nine days later in the same city.

In spite of the fact that Jim was thirty-seven years old, he spent 1915 battling around with such men as Carl Morris, Tony Ross, Al Reich, "Gunboat" Smith and Jim Coffey; the latter knocked him out in nine rounds on May 31, 1915.

Jim went into practical seclusion late in that year, and became the physical director at the Y. M. C. A. in Pueblo. There he remained satisfied until the ring called him again in 1920. His last fight was with Sam Langford in Mexico City, in which Flynn was knocked out in three rounds on October 19, 1923.

Jim is now past fifty-four years of age.

Garden's New Leader

(Continued from page 21)

greatest wing men ever to wear the Blue and was especially adept at receiving forward passes. On the other hand, the Colonel believes Ted Coy was as fine a football player as he ever saw. He says the hardest man to play against in his experience was Hamilton Fish, of Harvard. Coy in the backfield and Fish in the line are his idea of great grid stars.

Kilpatrick went to Yale in the fall of 1907. He won a post on the freshman team without any difficulty and was outstanding in all its games. He made the first team in his sophomore year. He also distinguished himself as a member of the track team. He was an excellent shot-putter and a corking broad jumper. He was elected captain of the Eli track and field contingent in 1911, his senior year.

After he hung up his football togs, Kilpatrick for some fifteen years was a member of the track advisory committee at New Haven. He also retained his interest in football, and several times lent assistance in coaching the ends.

His army career began in 1916, when he went to the Mexican border as a First Sergeant in Troop B of Squadron A, New York Cavalry. He spent six months there. He was a Colonel on the General Staff, A.E.F., during the World War.

He resigned as Second Lieutenant in June of 1917 and was commissioned as a Major in the Quartermaster Corps. In October of the following year, he became a Lieutenant-Colonel and in April, 1919, a Colonel. This means he was one of those who assisted General John J. Pershing.

The Colonel served with the Twenty-sixth, First and Second Divisions, and was with the First and Third American armies, the American G.H.Q., the French G.H.Q., Army of Flanders and the Interallied G.H.Q. His decorations included the Croix de Guerre with palm and the Distinguished Service Medal. He also was made a member of the Legion of Honor. What more could a man want!

Getting back to his football prowess. He was an All-America end in 1909 and 1910. On the All-America eleven of 1909, six Yale men were placed. Besides Kilpatrick, they were Cooney, Andrus, Hobbs, Philbin and Coy. At Andover prep in 1907 he made good as a hurdler. As a schoolboy at Toms River, N. J., he was an outstanding baseball player. He was noted for his ability to knock out home runs. He had speed to burn on bases. During his junior year at Yale, he was international all-around champion, winning this gruelling series of events at Chicago. His father won the events during his junior year at Old Eli.

Gotch, the Greatest

(Continued from page 20)

job in a brick yard also and it was here that he developed his frame for the wrestling game.

At sixteen he was a pretty fair heavyweight although he never realized anything on his bouts. He was an amateur.

When Klank was 20 he decided that there was gold to be made on the mats. He left the smelly stock yard district for South Omaha, Nebraska, where he worked on the fire department and police force for a year or two. During his spare time he wrestled and picked up his first bits of coin.

At that time wrestlers were few and far between and Klank had to travel to get matches. In Butte, Montana, Emil had his first big show. He met and was beaten by Buck Olson, claimant to the European title. These wrestler fellows are great claimers still.

Going over his long career in the wrestling racket Emil remembers few matches that he won. That is, if he does remember them he is rather shy about recounting them. He admits he was a champion, though.

"I was a champion loser. I think I lost more matches than any other squirmer in the racket at that time," he admits.

When in Butte, Klank began getting bigger matches including men like Dan McLeod, Farmer Burns, Frank Gotch and Anaconda.

* * *

HE moved to Salt Lake City and hooked up with Carlo Reiter who was on a barnstorming tour around the world on a tandem with a pal of his. From there Klank moved on to San Francisco and on up the coast, making Seattle his headquarters.

In the latter city, he met Doc Roller in an unusual match for a side bet of $1000. They selected an old shed in the outskirts of Seattle and four friends and a referee were the total attendance at the show. Klank, true to form, dropped the match and incidentally the grand. He says that was one of the most thrilling encounters in which he had ever engaged.

Emil then hooked up with a middleweight named Frank Coleman and toured the middle-West meeting all-comers. Klank met the heavyweights and Coleman took on the lighter ones.

In Bellingham, 23 years ago, Klank met Frank Gotch for the first time. He was beaten. A short time later he clashed with Gotch again in Denver for the championship of America. He was beaten again.

Klank's arm was injured in the match and he decided to quit as an active wrestler. He signed up as manager for Gotch and traveled with the great old boy till his death in 1917.

While Emil was with Gotch, his job was to arrange matches and try the challenger out to see if he was good enough to meet the champion. He managed Gotch through 20 weeks of vaudeville in the British Isles during which time he and Gotch were frequently assailed by Hackenschmidt's supporters.

Returning to America, Gotch had matches with Hackenschmidt, Zbyszko, Mahmout and others that are remembered to this day. Klank was in the champion's corner through them all.

They toured the world touching New Zealand, Australia, India and different countries in Europe.

Gotch died in 1917 and Klank went cold on the wrestling game for nearly five years. He went back to Chicago and got himself a job.

Klank joined up with the squirmers again in 1923 as Zbyszko's manager. During that time he brought wrestlers to Vancouver and promoted his first shows here.

He took Zbyszko to India for a match with Gama and later, returning to Chicago, made plans for promotion shows in Vancouver. He has been promoting two and a half years in Vancouver and his shows have been well patronized.

"The Tin Ear"

(Continued from page 23)

"He ain't tryin' for that ear," he whispered. "He's keepin' away from it. Our little scheme has went wrong. Skinny knows more of the true inwardness of this ear business than we give him credit for knowin'. We been crossed, Matt. Skinny's tipped Poucher to keep away from Langley's ear. Take a look at Skinny over there."

Matt looked across the ring to where, close to the ringside, Skinny Conroy sat beside Tim Mulvey. Skinny was grinning, and that grin told much.

"Wot's to be done?" asked Matt, helplessly.

Art merely shut his teeth tight. They were still clenched as the gong struck for the end of the round, and Langley came lumbering heavily to his corner.

* * *

INTO the ring Matt and Art Dolan scrambled. Matt, catching the sponge from the water bucket, began swabbing Langley's hot face. Art spreading out a towel, fanned his man vigorously, and as he plied the towel he voiced his disgust.

"Aw, wot d'yer think yer are?" he demanded of the panting fighter in the chair. "Think yer just a punching bag for Poucher to play wit', don't yer? Well, yer act as if that was yer idee. Wot for yer lettin' him beat yer up like he's doin'—huh?"

"Aw, he ain't hurtin' me none," Langley grunted.

"Naw, he ain't hurtin' yer none at all," Dolan mocked. "He's jest pastin' yer whenever he feels like it and boxin' all round yer, and he's goin' to get this fight on points in about two more rounds, like the crowd is yellin' for the referee to give it to him. Yer gotter *fight!* Yer gotter put him out—this round, too!"

"Well, I'm doing my best," Langley panted complainingly. "I—"

"Yes, yer are—*not!*" Dolan hissed. "This time yer really fight. Go after him like yer meant business. Wake up like yer can when yer wanter. Go after him and—"

The gong sounded for the beginning of the eleventh. Matt shoved the bucket and the water bottles and the chair through the ropes and himself crawled after them. Art crumpled up the towel and tossed it from him.

"Get after him," he repeated, hissing his words between his teeth, "and *win!*"

* * *

WITH the word, he doubled his fist and drove it straight into Langley's left ear just as that worthy started from his corner. Then Art dove headlong through the ropes to the floor outside the ring.

There was a wild howl from Langley. Up went his gloved hand to his left ear.

He spun about, charged blindly in Art's direction and brought up with a "whoof!" against the ropes. Then he turned and saw Poucher dancing in the center of the ring. It was something tangible. He charged thither.

As he charged, his left hand came away from his ear, and he moved with the speed and the precision of a cat.

So fast moved Langley's arms that they made merely a lurid blur. Poucher strove to back away, covering up. He tried the sidestep and duck that had stood him in such good stead all the evening. He staggered under that terrific storm of blows.

The crowd was on its feet now, yelling like a pack of wild men. Poucher was against the ropes. He wavered, his body seemed to sag. He spread out his arms, groped wildly, and toppled head first to the matt and lay there while, amid the din from the crowd, the referee counted him out.

Five minutes later, in one of the little dressing rooms under the tiers of seats, Al Bermer and two of his bosom friends who had dropped into the dressing room to rejoice with him, held a struggling man in their combined grips and strove to force him back to a seat in the corner.

Across the little room Matt Carney was helping Art Dolan to his feet. Art's lip was split, and one of his eyes was already beginning to puff out.

"Yer big boob," Al Bermer was yelling in Langley's ear as the three forced him back, "that's gratitude, ain't it—to go doin' anything like that when Art's won yer fight for yer. Yep, won it for yer, I said. Yer wouldn't never 'a' got woke up and done nothin' if Art hadn't done what he did. Aw, sit down and shut up! Yer gimme a pain!"

"Well, maybe he did get me woke up," Langley conceded, somewhat mollified, "but he needn't have pasted me so hard. That ear o' mine is awful tender, I keep tellin' and tellin' yer. It pains me like hell even now. There wa'n't no call to go whangin' it as hard as he could. One thing," he ended, as they finally succeeded in forcing him into a seat, "he ain't never goin' to be in my corner again when I fight."

Dolan had wabbled over to the water-bucket, and, catching up the sponge from it, was copiously laving his face.

"And that's all right, all right, too!" he muttered thickly. "I've done my part. I ain't hankerin' for the job again. I resign right now, voluntary. And so"—he took the wet sponge from his face to grin at Matt Carney—"it'll be up to you to pass him the jolt when he goes up for his champeenship fight wit' Snipe Phelan, Matt!"

The Story Teller

(Continued from page 27)

after washing and a rest, Dwyer came back and beat Elliott almost insensible. Dwyer never fought again . . . . In that one first fight he won the championship.

At the end of the '70's Paddy Ryan wore the gold-studded belt, knocking Goss out after eighty-seven rounds . . . . Paddy lost the championship two years later to John L. Sullivan . . . . Sullivan was the bridge between the days of bare-knuckle fighting under London prize ring rules and boxing with gloves under the Queensberry code . . . . Sullivan got into boxing from professional baseball and wrestling . . . . He was just coming into his prime as the age of innocence was going out.

* * *

JIMMY DEFOREST, the master trainer, who recently joined his Maker, was a successful teacher because he knew boxing from A to Z, and had made a close study of every trick that ever was employed by the leading pugilists. Jimmy didn't approve of some of the stunts pulled off by some fighters, but he was a firm believer in the old adage that everything is fair in love and war, and he encouraged his pupils to employ such tricks as were within the law.

His motto was, "A battle well made is half won," and in his lectures to his pupils he would urge them to plan their battle with a view to making good use of anything that would give a tactical advantage. That was his method, yet he didn't approve of the tricky sort of millers of the old school with whom everything went after the bell sounded.

For example, he would cite the cases of Kid McCoy, Leach Cross, Jim Corbett, George La Blanche and others to illustrate his point of fair and foul trickery. I once listened to a talk of his and this, in substance, is what he had to say:

"By far the most tricky fighter of all time was Kid McCoy. He studied the weakness of an opponent and then played on that until he got his man. When he found that his opponent had no special weakness, then he worked out a plan to catch his man unawares, and in every instance, it worked to perfection. The trickery he employed against Herr Placke and Peter Maher are too well known to repeat here. He simply duped them into submission. He played the shoelace stunt on the unsuspecting Placke and had the Dutchman out before he was aware of it.

"Jim Corbett pulled off a corker on John L. Sullivan at New Orleans. John L. scared almost every man he met with his look and had it half won before the bell. The time Jim Corbett jumped into the ring he didn't even look at John, but smiled, shook hands and talked with those around the ring for fully fifteen minutes, never noticing Sully at all.

"John became scared himself at the utter indifference of the youngster, and lost his goat later on.

"Bob Fitzsimmons broke his hand in the fifth round of his fight with George Gardner and, seeing that his only chance was to hit easy and get the decision, he deliberately swung wildly over his opponent's head and scared the latter to death. All Gardner did was to hug and then jump away. The knockdown in the fifth took the heart out of him and he was fearful of another.

* * *

"JACK DEMPSEY was beating George La Blanche, 'the marine,' all over the ring, and winning easily, when suddenly the latter turned on his heel like on a pivot, and landed the great La Blanche swing, which put the wonderful Dempsey down and out. Later on this blow was barred.

"While in training for his fight with Peter Jackson, big Jim Jeffries received a bad cut over his right eye. Every time he was hit on the bum glim it bled and ran down into his eye, bothering his sight so that he had to stop and get it fixed. He still had the cut the day of the fight, and wise old Billy Delaney had to figure out a way to beat it.

"He plastered the left eye, which was good, with black plaster the same as the bad one was, and on the night of the go Jackson, who was a great left-handed fighter, smashed at the plaster on the wrong eye. It only lasted three rounds, but Jeff wasn't troubled a bit with his cut. That eye was never touched. Peter was out before he got wise.

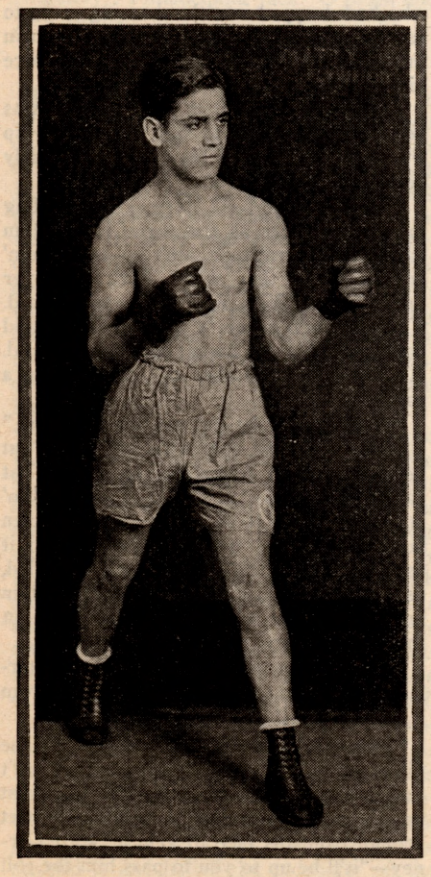
"Willie Fitzgerald put Britt to the floor as dead as a doornail in the second round of their fight in Frisco. It was within fifteen seconds of the gong and Spider Kelly, rushing along the ropes, grabbed the referee and began telling him that the automatic clock was stopped. Out there the clock times the rounds and the second hands are very hard to see on the move.

"The referee looked and yelled back at Kelly, who yelled and talked and yelled until the round was up. During all this time, Dave Barry, in Britt's corner, was throwing water on James, soaking him with ammonia and cleaning him off. James was in great shape when the gong sounded for the next round.

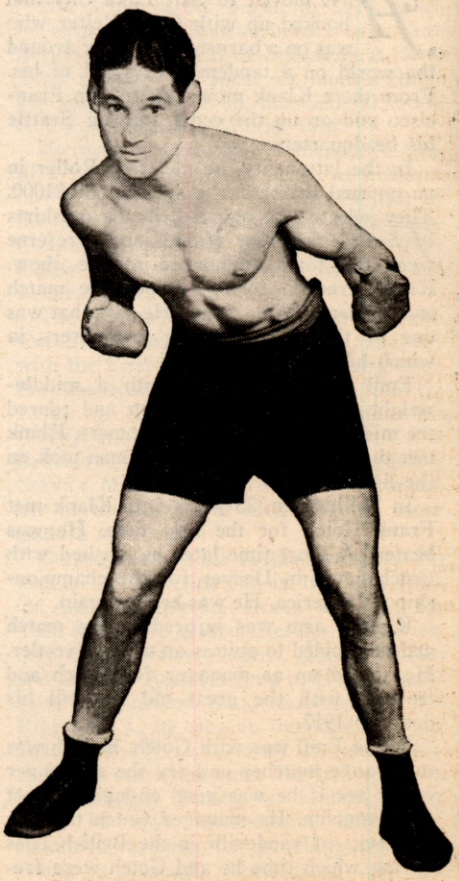
"Terry McGovern, like a race horse at the barrier, was very nervous just before the gong sounded for a fight. Battling Nelson got jerry somehow or other, and on the night of their battle, got Terry's goat for fair. Terry hurriedly bound his hands, had the gloves on and was all ready for the fight. In the other corner, Nelson was putting the tape on his hands as though he had a year's time.

"Terry looked over, walked nervously around his corner, then went over to see Nelson, put a coat on, chewed gum, and at the end of twenty minutes, when Terry was as nervous as an old lady, Nelson announced that he was ready. Terry was weak from nervousness when the gong sounded."

These are only a few of the tricks or maneuvers practiced by great gladiators of the past.



Matty White, classy Philadelphia featherweight.



Bucky Taylor, Baltimore's clever junior lightweight.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

A Constant Reader, the Bronx

Through an error, we stated in the last issue that Elbows McFadden had given up his New York gymnasium some years ago and was now employed at the Hippodrome. This is incorrect. We learn through McFadden that he still has his gymnasium at 51 East 59th St., New York City, where he is a physical culture director. You can get him there daily. We are sorry for the misinformation.

June Simon, Tulsa, Okla.

Q.—What exercise can a woman take to broaden the shoulders and chest?

A.—Simple chest exercises will do such as arm stretching, upwards, sideways and forward.

Thomas Horan, Boston, Mass.

Q.—In catch-as-can wrestling, may one tackle any part of the body or are there limitations?

A.—There are no limitations. That's why it is called catch-as-can. In Græco-Roman, only the upper part may be tackled. The only "don'ts" in catch-as-can, are the use of the stranglehold. the hold on a single finger or toe. In grasping the fingers, your hold must cover all, not one, as that would be too dangerous. It would enable you to snap the bones too readily.

Thomas Horan, Sydney, Australia

Q.—Was Bill Lang ever the middleweight champion of the world?

A.—No.

Frank Montrose, Auckland, Australia

Q.—Will a removed kidney prevent a boy from fighting again?

A.—Yes. It is mighty dangerous.

Harlan Comstock, Bombay, India

Q.—Is bag punching an essential part of a fighter's training?

A.—Yes. I never knew of a good fighter who didn't train his eyes for speed by using the small bag. I would advise every boxer to perfect that branch of his work. Get a copy of Seeback's "Bag Punching" and study it carefully.

Moses Geschevsky, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—In training I always experience a pain in the stomach when I bend. I cannot work hard without almost doubling up. How can I get over this?

A.—My boy, your case is one for the doctor. Go to him immediately. Get an examination and see if you have an ailment that requires immediate attention. There are any number of things that might be wrong with you. You may have appendix trouble in an aggravated state. You may have a rupture. You may have a tightening of the stomach muscles. Have your case diagnosed by a doctor, with an X-ray examination and after you have learned whether you are internally ailing, then write to me again and I'll see what can be done.

Red Chevron, Edmonton, Alberta, Can.

Q.—Will you kindly give me the name and address of a good manager in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada?

A.—Would advise that you write to the sports editor of a paper in that city. We have no directory of managers here.

Martin Campbell, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—Are flat feet a handicap to speed and endurance?

A.—They would be to speed. As for endurance, your heart condition would best answer that. Flat feet won't affect endurance much, though it will to the extent that you'll tire more quickly, even if your wind is O.K. In fact, any deformity is a handicap.

Thomas Lynch, Newport, Va.

Q.—I noticed an advertisement from a Mabel Desmond, asking for contributions for a Dempsey picture. What's the idea? Does Dempsey sponsor that?

A.—The idea belongs wholly to Miss Desmond, who is most enthusiastic about the plan. She is anxious to have Dempsey's picture painted by a famous artist and is appealing to fight fans to contribute towards such a fund. Dempsey is not the sponsor.

Rosamond Menke

Q.—How old are the following: Nick Lutze, Jim Londos, Max Baer, Rosy Kid Baker, Jimmy Vaughn and Joe Savoldi?

A.—Lutze, 32; Londos, 42; Savoldi, 25; Baer, 24. I don't know the rest.

Milton Manhoff, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—What is the nationality of the Dusek brothers. Do you think Everett Marshall could beat Londos?

A.—Bohemian. No. He has lost several matches to Londos.

Notice to Our Readers

Readers of "The Ring" from foreign lands requesting an answer to their queries, should send with their letter an international postage coupon. These will be exchanged in this country for the postage required. American readers must enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope for an answer.

Joseph Liwanski, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—When did Malcewicz wrestle Browning?

A.—They haven't met since Browning won the title. I do not know of any previous meeting.

Q.—Does Ed Lewis teach wrestling, and what is the fee?

A.—No.

Q.—What is the height and weight of Abe Colman?

A.—Five feet six, and 201 pounds.

Q.—Did Karol Zbyszko wrestle Sammy Stein, and what holds were the falls?

A.—Stein won. Flying tackle and body hold. One fall.

A Reader, Kilgore, Texas

Q.—If a boy is ruptured will he be permitted to box?

A.—No.

Q.—How old are Strangler Lewis and Jim Browning? How long was Lewis champion?

A.—Lewis, 42. He has been champion four times.

A Ring Reader, Milford, Conn.

Q.—Since you state on your contents page that THE RING is "the World's Foremost Boxing Magazine," why don't you live up to it? Why fill the book with a lot of wrestling that has no interest?

A.—Sorry, old dear, but that may be your opinion, and you are certainly entitled to express it. But from the letters we receive, we know that there are just as many readers of "The Ring" interested in wrestling as there are in boxing. We cover wrestling because it is a ring sport.

Billy Jackson, Oakland, Cal.

Q.—What has become of Jess Willard, Luis Firpo, Georges Carpentier, Buck Weaver, Peter Jackson, Jake Kilrain, Joe Wolcott, Battling Nelson, Joe Dundee, Terry McGovern, and Jackie Kid Berg?

A.—Willard is in Los Angeles, where he works in a market. Firpo owns a Stutz auto agency in Buenos Aires. Carpentier takes an occasional fling at the movies. He is now in Paris, talking about a possible comeback. Weaver is playing semi-pro ball. Jackson is dead. Kilrain lives in the suburbs of Boston. He is a watchman at the Fore River Shipyards. Wolcott is in New York, down and out. Nelson is in Chicago; Dundee runs fights in Baltimore; McGovern is dead, and Berg is fighting in England.

Paul Smith, Maplewood, N. J.

Q.—How old is Adolf Heuser?

A.—24 years.

William Von Hacht, Pitcairn, Pa.

Q.—I am 5 feet 5 and weigh 172 and am 19 years old. How can I decrease my weight and gain in height?

A.—Stop eating starchy foods. Read "Training for Boxers," chapter on weight reducing. To increase height, try stretching exercises. Get "How to Increase One's Height" book.

Harriet Stone, Kansas City, Mo.

Q.—Is there any state where the boxing commission will permit girl wrestlers to perform the same as do the men. Why shouldn't girls be permitted to wrestle and box the same as the boys? I thought that when women suffrage went into effect it did away with class distinction.

A.—No. The rules are against such appearances, unless special dispensation can be received from the commission. Don't ask me, Harriet. Your Uncle Nat is no mind reader. It is entirely up to the boxing boards of the various states. From personal observation, and from my discussions with members of commissions, I have found that where boxing and wrestling matches were staged, in order to get a big gate the next time out, the promoters overstepped the bounds and had hair-pulling and other rough stuff pulled that made the affairs so revolting that the ban was placed on the fair sex. Furthermore, as I have pointed out before, the medical profession has advised against it, on the ground that such competition invites dangerous injury to the female of the species. There is too much danger of cancer developing from blows received. I see no harm in wrestling but I do in boxing.

Sid Reubens, Bermondsey, London, Eng.

Q.—Are Carl Pojello and Billy Bartush, both of the United States, now appearing in wrestling bouts here, men who had good records in the States? Could they beat De Glane, Londos, Lewis? They are our best wrestlers here.

A.—Both are rated well here. Pojello, in particular, was a top-notcher. He ranked among the best. Bartush was his pupil. He appeared here only a few times as a headliner. Was used mostly in under bouts. Pojello would stand an equal chance against those named.

Q.—How much does the leading wrestler of the United States get?

A.—That all depends on whom he meets. He is usually paid by percentage.

Q.—Is the Jewish race well represented in the States in wrestling?

A.—Yes, very much so. They are all top-notchers: Stein, Coleman, Westrich, Freeman, Boesch, Halperin, Sherry, Kaplan, Slagel, Fischer, etc.

Future Wrestler, New York

Q.—Where are amateur bouts in wrestling staged in New York and vicinity?

A.—Apply to A. A. U. headquarters.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

ONLY one legitimate championship bout took place during the month, when Al Brown defended his bantamweight title against Johnny King in England and retained the crown. John Henry Lewis was responsible for upsetting Maxey Rosenbloom in an overweight match. Lew Farber scored over Midget Wolgast, but Farber is a bantam and the defeat did not affect Wolgast's title.

Lou Brouillard, New England southpaw, ruined the aspirations of Mickey Walker, by giving him a sound thrashing. Ben Jeby scored over Young Lewis and held to a draw by Fred Lenhart. Tony Shucco defeated Al Stillman, while Al kayoed Joe Lohman in four rounds. Bob Godwin stopped Trader Horn in two rounds and whipped Red Barry. Billy Ketchell defeated Popper Stopper.

In the middleweight class, Jeb Jeby took the spotlight with his victory over Young Terry. Dave Shade drew with Rosy Kid Baker. Lou Brouillard banged out a victory over Mickey Walker. Gorilla Jones whipped Wesley Ketchell and kayoed Babe Marino in ten rounds. Frank Battaglia scored knockouts over Pete Adare in two and Shorty McKay in five rounds. Sammy Slaughter defeated George Nichols and Roy Williams. Williams was also beaten by Jack Kilbourne. Kid Leonard scored over Willie Oster and Andy Di Vodi. Al Rossi disposed of Willie Kline in four rounds. Vittorio Livan whipped Dick Madden. Jackie Aldare triumphed over Hans Mueller.

Billy Petrolle stands out in the welterweight division through his four-round kayo over Bep Van Klaveren. Billy made a great comeback. It was refreshing to see him make the grade again. Tony Herrera whipped Lew Raymond. Ray Kiser was beaten by Eddie Kid Wolfe and Joey Goodman. Paulie Walker won from Jay Macedon. Baby Joe Gans defeated Tony Dominquez. Freddy Steele won over Eddie Ran.

Jimmy Leto scored over Stanislaus Loayza and Herman Perlick. Perlick drew with Patsy Pasculli, while Loayza was kayoed by Billy Townsend in two rounds. K. O. Castillo defeated Sammy Fuller. Kid Azteca won from Cerefino Garcia, and Garcia kayoed Lloyd Smith in seven rounds. Lew Halper scored over Jimmy Phillips. Billy Hogan defeated Petey Gulotta and stopped Ray Napolitano in six rounds. Sammy Mandell won over Johnny Hayes. Roy Mitchell kayoed Andy Di Vodi in two rounds. Jackie Brady won from Puggy Weinert. Billy Holt disposed of Jimmy Belmont in five rounds. Carmen Knapp scored over Frankie Petrolle.

Wesley Ramey was the most prominent lightweight in action. He scored over Jimmy Slavin. Lew Massey won from Eddie Shea. Jackie Kid Berg is fighting in good form in England and appears to have returned to the lightweight class through his renewed ambition. He kayoed George Rose in five rounds and Eugene Drouhin in nine. Harry Dublinsky defeated Battling Shaw. Al Wing Lee kayoed Eddie Anderson in three rounds. Davey Abad disposed of Johnny Nichols in nine rounds. Lou Lombardi drew with Harry Carlton and won from Lew Feldman. Cocoa Kid kayoed Irish Jimmy O'Brien in six rounds. Eddie Zivic disposed of Battling Gizzy in five rounds. Joey Ferrando whipped Petey Gulotta. Frankie Carlton scored over Victor Lotti. Charley Bedami outpointed Johnny Bonito. Ray Meyers defeated Peter Mascia, while Joey Kaufman kayoed Bob Perry in two rounds.

Kid Chocolate is now on exhibition with his featherweight title in Europe. He defeated Nick Bensa in Spain. Freddy Miller disposed of Abie Israel in four rounds. Jackie Wilson scored over Benny Britt. Baby Arizmendi was beaten by Clever Sison, but scored over Baby Palmore. Varias Milling defeated Al Roth. Tommy Paul scored over Jackie Sharkey. Dick Burke won over Domencio Bernasconi. Frankie Wallace defeated Cecil Payne. Mike Belloise scored over Mickey Barron, while Pete De Grasse turned in two victories over Petey Hayes.

Al Brown defeated Johnny King in defense of his bantam title in England. Young Tommy defeated Young Casanova. Speedy Dado whipped Joe Tieken and Tieken kayoed Felix Ignacio in four rounds. Pete Sanstol stopped Augie Ruggiere in six rounds. Lew Farber whipped Johnny Ladoa. Tommy Rogers won over Bill Homer. Bobby Leitham whipped Dick Corbett and kayoed Jimmy O'Neill in eight rounds. Nat Litfin won from Jimmy Thomas and Young Dixon. Mose Butch whipped Ross Fields.

Midget Wolgast, aside from losing to Lew Farber, defeated Marty Gold and Skippy Allen. Ginger Foran kayoed Harry Edwards in fourteen rounds. Jackie Brown defeated Young Perez.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Harry Gerson, Montreal, Canada.
Bantamweight—Henry Bauman, New York City.
Featherweight—Billy Burke, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Lightweight—Lew Amber, Herkimer, N. Y.
Welterweight—Elmer Wilson, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Middleweight—Prince Alexander, Paterson, N. J.
Light-Heavyweight—Sammy Soverio, New York City.
Heavyweight—Buck Everett, Gary, Ind.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF JULY

These are my ratings for the month ending July 22:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Primo Carnera	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Jimmy McLarnin
1—Max Baer	John Henry Lewis	Vince Dundee	Young Corbett
2—Jack Sharkey	Joe Knight	Ben Jeby	Jackie Fields
3—Max Schmeling	Tony Shucco	Gorilla Jones	Billy Petrolle
4—Tommy Loughran	Bob Godwin	Lou Brouillard	Tony Herrera
5—King Levinsky	Fred Lenhart	Dave Shade	Bep Van Klaveren
6—Patsy Perroni	Lew Scozza	Young Terry	Eddie Kid Wolfe
7—Isadoro Gastanaga	Adolf Heuser	Kid Tunero	Paulie Walker
8—Paulino Uzcudun	Al Gainer	Frank Battaglia	Andy Callahan
9—Don McCorkindale	Billy Jones	Johnny Indrisano	Baby Joe Gans
10—Steve Hamas	Joe Banovic	Teddy Yarosz	Eddie Holmes

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Barney Ross	World's Champion Kid Chocolate	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1—Tony Canzoneri	Freddy Miller	Young Tommy	Midget Wolgast
2—Wesley Ramey	Seaman Watson	Young Casanova	Ginger Foran
3—Benny Bass	Jackie Wilson	Speedy Dado	Jackie Brown
4—Young Peter Jackson	Clever Sison	Pete Sanstol	Mickey McGuire
5—Eddie Cool	Baby Arizmendi	Lew Farber	Valentin Anglemann
6—Lew Massey	Johnny Pena	Little Pancho	Maurice Huguenin
7—Jackie Kid Berg	Petey Sarron	Joe Tieken	Frankie Genaro
8—Steve Haliako	Nel Tarleton	Newsboy Brown	Lucien Popesco
9—Jack Portney	Varias Milling	Tommy Rogers	Mariano Arilla
10—Harry Dublinsky	Tommy Paul	Ernie Maurer	Praxille Gyde

Terry in a fifteen-round battle in Newark, which was heralded as a championship match. Billy Petrolle returned to the East with a vengeance by stopping Bep Van Klaveren, the Hollander, at the end of the fourth round, when the Dutchman was halted because of a seriously injured optic. Those were the outstanding feats of July.

In the heavyweight class, Paulino Uzcudun won the verdict over Don McCorkindale in Barcelona. Isadoro Gastanaga returned to the limelight with a six-round knockout over Les Kennedy. Lee Ramage outpointed George Neron. Unknown Winston stopped Adolf Heuser in twelve rounds and defeated Marty Fox. Larry Gains disposed of Peter Van Goole in four sessions. Walter Neusel kayoed Jack Pettifer in the eighth round. Charley Retzlaff finished Ed Prante in the third round.

Charley Massare kayoed Eddie Mader in eight rounds and drew with Bob Olin. Jimmy Braddock whipped Chester Matan. Mickey Taylor was beaten by Innocente Baiguerra and kayoed by Obie Walker in two rounds. Paul Cavalier scored over Pietro Corri. Jack Peterson defeated George Cook and won on a foul from Jack Doyle in two rounds in a widely publicized battle in England. Arthur Huttick kayoed Vic Bernard in one round. Bob Moody defeated Harold Mays. Hans Birkie drew with Frankie Edgren, while K. O. Christner scored over Jose Santa.

Maxey Rosenbloom did not fare so successfully during the month. He was beaten by John Henry

FIGHT FLASHES FROM THE SOUTH

By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

JAKE DENNING, who held four championships while being in the United States Navy, and who also is the present light-heavyweight champion of South and North Carolina, is now under the management of your scribe and is open to meet any 175-pounder in the world.

In a bout that was crammed with action, Jake Denning and Carl Knowles battled to a ten-round draw at Rome.

At Macon, Baby Stribling won a close decision over Lope Tenorio.

Richard Hernandez and Joe Pineno of New York fought a ten-round draw at Savannah. They are lightweights.

Meeting each other for the third time, Harry Allen, 175 pounds, of New York, won over Cyclone Smith in ten torrid rounds at Asheville.

Frankie Bojorski of Erie, Pa., won an easy ten-round decision of Chino Alvarez at Savannah.

Cyclone Smith won over Wild Bill Cox at Atlanta.

Bulldog Downs, welterweight, of Savannah, outpunched Bob Gisson at Port Wentworth.

Eric Lawson, fighting under the wing of Robbie Thompson, made a punching bag out of Tiger Lemon at Jacksonville.

Carl Knowles of Rome put the lights out for Dynamite Dunn of Atlanta in seven rounds at West Point.

Jake Denning gave Soldier Johnnie Skrinan of Norfolk, Va., a ten-round boxing lesson. Tony Falco won from Ernie Ratner.

Patsey Haley of Savannah is now going good.

Pat Flaherty, popular young Irishman of Savannah, who has yet to kiss the canvas in over seventy-five bouts, and is also under the management of the writer, is now out of opposition and is looking for work. Pat's weight is 150 pounds.

Any good fighter or manager wishing to make connections in the South are advised to send newsclippings, clear photos, etc., to me, Pinkie Lou Masters, 1911 Waters Ave., Savannah, Ga.

IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

THIS is the month that Tony Canzoneri attempts to win back the lightweight and junior welterweight titles from Barney Ross at the Polo Grounds, New York. Ross defeated Tony at the Chicago Stadium, June 23, but many in the crowd thought Canzoneri won. New York boxing experts called the decision a robbery. This correspondent didn't share that opinion.

New York fans believe what they read in the papers and we predict that those who think Canzoneri is a cinch over Ross this time, should be cautious. We think Tony is one of the greatest fighters ever developed, but we also believe that Ross will win more decisively from Tony at New York than he did here. Why? We'll tell you.

Canzoneri looked bad at times during the Chicago match. Fans couldn't understand, and Tony's devout supporters said he wasn't at his best. Did you ever see a losing boxer look good? Not often. Ross won because he made Tony do what he (Ross) wanted him to do. Barney wouldn't fall for Canzoneri's feints, but Tony went for Ross's false gestures. As a result, Ross had Canzoneri missing and was countering with deadly effect with left hooks to the body and chin and straight rights to the head. Ross's straight left to the face was accurate and this weapon piled up quite a few points also. Our contention is that Ross was too good for Canzoneri in Chicago and he will be better at New York.

Here's a letter from Bill Shortall, former chief inspector at the Illinois Athletic Commission:

"Dear Frank—A score of friends of mine have told me of the wonderful announcement you made for me. I want to thank you and urge you to come to my place, The Tavern, at 4409 West Lake Street, Chicago, and quaff a stein of Berghoff beer."

Ans.—Your appreciation of my deed is something that I like better than Berghoff; and you know how I like that, Bill.

Lieut. Les Marriner of the 33d Division, United States Aviation Corps, led the army planes which greeted Gen. Italo Balbo, Italian air minister, and his air armada at A Century of Progress. Marriner is a Chicago heavyweight boxer. His dad, Scott Marriner, manages Les and several other local fighters.

Bert Levine and Ben Kramer, friends of Jackie Fields, two-time welterweight title-holder, have opened the Alamo Gardens at 420 Diversey Parkway, just west of Sheridan Road . . . . Benny Yanger, former Tipton slasher, now athletic instructor at the Chicago Athletic Association, coached the Chicago amateurs of Italian descent in an intersectional tournament at Mills Stadium . . . . King Levinsky wears a size twelve and a half shoe.

SOME OF THIS AND A LITTLE OF THAT—Nat Fleischer, editor of THE RING, world's leading boxing magazine, has been appointed editor of *The Police Gazette*, which is to resume publication in September. Nat will have an interest in the *Gazette*, the same as he has in THE RING. The famous pink paper is to come out bi-monthly.

Dan Gallery, young brother of Tom Gallery, California promoter, is a law student at De Paul University . . . . Your correspondent has been granted a timekeeper's license by the state boxing commission.

During Jack Dempsey's first comeback tour in 1931, from August 20 to December 20, he boxed 34 exhibitions against 142 opponents and drew 230,155. Receipts were $477,260 . . . . Sammy Levine, West Side featherweight, postcards from Minneapolis, Minn., that he is winning regularly . . . . Sam Haas, manager of Jack Moran, local middleweight, works at the Lincoln Clothing Company at 3050 Lincoln Avenue when he isn't concentrating on boxing.

Frankie Gatto, matchmaker for Gabe Kaufman, Kansas City, Mo., promoter, was in town to close the Barney Ross-Johnny Farr contest in July. He is a likable fellow and he made many new friends during his short stay here.

Jo Jo and Georgie Venney, 145-pound brothers from South Bend, Ind., are managed by their mother and father, who have hired Verly Smith to serve as trainer. The Venney brothers are not twins, as is generally supposed. Joe is nineteen years old and Georgie, twenty. Jo Jo is of stockier build.

Laddie Tonelli knocked out Jack Ripp in a round to win his sixteenth victory in as many pro starts . . . . Freddy Langford celebrated signing of a management contract with William Bostelmann by knocking out Eddie Gill . . . . Danny Delmont, who is represented by Barney Abel, displayed good form while boxing a draw with Frankie Hughes here.

OPENING THE MAIL BAG:

From Clair Kelly, Chicago *American*—What nationality is Kid Irish?

Ans.—Italian.

From Harold Lynch, Chicago *Daily Racing Form*, 441 Plymouth Court—The only thing Ed Prante, advertised as the Philadelphia Marine, had against Charley Retzlaff was his uniform.

Ans.—I don't know about that. You can't fight if you get hit first.

Babe Ascher, former A. E. F. bantamweight champion, celebrated his thirty-first birthday by leaving Edward Hines Hospital after being treated for a leg ailment for seven weeks. Ascher, who was gassed and shellshocked during the World War, quit boxing in 1922 when his war experience and scores of bouts in the ring affected his ability.

Ralph Mote, former Michigan Agricultural College football tackle, is in town from Niles, Mich., for matches. South Side Jack O'Keefe, who represents Mote, said that he has lost only one contest in nineteen . . . . Eddie Ballatin, ex-welterweight, is athletic director at the Allerton Club. His wife aids him in the care of the women.

Frank (Red) Quinn, South Side promoter, was at Speedway Hospital, recovering from the recurrence of a war injury . . . . Earl Mastro, former Chicago featherweight, congratulated Barney Ross upon winning the lightweight and junior welterweight championships in a letter from Los Angeles, Cal., to Art Winch and Sam Pian, co-managers of Ross.

Bill Brady, WEDC radio announcer and pianist, can probably tell you more about fighters of twenty years ago than most old-timers.

Maj. William (Chip on His Shoulder) Troxell is the most impolite fellow ever connected with the Illinois Athletic Commission. Major Troxell, one of the oldest on the commission, was replaced by Louis London as secretary, but he has been retained by the new board, which is composed of Joe Triner, chairman, and Messrs. Packey McFarland and George Getz. William Shortall and Max Gorman, former commission inspectors, were valuable men.

Jack Roper, heavyweight stablemate of Tuffy Griffith, was born Clifford Byron Hammond. Hammond, La., was named after Roper's dad . . . . Nick Scalba was to resume boxing this month after being idle since June 23 because of a hand injury sustained against Johnny Pena at the Stadium . . . . Roughhouse Burns, prominent fighter thirty years ago, is seen in the Loop regularly and at first glance appears to be a well-to-do business man.

George Siddons, famous old-time featherweight, is seeking employment. He resides at Charles Gorman's place at 345 South Clark Street, Chicago.

Jimmy Anderson, who boxed as a middleweight ten years ago, is working for the Chicago *Turf Bulletin*, 538 South Dearborn Street . . . . George Kerwin, former welterweight, is a salesman for a suspenders and garters firm . . . . Frankie Boyle is one of Kid Howard's assistants at his Patent Leather Kid Club, which is a gymnasium in the day and a night club when the sun goes down, at Madison and Clark Streets.

Don Messina, Chicago welterweight, has improved one hundred per cent since he turned professional a few months ago. In eight matches as a pro, Messina has lost only to Danny Delmont. He held Lou Vine to a draw in another. Among his six victims are Heinie Schmidt of Grand Rapids, Mich., Johnny Dallas, Danny Neenan, Art Donovan and Billy Gladstone. He floored all of them, with the exception of Neenan. Don Davis, former United States Navy featherweight champion, manages Messina.

PICKUPS—The wise boys took a beating when Eddie Burl won over Pete Sarron at the Twin City . . . . Maxie Kashover, out of Cincinnati, is the latest fistic sensation in these parts . . . . Leroy Dougan's stand against Charlie Von Reedon was a classic . . . . Alexandria fans were sure put out when Les Kennedy was flattened by Gastanaga in New York. Les makes his home in Alexandria, Va., and is very popular there . . . . Jimmy Irwin, manager of Pete Sarron and Les Kennedy, has his summer office at the Portner Arena in Alexandria, Va., where his boxers also train . . . . "Fats" Cornell's Twin City Arena is going along with its weekly shows and has yet to hit the red at any time . . . . Washington is hot for a Bob Godwin-Joe Knight match at the Twin City Arena.

From Jo Jo, of 1714 Mead Avenue, Chicago—What did Luis Angel Firpo weigh when he met Jack Dempsey?

Ans.—Two hundred and twenty-four.

From Mrs. Cora Harris, 4645 North Kinmore, Chicago—What is Barney Ross' right name?

Ans.—Barnett Rosofsky.

From Freddy Schwartz, masseur, Chicago—Did Primo Carnera knock out Jack Sharkey on the level?

Ans.—Don't know. I do know that Carnera leveled Sharkey on the canvas.

From Jess Everett, Gary, Ind.—Buck Everett won two bouts in June, one at Winnipeg, Man., and I believe he is headed for a long string of victories.

Ans.—Lots of luck.

Kid Irish, Benld, Ill., featherweight, put up one of the best bouts of his career to hold Jackie Sharkey of Minneapolis, Minn., to a draw at Sparta Stadium. It was Irish's first test at ten rounds. Bert Visiconi, East Moline, Ill., lightweight, gave Paul Dazzo one of his hardest fights in the six-round semi-final, which Dazzo won. The bout was Dazzo's first since recovering from a fractured jaw. Carlos Herrera, brother of Tony Herrera, added another victim to his string of wins by whipping Fred Miller in a preliminary contest.

Young Geno, La Salle, Ill., featherweight, is an ambitious young fellow. On the income he received from bouts, he paid his way through a pre-dental course at La Salle Peru Junior College. He was graduated last February. He had enough money left to go into business for himself and he bought the La Salle Lubritorium. He intends to enroll at Loyola University, Chicago, this fall. Geno, whose right name is Eugene Marinangeli, received his nickname from his mother.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN
By MICKEY McINTIRE

IN the only show of the month in Detroit, Ernie Maurer, Jimmy Brady's ranking bantam, outpunched Marty Gold, the veteran Philadelphian. Maurer's right hand was damaged in the fifth round, but he managed to win every round. Chuck Woods, promising Detroit lightweight, outpointed Jack Stroppa in the ten-round semi-final.

Al Henderson, Detroit 140-pounder, blew the duke in his six-rounder with Jackie Young of Dearborn. Joe Stalnes, coming Detroit welterweight, knocked out Bud Tinsley of Grand Rapids in two rounds and Sam Hennesey stopped the Johnny Mitchell-Frankie Pallo bout in the fourth round to save Pallo from punishment.

Wilbur Chevaliar, since returning from his three-month stay in Montreal, where he won two decisions, boxed one draw and lost one decision, has had two fights. Chevaljar toyed with Midget O'Farrell, a lightweight, and pasted Ken Offet. Chevaliar is ready to tangle with any Michigan featherweight, but particularly wants to fight the state champion, Joe Pallazolla. Chevaliar beat Pallazolla twice before Joe was champion.

Frankie Genovese, a Canadian youth, who was around Detroit some time ago, defeated Chuck Jennings in six rounds in Toronto.

Sammy Caruso, veteran Bay City welterweight, had two fights at Hazel Park during the month. Sammy lost a close one to Ralph Riley in his first attempt, but defeated Chuck Murchison in his next fight. Two Bay City boys made their professional debuts on the Riley-Caruso card. Joe Bolonda defeated Lew Polsey of Windsor, but Howard Chevaliar was stopped in the second by Johnny Thomas of Port Huron.

In the main ten-rounder at Flint, Roger Bernard outpointed Mike Dundee, veteran Rock Island 130-pounder. Orval Drouillard won by a shade from Billy Cooper in the ten-round semi-final. Cooper had Drouillard on the floor twice for short counts. Freddy Bernard defeated Don McLeod in six rounds of the main preliminary, and Johnny Mitchell stopped Mickey Morris in the fifth of a scheduled six. Ivan Harburn, former Golden Gloves champion, was shaded by Jackie Miller of Flint, and Andy Dolak, Flint, defeated Mel Shirkey of Saginaw in four-rounders.

Two western Michigan fighters were successful on the Bep Van Klaveren-Billy Petrolle card in New York. Wesley Ramey defeated Jimmy Slavin of New York, and Herman Perlick shaded Patsy Pasculli.

Anyone wishing 1933 lists of Michigan promoters can get them from me for two bits. You can get my ratings of national fighters for a quarter or record of any well-known Michigan boxer for the same price. Mickey McIntire, Route 3, Snover, Mich.

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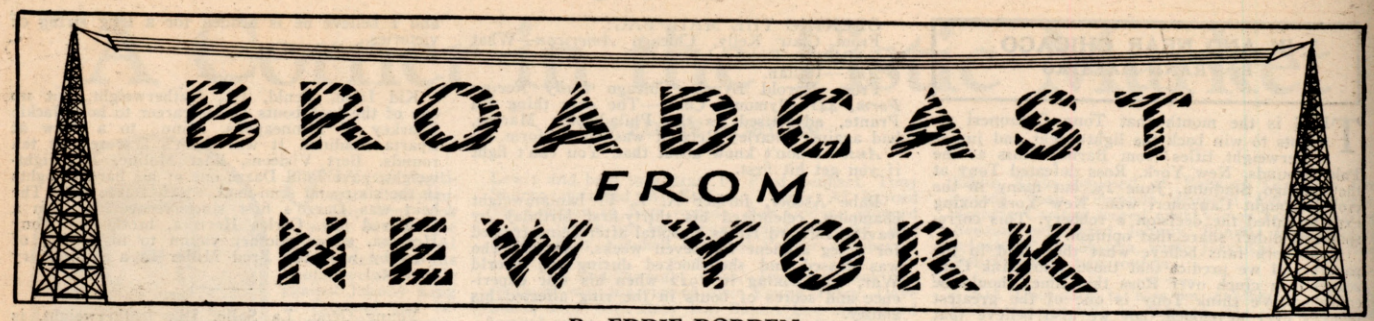


By EDDIE BORDEN

WITH the optimistic trend that seems to be invading the country in commercial circles, it is inevitable that prosperity should transcend to boxing circles. Speaking from the New York standpoint, boxing seems to be climbing to its former popularity and interest is returning rapidly. People in the street are discussing the potential possibilities of Max Baer, and his chances against the Carniverous Carnera, and when fight fans' interests revive sufficiently to discuss a contender's chances against the champion, it's a pretty good sign that things are picking up. Conditions will eventually return to normalcy—possibly this winter.

One of the most important factors in the progress and development of the boxing game is the nursing of young material. There are too many instances of over-matching these days, and it's the duty of the promoter to see that a boy is not matched over his head, especially after winning a few seemingly important battles. By the time they have accumulated a large sized following, then comes the fatal step, which is invariably responsible for ruining a boy's career. The lads are paired with an experienced ringman just because it looks like a good match on paper. It isn't fair to the youngster, and a defeat at that stage is bound to leave a disastrous effect. To develop local talent, instead of eliminating such talent, should be the duty of the promoter in town. There are several good-looking youngsters in New York City at this moment who, with proper matching, will be the future headliners of Madison Square Garden. It is the duty of the local matchmakers to use them in suitable competition without resorting to sucker matches. Easy fights without competition cause a great deal of harm. They give the boy a certain false security, which is revealed when he is paired with a tough man.

Going through a career of boxing is parallel to a training school. Each successive bout is supposed to give him additional knowledge, as with the promotion of each class while in school. If a teacher favors a certain pupil, and allows him certain privileges, she is unconsciously injuring him.

It's just like the manager who allows his charges to meet setups and, when they are eventually paired with someone too tough, they are at a loss as to what method to pursue. Their confidence wanes and, subsequently, their morale suffers a complete shock.

The recovery depends upon the calibre of the subject. An intelligent student will discover his flaws and try to eliminate them. A fighter who goes into the ring with the feeling that it's better to fight than work for a living, will not make much headway. There must be a certain love for the game and experienced followers can readily understand that feeling. Every man to his own profession.

A salesman must have training. A cloak and suit man studies for years before he is fully aware of his subject. Boxing is just as much of a business as other professions and, when a newcomer enters the boxing game as a manager because he feels that he need know nothing about the sport, he will come to a sad awakening. There are tricks to all trades, and the boxing game furnishes many intricate and peculiar angles that do not exist in any other game.

The boxing game in New York, and all over in general, was given an unexpected bolstering by the augmentation of Bill Brown as one of the commissioners of New York State. Bill is a member of the old school, and frankness is one of his outstanding virtues. He does not mince his words and likes to tell what he feels. That is why he will be an asset to the sport.

He is fearless and an indefatigable worker. He is not a politician, and whatever he suggests is strictly for the betterment of the boxing game. He adopts drastic measures and will stand no opposition when he feels that he is in the right. Since his appearance in office, he has adopted some revolutionary ideas, ideas which may not meet with the approval of politicians, chiselers or mountebanks, but they have all been for the benefit of the public who supports the boxing game.

An effort to weed out incompetent officials was the purpose of announcing all decisions publicly and how each official voted, and the reason for his decision. This will prevent any chicanery on the part of ring officials who would be too cowardly to face public ridicule. Incidentally, this move will also aid Mr. Brown in selecting capable officials for the future. He has dispensed with complimentary tickets for the commission—aside from the ones used for duty—long considered an evil to the promoters, who have struggles enough to make both ends meet.

No more employee tickets will be printed, and boxers, seconds and managers who are scheduled for that evening's performance, will be permitted admission upon presentation of their license cards. The Working Press problem has also received his attention. During the past few seasons, Madison Square Garden Bowl and the local ball parks have extended their working press several rows and, aside from those who used their seats for working purposes, the balance of the seats were sold and given away to privileged characters. They always interfered with the duty of the newspapermen who were assigned to cover the fight but very seldom had the necessary space.

At one of the ball park shows recently, three special officers refused to vacate the seats that they had taken promiscuously when the rightful owners of the seats, newspapermen, presented their stubs. The promoter of the show failed to remove them and they stayed there for the balance of the program. It's too bad that Mr. Brown was not in that vicinity. He would have had sufficient initiative to have them ousted. We take our hats off to Bill Brown, a faithful, capable official, and hope he goes through with his task minus any interference. Boxing could use several Bill Browns, but we are thankful that there is at least one.

Isadoro Gastanaga, hard-hitting Spaniard, after a series of unfortunate mishaps, got off on the right foot at Coney Island Stadium. He disposed of Les Kennedy, clever, cagy Pacific Coast heavyweight, in the sixth round after a corking battle. Gastanaga scored three knockdowns in the first round, but Les recovered sufficiently in the next three to give him plenty of trouble.

The punch that finally finished him would have probably knocked out any heavyweight in the country. Gastanaga is a terrific hitter with either hand and, matched with the right opponents, should be a sensation wherever he appears.

Charley Massare and Bob Olin battled to a draw in the semi-final. Massare went down in the first round for a count of eight, but proved too strong and game for Olin in the later rounds. The official decision was a draw. Each official decided on a different verdict. Sammy Soverio flattened Joe Vokuhl in the first session. Roy Frisco scored a knockout over Tommy Cerola in three rounds. Julius Veigh disposed of Gus Johnson in the third session.

Paulino Uzcudun got a lucky decision over Don McCorkindale in Barcelona—There is a possibility of their meeting again in England—Ted Broadribb, accompanied by his wife, is now a visitor in New York—He came here several years ago with Jack Hood, Alf Mancini and Teddy Baldock, and he renewed friendships left and right—Ben Jeby evened matters for a previous defeat at the hands of Young Terry by whipping him in a fifteen-round bout at Dreamland Park, Newark—The defeat of Mickey Walker at the hands of Lou Brouillard should definitely conclude the fistic aspirations of Walker—Although entering the ring favorite over Brouillard, Mickey had nothing left but his courage, and that was not sufficient—Patsy La Rocco was responsible for upsetting a five-to-one shot when he whipped the hitherto-undefeated Jimmy Fantini—Louis Kid Kaplan, once the Meriden Buzzsaw, is now representative for the Bankers' National Life Insurance Company of Hartford, and is retired from ring activity.

Billy Petrolle returned to the Polo Grounds against Bep Van Klaveren and was credited with a four-round kayo over the Hollander. Bep suffered a cut eye and Dr. Sheridan ordered the referee to halt the contest. It was a fairly even fight at the finish, with Petrolle coming on strong after sensing his rival's injury. He failed to come out for the fifth round—Some corking preliminaries were staged by Al Weill.

Varias Milling proved the biggest individual hit of the evening when he banged out a decision over Al Roth in the hottest scrap of the night—Wesley Ramey outpointed Jimmy Slavin but failed to show his best form—Billy Hogan recovered from a first-round knockdown to win the verdict over Petey Gulotta—Patsy Pasculli and Herman Perlick fought to a draw, but the announcer erroneously hailed Perlick the winner, which was later corrected—Charley Bedami outscored Johnny Bonito in a sizzling battle, while Louis Salica outpointed Jimmy Martin in the opening bout—It was a disappointing crowd financially, yet the fans got more than their money's worth.

Pete De Grasse won the decision over Petey Hayes at the Coney Island Stadium after being dropped in the first round—They repeated their duel at the same club two weeks later and the same incident occurred—Hayes again dropped De Grasse in the first round, but De Grasse came on to outpoint him in the later sessions—Midget Wolgast, a veritable streak of defensive lightning, was outfought by Lew Farber—Lew forced the fighting and scored frequently with Wolgast giving a great display of defence, but did not do enough damage himself—Lew Amber defeated Patsy La Rocco—Amber is a great showman and should do all right around here—He has a pleasing style and is only a youngster—Jerry Mazza defeated Danny Rosen in a cyclonic battle—Skippy Allen and Freddy Lattanzio battled to a draw—Leonard Del Genio kayoed Sol Paulino in the second round.

Tony Canzoneri proved an able master of ceremonies at the Elmsford Grill, and Proprietor Jimmy Riccio was elated at the splendid turnout—Billy Hogan kept up his good work by scoring a knockout over Ray Napolitano in the sixth round at Coney Island, and Joey Kaufman made a successful comeback on the same program when he disposed of Bob Perry in the second session.

Eddie (King Kong) Levine is contemplating a professional career under the handling of Eddie Walker, and his many friends on the Bowery are awaiting his belligerent career with avid interest—Mack Green, George Raft's secretary, has changed his name to Gray because of Raft's aversion to anything pertaining to that color—The Canzoneri-Ross match, slated for the Yankee Stadium, will draw close to one hundred thousand dollars, with slim possibilities of the gate exceeding that figure—Canzoneri went to Excelsior Springs, Mo., preparatory to training for the event because he considers that his lucky spot—He went there prior to the Berg fight in Chicago and also the Petrolle fight in New York—Julie Katz, New York State and Golden Glove bantamweight champion, turned professional under Sammy Goldman's wing.

George "Elbows" McFadden, famous gladiator of a past generation, is still in harness and is teaching boxing at his gymnasium, 51 East 59th Street, where he has an exceptionally fine clientele. "Elbows" is still active with the gloves, and is one of the best teachers of boxing in the Metropolitan area. Contrary to a report that had been spread that McFadden was a carpenter in the Hippodrome, "Elbows" has never left his gymnasium. He will welcome his friends at all times.

So far as summer promotions went along this season, the Coney Island Stadium was the only outdoor arena that staged weekly shows with regularity—Headed by Tony Martello as the matchmaker, they put across some corking bouts, which featured the cream of the local crop of youngsters—Boys like Petey Hayes, Pete De Grasse, Lew Farber, Lew Feldman, Louis Salica, Danny Rosen, Jerry Mazza, Lew Fox, Johnny Bonito, Petey Gulotta, Billy Hogan, Charley Bedami, Lou Ambers, Jimmy Martin and Henry Bauman, all sparkling youngsters, were used at every other show and they furnished entertainment of the highest order—Al Weill went over good with Ben Jeby and Lou Brouillard at the Polo Grounds, and his advent in open-air promotion this summer could be considered as a successful affair, artistically, if not financially—Weill did some great work and eclipsed his previous efforts by bagging the return Canzoneri-Ross lightweight championship encounter—Billy Wallace started working under the Sammy Goldman banner by scoring a three-round knockout over Lew Raymond at Wilmington.

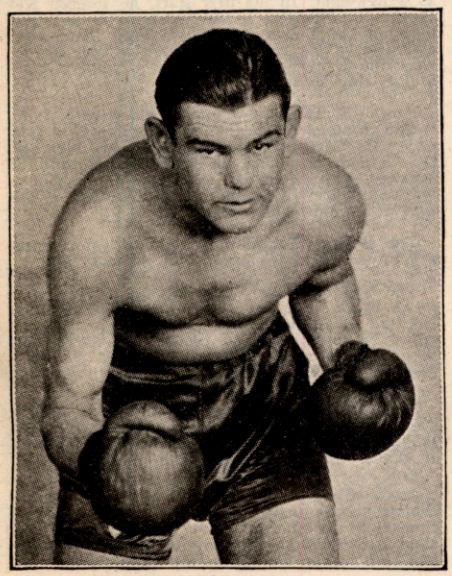
NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

AFTER weeks, yes, months, of trying to die in its shoes, the boxing game in Boston came back with a bound when fifteen thousand cash customers paid in more than twenty thousand dollars to see Lou Brouillard, former world's welter champion, now fighting as a middleweight, battle with Mickey Walker in the ten-round feature at the Boston Garden. Much to the surprise of many, Brouillard won all the way, taking nine rounds, with one about even.

From the making of the match in June, Walker had been picked not only to defeat the youngster, but to come through with a kayo. On the night of the fight, however, he had small chance of doing either, for, though Mickey had really done some training for the contest, he was but a shell of the great fighting man of former years. Brouillard took the lead from the first bell.

Mickey's best round was the fifth. In this stanza, he caught Lou coming in with a solid right to the heart that stung the Worcester boy, and he showed it. Walker, however, failed to follow, and the youth, who had about twelve years on the veteran, also the speed and stamina that goes with it, came back hard in the last minute. It was the Toy Bulldog's one and only big chance.



Ace Martin, star light-heavyweight of Lansing, Michigan—the state champion. Ace is a fine mid-western drawing card, and is a fighter who pleases. He is managed by Jack Rosenbaum of the Olympia Athletic Club.

In the eight-round semi-final, Vittorio Livan of Italy, once defeated here by Benny Leonard, but now fighting in the heavyweight division, won the decision over Dick Madden of Roxbury, a tall youth of Irish parentage, who has begun to loom as a possible New England heavyweight champion. Though Madden has a punch in either hand, is fast and has some boxing skill, he still has considerable to learn. He was unable to fathom Livan's defensive tactics and was repeatedly countered. Both finished in good trim with the margin in Livan's favor none too large.

A new boy in Boston rings, Tommy Romano, a welter importee from Schenectady, N. Y., but now residing in Watertown, Mass., took the number of Joe Delmont, a rough, strong comer from Roxbury, in one of the other contests. Delmont, a graduate from the amateurs, had a string of eighteen wins in his favor, but the fact failed to daunt Romano. He was too fast and clever for the Roxbury chap, winning in six rounds. Marty Killilea, former manager of Johnny Wilson, one-time middleweight champion, has Delmont under his wing, while Leo Bradley, well known in boxing circles, is piloting Romano.

Jack Sharkey, former champion, has been formally signed to take on Kingfish Levinsky for a ten-rounder to be staged in the name of Sammy Wolffe in Cominsky Park, Chicago, the night of September 7, the former's end to be twenty-five thousand dollars, with a forty per cent privilege. Since Sharkey's defeat by Carnera, he has been putting in his time at Stafford Lake, N. H., with his family, fishing being his chief recreation. He plans to start training about the middle of August at Buckley's gym in Boston for the affair with Levinsky the following month. Negotiations are on for the ex-champ to show in Boston in October, possibly against Jack Petersen, also to meet either Tommy Loughran or Max Schmeling in New York later on.

Attempts to belittle Brouillard's win over Walker make it appear that the fight was "one of those things"—furthermore, that Jack Kearns and Ray Alvis had an interest in the up-stater, brought a sharp denial from Maurice Lemoine, Lou's manager. In a letter made public in the Boston press, Lemoine not only refuted all the charges as pertains to the bout itself—showed how ridiculous such allegations were—but declared on oath that neither Kearns, Alvis nor anyone else, barring himself, had any say whatsoever as regards Brouillard's managerial affairs.

The death of George Kotsonoras, the Greek wrestler, in an auto accident at Eutaw, Ala., on July 12, was a sad blow to many Bostonians, including the writer. Kotsonoras had wrestled many times in Boston, and, while not one of the "greats," was a consistent, honest performer, who thoroughly knew the game. Play-acting and roughhouse on the mat were not in his line. He was a wrestler, first, last and always, also a chap with a personality that won him plenty of friends. He never missed calling on the writer whenever he came to Boston, and the writer never missed being at the ringside when Kotsy, as he was known, worked.

In his various professional visitations to Boston, Kotsy wrestled at the Grand Opera House, Mechanics Building, Boston Arena and Boston Garden. Though not always the winner, he was a card. The worst punishment he ever received was at the hands of Ed "Strangler" Lewis at the Boston Arena about ten years ago, the former putting on a real headlock, from the effects of which Kotsy did not fully recover for more than a week.

Speaking of the wrestlers, on June 29, Boston lost a promising matman in Charley Manoli of this city, who had been working here professionally for about a year and a half. Previously, he had won high honors as an amateur, wrestling in the middleweight division. Four days prior to his death, Manoli, though suffering from having a large carbuncle removed from his neck, went through with a scheduled bout at the Boston Arena. During the contest, the bandage over the wound was ripped off and the place became infected. He developed blood-poisoning and, despite hospital treatment, passed out.

The gradual lifting of the depression has encouraged the boxing men once more to enter the field and another month is likely to mark the opening of several organizations in Boston and near vicinity. The Irish-American A. C., dormant for several months, will get back into the game at 390 West Broadway, South Boston, where a new arena has been fitted up, while the Cycle A. C., a new outfit, will open at the bike track, Beachmont, Mass., where it can seat about eight thousand. Sammy Snyder has been appointed matchmaker. Both of these clubs will return to the former system of but two prelims, a semi-final and main bout, doing away with the long string of opening bouts which usually amount to nothing and do cost money. At Lawrence, Mass., a new club, the Unity Athletic Association, will shortly give the mitt-slingers a chance.

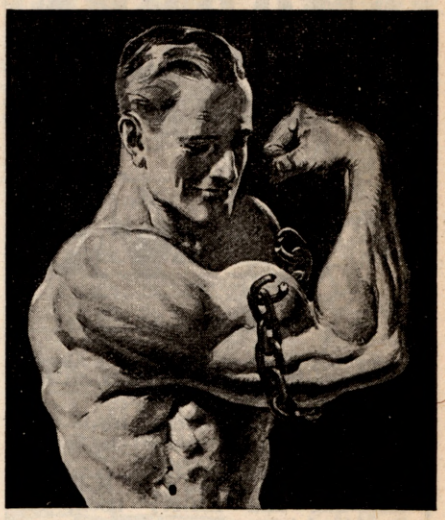
The Johnny Buckley stable, which, with the Schaaf fatality, started to play in the tough luck department, crashed into another barrier when Adolf Heuser of Boston was trounced by Edward "Unknown" Winston of Connecticut at West Springfield, Mass. As the result of the solicitations of all concerned, the contest was given the O.K. of the State Athletic Commission as for the New England heavyweight title, the distance being extended from ten to twelve rounds. Heuser was picked to come through a-flying, thus giving Buckley another champion, but Winston went out from the bell to win. After dropping Heuser five times, he had the German draped over the ropes in the twelfth, whereupon the referee stopped the affair. It marked the second time that Winston has connected with the New England heavy crown.

Norman Conrad of Wilton, N. H., holder of the New England light-heavy title, got back into the public eye the night of July 17, when he whipped George Nichols of Buffalo in a ten-rounder, staged by the Arena A. A. at Manchester, N. H., all of which was a bit of a surprise. It was figured by many that the Bison would take the Granite State boy. In the eight-round semi-final, Al Gladys of Manchester was declared the winner over Leo Salvas of Berlin, N. H.

Sammy Fuller of Boston, now being warmed up for a possible bout with Billy Petrolle, was given a hard battle by K. O. Castillo of Bath, Me., at Portland, Me., the distance being ten rounds. No official decision was given, such not being allowed in Maine, but a majority of the sports writers ruled for Castillo.

Incidentally, Tommy Romano, mentioned in another paragraph as having defeated Joe Delmont in the Boston Garden ring, has scored a win over this K. O. Castillo, also very recently whipped Billy Nevins of Cambridge, Mass., an experienced ringster, at Portland, Me., where his services are much in demand.

MOULDING A MIGHTY ARM



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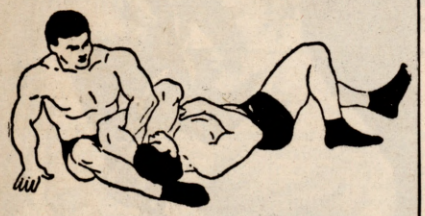

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TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

THE biggest crowd that had ever attended a boxing match in Great Britain witnessed the biggest fiasco of recent years when Jack Peterson retained his British heavyweight title on a disqualification of Jack Doyle, the Irishman. Doyle fouled Peterson about ten times in the short space of one and a half rounds and, when he failed to heed the caution of Referee C. H. Douglas, he was ordered to his corner. The fight was staged at the White City Stadium. Doyle was later suspended by the British Board of Boxing Control, which ordered the promoter to pay over only a portion of the purse and the rest was confiscated. The Irishman was warned three times. Doyle was simply uncontrollable. He went after his man like a tiger, bent on tearing his prey, regardless of how he did it, and he paid the penalty.

In the other feature, Jackie Kid Berg punished Eugene Droughin severely and the Frenchman retired in the ninth.

The National Sporting Club, after a lapse of a couple of years, came back with a bang, when it staged a mammoth boxing program at the Olympia, London, featuring a galaxy of fistic stars led by Jackie Brown of Manchester, who defended his title of flyweight champion of the world against Valentine Angleman, champion of France.

In outpointing Angleman, Brown proved himself to be the best 112-pounder that we have had in England since the Tylorstown Terror, Jimmy Wilde. Boxing at a dazzling pace, he gave a display of scientific boxing and fighting ability that amazed even his ardent admirers.

The chief supporting bout of interest was the contest between Len Harvey, the former middleweight champion of Great Britain, and Eddie Phillips, the London coach driver. Harvey came back to win a very good bout on points, and also Lord Lonsdale's light-heavyweight belt. Jock McAvoy, the middleweight champion, outpointed Oddone Piazza over ten rounds.

Johnny King, the British bantam champion, won the first Lord Lonsdale belt for Empire championships when he was credited with having beaten Bobby Leitham, the bantam champion of Canada. This decision was not well received.

Al Brown, colored bantam champion of the world, opened the show with a victory over Dave Crowley of Clerkenwell in ten rounds.

Archie Sexton, the Bethnal Green middleweight, scored a one-round K.O. victory over Herbert Praiss at Lee Bridge Speedway open-air show.

Laurie Raiteri, the Anglo-Italian light-heavyweight, scored a five-round T.K.O. over Jeff Wilson of Windsor.

Dick Corbett, the former bantam champion, and Francois Machtens, the Belgian featherweight champion, fought a hard bout over twelve rounds, and at the end the referee gave his decision as a draw.

Nipper Fred Morris and Jack Gubbins of Stratford fought a very hard bout over the twelve-round route, and both gave the fans plenty of thrills with their willingness to swap punches. The result ended with honors even.

At the Mile End Arena, London, Charlie Baxter, the rising Birmingham welter, stopped Billy Viner in the seventh round. Viner was no match for Baxter, who scored three knockdowns and had things all his own way.

George Brown, the ex-policeman from Stepney, gave a very good display against the Canadian, Del Fontaine, over fifteen rounds at the Blackfriars Ring. The contest was nip and tuck all the way and the referee gave his decision as a draw.

Mr. Harry Abrahams and his partner, Mr. Tom Selsby, are to be congratulated in arranging a charity show on behalf of Prince of Wales Hospital. The affair was well supported by the followers of boxing and a very good show was the result.

Len (Tiger) Smith of Birmingham scored a creditable victory over Herbert Jacques of Sheffield, whom he stopped in the eighth round at West Bromwich.

At Folkestone, the former 112-pound champion, Bert Kirby of Birmingham, stopped Willie Smith in ten rounds of a fifteen-round contest.

Jimmy Campbell, Scottish flyweight champion, tried to give six pounds in weight to Jim O'Neil of Cambuslang over fifteen rounds at the Parkhead Arena, Glasgow, but the effort was too much for him and he lost the verdict.

George Cook made Jack Petersen go all the way at Cardiff before Petersen was declared the winner on points. Nearly thirty thousand people paid to see Cook outmaneuver the Welshman, but youthfulness stood him in good stead, to win the decision of the referee, C. B. Thomas, after fifteen rounds.

Walter Neusel's last performance against Don McCorkindale was none too good, but he certainly redeemed himself when he stepped into the ring against Jack Pettifer, the Brighton Giant, at Lee Bridge Speedway.

The young German, who gave up his country since his manager, Paul Damsky, who is of Jewish faith, went to reside in Paris, along with Seelig, the Jewish-German middleweight champion, gave a masterful display against Pettifer, who was so severely punished that the referee stopped the contest in the eighth round.

George Odwell of Clerkenwell, a promising lad in the lightweight ranks, scored a K.O. over George Morgan in the fourth round. The Welshman was outclassed from the start, and took four counts before the bout ended.

Kid Farlo, young Stepney lightweight, looked like a sure winner in his bout with Peter Nolan of Walsall, when he was struck low, and had to be content with the win on disqualification lines.

The sensation of the season is the work of Harry Mizler, three times amateur champion of Great Britain at different weights. This youngster, who is only twenty years old, has won his first three starts in one round each, scoring K.O.s over Bob Lamb of Sunderland, Jim Travis of Oldham, and Nobby Baker of Wales.

Another famous amateur to turn professional is Tom Pardoe of Birmingham, who held the title as a flyweight. In his first start, he stopped Kid Hughes of Maesteg in ten rounds. The bout took place at the Palais De Danse, West Bromwich, and drew a big crowd. Both Mizler and Pardoe were the British entries for the Olympic Games at Los Angeles last year.

Ginger Foran, the twenty-year-old Liverpool flyweight contender, goes on from victory to victory. His latest wins were over Willie Metzner, the German champion, in three rounds, and he followed with a victory over another promising bantam, Harry Edwards of Smethwick. Foran won in the thirteenth round.

The Reggie Meen-Ernest Guhring contest was a great scrap, which ended with honors even.

The South African, Don McCorkindale, had a tough break when he went over to Barcelona to box the local idol, Paulino. The show drew a crowd of forty thousand people, and the biggest surprise was when the referee raised Paulino's hand as the winner. It was a home town decision.

Sonny Lee of Leeds followed up his victory over Phineas John with a smart win over the Belgian, Henri Le Majeur, over twelve rounds at Rotherham.

Jackie Phillips, the former Canadian welter champion, was badly beaten by Johnny Quill of Stepney at the Stadium Club, London. The referee stopped the bout in the sixth round, after Phillips had been put on the canvas for three counts.

Jackie Berg stopped George Rose in five rounds after a corking scrap at Swansea. Berg is rapidly recovering the form that he once possessed.

Al Brown, the bantam champion of the world, defended his title successfully against Johnny King of Manchester, the holder of the British Empire title. Although Brown won on points, he knew he had been in a fight and King surprised the crowd by his plucky fight.

Archie Sexton stepped into the breach left open by Jock McAvoy against Clemente Meroni, the official middleweight champion of Italy, in a ten-round bout and, although called at less than twenty-four hours' notice, gave a sparkling display in outpointing the tough Italian.

Jackie Brown, the 112-pound champion of the world, again defeated Young Perez of North Africa over twelve rounds. This match was made at 116 pounds, and although Brown could not put Perez out, he certainly won handsomely on points.

Bobby Leitham, the Canadian bantam champion, met Dick Corbett, the ex-bantam champion of Great Britain, in a further ten-round bout, and the decision was given in Leitham's favor.

Dick Burke, the Liverpool Thunderbolt, caused a big surprise at the way he went after Domencio Bernasconi, the bantam champion of Italy, in their ten-round bout. The decision was given to Burke.

Larry Gains kayoed the Hollander, Peter Van Goole, in the fourth round at Belfast.

Tommy Marren, the Burnley welterweight, scored a good win over Tiger Len Smith of Birmingham over twelve rounds at Walsall.

Mickey Summers successfully defended his title of Scottish bantam champion against Mickey Malone of Dundee by stopping his man in the twelfth round. The bout drew a big crowd and was held at the Caird Hall, Dundee.

GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN RINGS

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

GUY BONAUGURE, the brilliant Italian-French featherweight, fought a French lad by the name of Kid Johns at the Central Sporting Club of Paris and Bonaugure won on points.

Jack Root, the old light-heavyweight champion, was in Paris spending a vacation. Jack has lots of friends in the gay city. Jack was pleased with the arrangements made at the Palais des Sports for the conducting of the boxing game. "Better than anything that I have seen in America," said Jack after attending a championship bout in Dickson's big hall.

Boxing is enjoying quite a boom in Spain, and the matches which are held in Madrid and Barcelona draw big gates. The night bouts, which are held in the bull-rings, start about ten-thirty, with the main contests going on at midnight. At the conclusion of the entertainments the crowds patronize the restaurants and cafes until late in the mornings.

During the summer months in Paris, the Central Sporting Club has the field all to itself in the boxing line and the club does a big business, with a top price of $1.25.

Franta Nekolny, known as the "Czech machine-gun fighter," received his first knockout at Cologne from the German light-heavyweight, Eder. When Nekolny first appeared in Paris three years ago, he was lightning fast. A couple of years ago he defeated Eder in a bout held in Berlin. Since that time the German has come on and Nekolny has drifted considerably.

Al Brown, world's champion bantamweight, defended his title successfully against the British champion, Johnny King, at Manchester, England.

Jackie Brown, who won the world's flyweight title from Young Perez of France last year, had a return bout at catch weights, which resulted in favor of Brown.

Paulino Uzcudun received a decision over the South African champion, Don McCorkindale, in a bout which was held in Barcelona, Spain. The decision did not meet with general approval.

Boxing in Holland is in a very live condition. At a recent gala held in Rotterdam, the welterweight champion, Huise Near, met Len Sanders in a title match, which was declared a draw. Charlier, another welter, defeated on points the middleweight, Van Vilet, and the heavyweight, Harry Staal, defeated Melzow by a knockout in the fourth round.

Marcel Thil, the world's champion middleweight, will probably defend his title against Archie Sexton of England during September in a bout which will be held in England under the auspices of Jeff Dickson.

Judging by the number of letters received from American boxing managers, the game must not be any too good in the States. Al Lippe would like to bring to Europe a team of eight battlers. I would advise Al to stay at home with his team. A bunch of fighters who arrived in Europe last fall have not been doing any too well.

BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

JULY was an idle month in fisticuffs, probably due to the intense heat, combined with the refusal of star-bout boxers to meet good opponents for small purses.

Joe Coego, southpaw lightweight, is in training. Luis Garcia scored a one-round knockout over Jose Bouza, and Manolo Vazquez outboxed Albert Leon in a special six-rounder.

Manolo Garcia, light-heavyweight amateur champion, turned pro and scored a three-round knockout over Heriberto Lopez at the Cristal Stadium. Humberto Calvo outpointed Mario Labrada in six rounds, and Juancito Alvarez lost to Francisco Suarez in four. Jesus Alvarez beat Joe Jauregui. Antonio Fernandez, the Asturian Assassin, drew with Kid Soap in six rounds, and Criso Perez drew with Soldier Molina in six.

Antonio Horas, after scoring knockdowns over Pedro Proenza, lost on a foul in the fourth. John Herrera, new heavyweight champion, scored a four-round K.O. over Lu Morejon.

Kid Chocolate's victory over Nick Bensa in Europe was good news to his thousands of admirers here.

Aramis Del Pino and Luis Parga, running affairs for the Cristal Stadium, are planning a big winter season.

Marcial Leon is promoting at the Miramar Gardens with success.

Conrad Conde, Cuba's best featherweight bet, is training for bouts with Baby Face Quintana and Joe Coego. Conde is a big card here.

Goyo Rico would like nothing better than a return bout with John Herrera, who relieved him of his heavyweight title a few weeks ago.

Jesus Fernandez, Buddy Calvin, Jesus Alvarez, Juan Suarez, Dioni Fernandez, Carlos Morales, Kid Salsita, Juancito Alvarez, Enrique Rodriguez, Antonio Mendnez are some of the new ring stars training at the Labra Club.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY

By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

SEND for Jack Dempsey is Martin Burke's, Garden A. C. promoter, panacea for fistic dullness. With Max Baer and Jack as the attraction, the turnstiles clicked to a near-capacity house, the first good turnout of fans in New Orleans in months. The feature ten-round bout wound up in a slashing win for Johnny Cook over Al Donnelly, both veteran southern lightweights.

Eddie Kid Wolfe of Memphis made his return to New Orleans rings an auspicious event. Fighting now in the heavier welter class, Eddie blasted out Gus Campbell of Miami, Florida, in three rounds.

Johnny Chong, clever Chinese kayo artist, added two more victims to his impressive string of knockouts. Al Gahns, Lafayette, Louisiana, was bowled over in three, and lanky Bob Blereau went down in two rounds.

Battling Shaw, Mexican lightweight star, saw so many of Harry Dublinsky's lefts and rights that he forgot all about his usual offensive style of fighting and contented himself with attempting to get his face out of the maze of gloves. The Chicago speedster easily took nine of the ten rounds. Owens Duvernay, middleweight stablemate of Shaw's, outpointed Moon Couns in the six-round semi-final.

The boxers' nemesis, a fractured jaw, will lay up Eddie Kid Wolfe for at least six months.

Joey Goodman, Cleveland welterweight, gave a sad performance in shading Ray Kiser in ten rounds. Baby Kiser, middleweight, lost to Ace Devoe, Oklahoman, in the semi-final.

Promoters, managers and fighters in Louisiana, southern Alabama and Texas, send in your boxing notes to this writer at 627 Ursuline, New Orleans, Louisiana, before the fifteenth of each month.

Erwin Berlier reentered the scramble for Southern lightweight honors when he settled the bids of Mel Doty, erstwhile Bostonian, and Johnny Cook within a month. Berlier shelved himself when he lost the Southern lightweight championship belt to Battling Shaw in a memorable scrap several months ago. He rates another go with Shaw now.

After being inactive several months, Eddie Flynn, New Orleans welterweight, showed improved form in gaining a ten-round newspaper decision over Gus Campbell at Mobile. Campbell had won their previous tilt.

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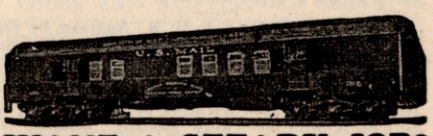

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CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

AL FOREMAN and Pete Sanstol, who have respectively headed this column more often than any other individual connected with fistic doings, take their old places of honor again as a result of their homecomings. Both will have arrived in their adopted home town, Montreal, by the time this is off the press, and it is about time—as the fight game has been ailing badly in the Canadian metropolis all year. Alex Moore, Forum matchmaker, has been dropping mazuma on all his summer cards and lacks a real attraction to lure the fans away from their various pursuits in the balmy breezes.

Bobby Leitham, classy Verdun pride, who holds the Canadian bantam title, will have another crack at the British Empire crown, worn by Johnny King, by the time this is printed. Sam Gibbs' protege lost a close one to King two months ago, but proved his right to a return bout by beating Dick Corbett in a ten-rounder at Manchester, and knocking out Jimmy O'Neill, Scotland, in the eighth of a scheduled ten-rounder in London.

The last card here drew a slim crowd of less than twelve hundred mainly because the main bout, Billy Townsend and Stan Loayza, looked to be lacking in promise. The public was right in figuring Loayza too far gone to stand up under Townsend's dynamic barrage, as he hit the deck for the full count in the second round. The opening bout was also a one-sided affair, with Leo Paul, ex-amateur light-heavy champ, making his pro debut in auspicious fashion by clamping the sleeper on Jimmy Brown in the first heat.

Two upsets worth recording took place during the month. Harold Stewart, local lightweight comer, failed to take advantage of opportunities in his usual fashion and dropped a close verdict to Albert Ladou, Algerian stylist, in the ten-round semi-final, and Johnny Keller, who I still claim is the next Canuck featherweight king, put up the worst display of his career to drop a six-rounder to Joe Marciente, who has seen his best days.

Harry Gerson, local bantam sensation, and Lefty Gwynne, Toronto's Olympic titlist, staged the best fight of the night, with a draw being the final verdict. Their battle was studded with thrilling action. Gwynne carried the fight and had an edge in the first four rounds, but Gerson rallied in the last two heats to connect with several heavy right crosses to make a draw a logical decision.

STRAY SHOTS—Ronnie Headley, Ottawa's welterweight aspirant for the British Empire title, is going strong . . . . he flattened Harry Smith, colored Buffalo battler, in his last appearance to date . . . . Headley will likely be matched with Billy Townsend for the Canadian title in Ottawa . . . . Johnny Nemis, back from his campaign of Newfoundland rings, is keen for a crack at Headley or a return tilt with Townsend, who stopped him with a lucky punch a year ago . . . . Jimmy Connolly, who won the Dominion amateur bantam title in 1927, is making a comeback as a pro after an absence of three or four years from ring work.

PHILIPPINE TYPHOONS!
By CONRADO MATA

LUIS LOGAN, light-heavyweight of Europe, defeated Eddie Jorge, Panama Negro, for the heavyweight championship of the Orient. After the bout, the beautiful Rodriguez belt was awarded to the winner. Logan used his left effectively.

Jose Villanueva, crack bantam, suffered his first defeat at the hands of Little Samson. Two weeks later he drew with Cunning Nene, the lad who gave Samson a neat pasting a month before.

Jerry Jervis from Australia and "Caveman" Joe Keatos, Hawaii, gave a fine exhibition of wrestling, American style. Abie Coleman, the pint-sized Jewish star, will soon be on his way here and Manila fans are expecting him to give them some thrillers.

Other fight results: Mariano Adriano held Fighting Abordo to a slashing draw. Max Santos scored over Con Cordero in ten. Kid Nicolas decisioned Fighting Obsiman. Speed Cabanela took the Visayan bantamweight crown by handing Little Ocana a sound drubbing.

FIGHT GOSSIP—Col. H. R. Andreas, by the look of things, is going to hold on with his fight business, cost what it may. He is a great fight enthusiast and thinks better times are coming. Henry Dougherty, blond "Bulletin" sports editor, is a boxing devotee. Esguerra of the "Taliba" is still at it with his "Biro Lamang" column. N. Caravana, fireman, sports editor and wrestler, is also a local poet of ability. Pete D. Villanueva is busy with his Varsity cage team, rounding them into shape. The only fellow to knock Dencio Cabanela off his pins was Francisco Flores, the original "El Tigre." "Tingoy" Mondejar, fighter, college student, is doing fine with his job at the government mint. *Adios!*

Jose Villanueva, popular bantam, lost an unpopular decision to Cunning Nene, Cuyugan's slippery 118-pounder. Both signed for a rematch. Young Gildo, the Islands' leading bantam and featherweight, is now under the wing of J. Limjengco, promoter of the Binyang Fight Club. Dommy Reyes has the fly and bantamweight diadems of the "Land of the Rising Sun" perked jauntily on his head. Young Alde is reported on his way to Manila after a successful invasion of Shanghai and Japanese rings.

We believe it high time for Eddie Borden to include Small Montano, stablemate of Little Pancho, in his flyweight ratings. His victories over Joe Tieken, Young Sport, and kayo wins over Tuffy Pierpont and Felix Ignacio are enough to place him "there." Rush Binoy, 124 pounds, is a most promising fighter. In sixteen bouts, he has scored twelve K.O.s.

Con Cordero hammered his way to victory over Max Santos. Fighting Obsiman won from Little Samson. Kid Arca retained his Cavite lightweight title by giving Young Frisco a sound drubbing.

BURMA BOXING NEWS
By EDWARD TIN THEIN

PROFESSIONAL boxing started off with a flourish in Rangoon and, judging by the support given, is sure to become one of the major sports. With new stadiums being built, and foreign pugilists flocking to it, Rangoon bids fair to become the center of boxing in the East.

George Goudie, the hard-hitting lightweight of Burma, has been knocking out his opponents in a lively fashion. He recently K.O.'ed Max Brilka in one, and Fali Bilimoria, the West Indian feather, in ten.

Kid D'Silva, the clever local featherweight champion, deprived Fali Bilimoria of his Indian title by outpointing him in ten rounds.

In one of the best bouts staged in Rangoon, Kid D'Silva showed his mastery over Thajudeen, the highly touted Ceylonese bantam, in ten rounds.

A tournament to decide the bantamweight champion of Burma is to be held here shortly, and a belt, known as the Naigamwala Belt, will be presented to the winner. Two local boys, George Sulzdorf and Young Goudie, are picked out as the finalists.

With boxers like the Walley brothers of Singapore, Little Lewis, Thajudeen Mirza Khan, Battling Guillermo, Niky Sullivan, Vincent Perera, etc., billed to appear, the Rangoon fight fans have a great treat in store for them.

TOPICS FROM JAPAN
By JOHNNY MASUDA

WITH the arrival of three French fighters, Emil Pladner, Aime Raphael and Raoul Hugues, at the invitation of the Yomiuri Shimbun, a newspaper concern, boxing has again become the center of attraction in the Mikado Kingdom. The French pugilists are under contract for four bouts throughout the Island Empire.

Pladner, in his debut, stopped Satan Fujita in the sixth round. In his second appearance, the Frenchman took a close decision from Eimei Hattori, a seventeen-year-old scrapper, who put up a good battle against his experienced rival.

Raphael took the decision from Riichi Sato in a close battle. Sato, only eighteen years old, resembles Tod Morgan and has a style similar to the former American champ. Sato has the makings of a good boy. The Japanese weighs around 137 pounds. In his second encounter, Raphael snatched the verdict over Kintaro Usuda, former Pacific Coast amateur champion.

IN SOUTH AFRICA
By W. McLINTOCK

THE champions of South Africa are:
HEAVYWEIGHT—Don McCorkindale, at present in England, doing fairly well.
LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT—Eddie Pierce got the decision over Dave Carstens, but I thought a draw would have been a better verdict.
LIGHTWEIGHT—Panther George Purchase, who has been doing fairly well in England.

Clyde Chastain, a colorful American fighter, who came on with Stribling, has been doing well in this country. His last victory was over O'Malley, a boxer from England, whom he put out in the seventh round.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

YOUNG RIGHTMEIER, one of the best-looking prospects, bantam and featherweight, to enter a local ring in the past five years, is the big hit here this season.

Lyons, Nebr.—One of the best boxing matches staged here in years took place when Freddy Penn and Sammy Musco battled six rounds to a draw. Other results were as follows: Gene Raasch shaded Reddy Adair; Tuffy Flieschman lost to Buzz Smith; Rene Leriger was knocked out by Byrl Johnson; Chuck Patterson knocked out Billy Love in five. Sergeant Johnny Lee of Omaha was the third man, while Charles C. Rogers of Decatur, Nebr., was the matchmaker.

Johnny Martin, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, welterweight, who is making Sioux City his headquarters, put the breaks on Millio Millitti of Omaha in eight; Young Terry beat Blackey Bursheim in eight; Irish McKenna and Ray Mann fought six close rounds; Clarence Anderson beat Ty McGee in four; Bobby Rogers and Young Frugate drew in four.

Decorah, Ia.—"Phantom" Mike Gibbons and his son, Jack, staged a fast four-round exhibition. Harvey Hanson knocked out Lloyd Headington; Jimmy McAndrew and Ralph Ardinger drew; Stan Teslow beat Lyle Erickson; Henry Aschme and Mel Mel Rovang drew.

Ted Zanfes, local third man at Riverview Park Arena, tossed Buzz Griffiths, brother of Tuffy, and Jimmy Cafferey out of the ring, and declared their fray a "no contest." The supporting card of twenty-eight rounds was more than satisfactory to the four thousand spectators. Ray Mann, local welterweight, put Mike Mikkelson down for a nine-count, and won with ease. Young Rightmeier defeated Freddy Penn; Buzz Smith beat Midget Mexico; Bud Lymer shaded Tag Jensen; Glenn Lee leathered Jose Morales; Al Pahl beat Leslie Smith.

The best fistic card of the month staged here saw Johnny Martin, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, middleweight, beat Battling Nelson of Belgrade, Nebr., in eight; Young Terry, Davenport, Ia., lightweight, beat Midget Mexico in eight; Ray Mann made it another win, when he beat Lawrence Anderson in four; Jimmy Thompson beat Jose Morales in four; Dutch Henderson won by a T.K.O. over Kid Marvin in four; Tag Jensen won by T.K.O. over Willie Johnson in two.

Answers to questions in the Mail Box—V. H. Howard, So. Dak., wants to know if a fighter needs a manager. How many fighters ever reach the top without one, is my answer . . . . F. G., Sac City, Ia. Read the Ring Book Shop over . . . . J. F. B. at Sioux Falls, So. Dak. Use your left hand and jab . . . . J. D. S. at Fonda, Ia. Get "Training for Boxers" from THE RING, and you will know what to do . . . . F. K. at Charter Oak, Ia. Better wait a year or so. You are too young.

A benefit boxing card was staged here by Harry Jones, promoter at Riverview Park Arena, and all the proceeds turned over to the Local Boxers' Club, in order to buy equipment for the Y. M. C. A. gym, where the boys work out. Local boxers, managers and seconds wish to express their appreciation through THE RING, and are highly pleased with the new training outfit. Frankie Pasha, Danny Desmond and Lloyd Hagan are also in line for a card of thanks for their help in making the card a success. Incidentally, it might be remarked that THE RING magazine has played a prominent part in building up the boxing game around here.

Paul Anthony of Quincy, Ill., has a real comer in a welterweight by the name of Clem Reed. He has defeated such boys as Eddie Manning, Eddie Berke, Austin Behymer, Pat Murphy and George Daw.

Young Rightmeier dashed home to an easy win over Ollie Bartlett, Minneapolis bantam, in eight; Battling Nelson edged out a winner over the Ace of Spades. Midget Mexico shaded Jack Frost; Johnny Raven knocked out Young Erwin; Jose Morales beat Kid Roy Newman; Keith Weaver knocked Slim Ryan down six times to win handily.

Harry Jones offered local fans something different when he lined up a card of ten three-round bouts with the following results: Paul Boland beat Ray Bothhurst; Bobby Rogers shaded Mickey Slater; Kid Newman and Babe Barnes drew; Al Pahl shaded Reddy Adair; Lloyd Weaver and Ray Vaughn drew; Ernie North shaded Speedy Clayton; Keith Weaver beat Don Rhymer; Irish McKenna and Ray Mann fought three slam-bang rounds to a draw; Johnny Martin licked Tag Jensen.

Ernie North, a tough lightweight from Waterloo, Ia., is making Sioux City his home. North is a sweet boxer, plenty smart, and is on the move every second.

Don't forget to mail me your notes, along with pictures, by the sixteenth of each month. Our address is 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Iowa.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—Young Rawson, Bobby Rogers, Mickey Slater, Young Weaver, are youngsters that look real promising . . . . Jimmy Thompson, local junior lightweight, is back in Sioux City and fighting in old-time form . . . . Harry Jones is certainly drawing the fans this season . . . . Johnny Burds has entered the local field of managers . . . . Howard Graack, once a heavyweight prospect, is now looking after fighters . . . . Young Rightmeier is under the management of his dad, who has a large stable of boxers . . . . Ray Mann, local welterweight, fought four times in three weeks . . . . Alta Vista, Ia., is a new spot on the boxing page . . . . and a town by the name of What Cheer, Ia., staged a show . . . . Don't forget my big free list of boxing promoters from this section . . . . this is no dime-a-dozen deal . . . . All I ask is you pay the postage . . . . address 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Iowa . . . . Midget Mexico, lightweight, is making Sioux City his headquarters . . . . The Midget hails from Dallas, Tex., and he is a pretty clever boy . . . . We had forty-two letters this month from out-of-town correspondents, regarding boxers, results, etc. . . . . Charles Brown is holding some very good shows at Perry, Ia. . . . . Sailor Burke is promoting shows at Arnolds Park, Iowa, and looking for talent . . . . Homer Sheridan, veteran local middleweight, still keeps in action.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

FT. SCOTT, KANS.—A three days' amateur boxing tournament was sponsored by V. F. Wars, and directed by M. S. Marshall. No heavies or light-heavies entered. Winners: M.—Herschel Ramsey. W.—Gene McGraw. L.—Alfred Lanzetti. Jr. L.—Roy Amer. F.—Cecil Wheeler. Fly.—Harold Wheeler. Cootie—Olin Loy. Junior Cootie—Bobby Gustin.

Wichita, Kans.—Elks amateur one-night show, Jack Slattery, matchmaker. Joe Hernandez beat Billy Hill. Frankie Schaeffer beat Leon Stath. Lee Scott beat Mel Benson. Red Young beat Mickey Shannon. Don Mize knocked out Swede Anderson in one. Eddie Owens knocked out Cliff McCabe in one. Menno Voth knocked out Harold Swartz in three. Al Lindsay beat Don Puckett. Billy Moyer beat Ray Shannon.

Arkansas City, Kans.—American Legion amateur boxing one-night show. Bob Cook outpointed Billy Canney. Ralph Pancost beat Harold Wickersham. Charles Bush knocked out Dan Livers in three. Amos Tiger beat Clare Patterson. Carl Banta won (T.K.O.) over Amos Livers. Jim Rodden beat Willie Billie. Oral Hackney beat Jack Sykes. Jonas Perry knocked out Jay Burris in one round.

Kansas City, Kans.—Roy Jacks knocked out K. O. Hart in the second round of a headliner event. Johnny Walker beat Red Demon in a six-round semi-windup.

Wichita, Kans.—Elks amateur one-night show: Billy Canney knocked out Glen Snell in three. Peewee Newman knocked out Rodger Tipton in one. Joe Hernandez beat Red Young. Tiny Moyer beat Jack Langford. Leon Stath beat Mark Perey. Johnny Holmes beat Benny Varner. Oswald McDuffy beat Jack Shipley. Menno Voth beat Harold Hill. Al Locke beat Lee Nitter.

Kansas City, Mo.—International Arena amateur boxing results: Pat Kissinger knocked out Bus Ward in one. Joe Kempenger knocked out Jack Lionberger in one. Gilbert Hotchkiss knocked out Earl Barnes in one. Tommy Miller knocked out Steve Krpan in one. Keith Cockrell beat Bobby Ames. Dick Meiers beat Cap Harding. Don Mossberg beat Jimmy Messick. Vogle Kranichfield beat Clyde Ray. Alvie Quick beat Henry Messer.

Kansas City, Mo.—International Arena amateur boxing results: Bobby Ames beat Spud Malone. Sammy Roth beat Frosty Holman. Pat Doherty knocked out Johnny Davidson in two. Earl Barnes beat Gilbert Hotchkiss. Don Mossbery beat Mike O'Rourke. Johnny Shanks knocked out Elmore Larson in two. Vogle Kranichfield beat Leo Warfield.

Kansas City, Mo.—Joey Alcanter beat Bus Breese in six-round main go. Chuck Reinhardt beat Joe (Red) Haas in five. Bobby Raymond beat Charley Patrick in five. Gene Pond knocked out Roy Woods in two. Mickey Weston knocked out Dutch Wagner in one round.

LOOSE AND DRIFTING—Les Showers, an amateur promoter, just finished another successful three-day boxing tournament at Ely, Nevada. W. O. (Lefty) Creamer has accepted the matchmaking at the Mid-Continent Athletic Club at West Tulsa. He replaces Gene Ellis, who resigned, due to other business. M. S. Marshall states he will promote pro shows soon in Ft. Scott. Billy Newton, promoter at Joplin, has decided to lay off boxing for a few weeks, owing to extreme hot weather. Luther Ashford, good middleweight of Ft. Scott, and Sonny Boy Maguire of Ft. Scott are getting in condition for a campaign this fall.

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MINNESOTA NEWS
By BOB BURRILL

THE old bogey man of Fistiana brought his fair-tressed Maxie Baer to St. Paul for a one-night stand. A lovely larruper, this Baer fella . . . . The turnstiles registered very little do-re-mi for the Baer-Dempsey billing. Fight cards don't entice the bucks to any great extent during the summer months hereabouts . . . . In spite of the fact the local commish was supposed to veto any refereeing by Dempsey, the Mauler officiated the Lasky set-to and the Baer leather flurry.

Art Lasky is on the coasters. On the Baer ticket he was anything but impressive. Not that the lad can't come back!!!

The "poosh and pull" lads have grunted their way into the local sports limelight. Bronko Nagurksi, who played All-American football with the U. of M. not so long ago, is Minnesota's contribution to the padded mat. Red Grange once said the Bronk was the hardest-hitting pigskin toter he'd ever lined up against . . . . Ladies are allowed to attend the wrestling bouts gratis, with one paid admission.

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No photos will be sold individually. For the benefit of our patrons we are here listing the sets by numbers and when sending in your order, mention the number to facilitate matters. *No C.O.D. orders will be accepted.* The list follows:

GROUP NO. 1—
Tommy Loughran
Jack Sharkey
Gene Tunney
Mickey Walker
Benny Leonard
Jimmy McLarnin
Young Terry

GROUP NO. 2—
Ben Jeby and Vince Dundee (facing each other)
Wesley Ramey
Freddie Miller
Al Brown
Fidel La Barba
Primo Carnera
Stanley Poreda

GROUP NO. 3—
Young Corbett III
Midget Wolgast
Kid Chocolate
Billy Petrolle
Tony Canzoneri
Johnny Dundee
Dave Shade

GROUP NO. 4—
Frankie Genaro
Max Baer
Max Schmeling
Abe Attell
Pete Sanstol, Fidel La Barba and Carnera (All in one pose)
Jackie Fields
Barney Ross

GROUP NO. 5—
Frank Battaglia
Jose Santa
King Levinsky
Johnny Risko
Baby Arizmendi
Maxey Rosenbloom
Pancho Villa

GROUP NO. 6—
Jess Willard
John L. Sullivan
Bob Fitzsimmons
Georges Carpentier
Al Singer
Sammy Mandell
Benny Bass

GROUP NO. 7—
Jack Dempsey
Tommy Burns
Joe Walcott
Joe Gans
Jack Johnson
Tuffy Griffiths
Tom Heeney

GROUP NO. 8—
George Dixon
Sam Langford
Jim Jeffries
James J. Corbett
Jimmy Wilde
Jack Delaney
Bat Battalino

GROUP NO. 9—
Jim Londos
Ray Steele
Rudy Dusek
John Pesek
Tiny Roebuck
Steve Znosky
Leo Pinetzki

GROUP NO. 10—
Joe Savoldi
Jim Browning
Abe Coleman
Gino Garibaldi
George Calza
Strangler Lewis
Dr. Wilson

GROUP NO. 11—
Jack Sherry
Don George
Herb Freeman
Sammy Stein
Henri De Glane
Joe Stecher
Toots Mondt

GROUP NO. 12—
Dick Daviscourt
Dick Shikat
Floyd Marshall
Jack Reynolds
Sandor Szabo
Paul Jones
Fritz Kley

GROUP NO. 13—
Hans Steinke
Gus Sonnenberg
Benny Ginsberg
Jim McMillen
Babe Caddock
Joe Malcewicz
Ernie Dusek

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
By WILLIAM PIKOR

SUNNY JIM McVEY of Braddock, colored 180-pounder, marked up his seventh consecutive kayo victory, when he stowed away Joe Doktor, the Buffalo clouter, at the North Braddock Bowl. The end came after thirty-nine seconds of action in the opening round.

Nat Litfin, Jack London's newly acquired bantamweight, was an easy winner over Jimmy Thomas in one of the surprises of the month—At Hickey Park Bowl, Tony Herrera administered a sound lacing to Lew Raymond, Baltimore welter, in ten rounds—Billy Holt, the Homewood "hurricane," technically kayoed Jimmy Belmont of Braddock in the fifth inning of a headliner in the North Braddock Bowl—Eddie Zivic registered a five-round knockout over Battling Gizzy in the feature event of a show at Hickey Park Bowl.

JOLTS AND JABS—Lloyd Clements, Jeanette bruiser, since entering the heavyweight class, has shown new life. Clements put away Jack Pallat of Cleveland, former national amateur heavyweight champ, in the second round, and followed this feat with a three-round kayo of the technical variety over Frank Novak . . . . Teddy Yarosz, the Smoky City's master boxer, has designs on the middleweight throne. Teddy has already beaten Sammy Kid Slaughter and Tommy Freeman, and there is talk of matching Yarosz with Dundee, Brouillard or Jeby . . . . Johnny Risko, the Cleveland heavyweight, may be seen in a local ring in the near future. Attempts to pair Johnny against Steve Hamas at North Braddock have fallen out . . . . Joe Orsini, boxing coach of the University of Pittsburgh, is the latest addition to the local staff of professional third men in the ring . . . . Jackie Wilson, featherweight contender of this city, defeated Benny Britt of Philadelphia at the Fort Hamilton Armory, New York City.

Boxers or managers having news for publication in this column should get same to the writer at Donora, Penna., not later than the fifteenth of the month.

Jules Beck, Braddock Bowl matchmaker, is eager to serve local talent on his pugilistic menus. Lew Raymond, the roaming matchmaker, for the past year working out of this city, found himself out of a job with the Arena club's failure to present fights in the Greenlee ball park, due to an unforeseen obstacle. John L. Hernon, outdoor promoter of Hickey Park Bowl in Millvale, plans to stage a fight or two in Forbes Field, major league ball park. Bouts of fifteen-round duration are legal in Pennsylvania after September 1.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By JAMES VACCOLA

THE outdoor season is on in full blast in this state. One of the largest crowds to attend a boxing show in some time witnessed the bout between Eddie Moore, New England middleweight champion, and Rudy Marshall, the former titleholder, held under the auspices of the Veterans of Foreign Wars at Newfield Park in Bridgeport. Henry McAuliffe, the referee, called the bout a draw.

At the White City Stadium, Al Weill presented a very good card in Frankie Petrolle of Schenectady and Carmen Knapp of New Haven. Petrolle had Knapp on the floor in the fifth round, when the bell rang and saved Knapp from being knocked out. Knapp came back strong and outpunched Petrolle to win the duke in the tenth round.

Al Borros, Bridgeport Hungarian, halted the comeback streak of Buddy Howard of New Haven. Borros K.O.'ed Howard in the second round. Joe Masseli of New Haven defeated Phil Baker of Norwalk in a fast-fought bout.

At Walnut Beach, Cocoa Kid, from New Haven, scored a six-round K.O. over Irish Jimmie O'Brien of Bridgeport.

Harry Alexian of Worcester scored a technical K.O. over Eddie Conley of Danbury in the fifth round. A cut eye forced the referee to stop this bout.

At the same club at Walnut Beach, Matchmaker Al Caroly featured Eddie Moore, New England middleweight champion, and Benny Levine, Newark Hebrew. It took Moore exactly 1 minute and 55 seconds to knock Levine into slumberland in the first round.

In the semi-final, Georgie Russo, promising lightweight of Bridgeport, looked good when he defeated Connie Mello, veteran lightweight of Waterbury.

At Hartford, Al Weill paired Unknown Winston, colored heavyweight of Hartford, and Marty Fox of New York. Fox had Winston on the floor, but Winston got up to outfight Fox and win the decision.

Al Gainor, the Black Panther, light-heavyweight and heavyweight champion of this state, has the New Haven Arena and Al Weill bidding for his services. He is one of the few drawing cards in the state.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—Johnnie Red Allen, old-time New England lightweight champion, is now in the beer racket and doing well . . . . Jack Delaney is at his summer camp in Maine . . . . Billy Prince, popular promoter and handler of fighters, smokes 24 to 30 Pittsburgh stogies in one day . . . . Joe Chimbole, the promoter from Stamford, has a yen for the ponies . . . . Lou Brown, the New Haven Arena matchmaker, is in the wool business . . . . Dick Gray's hobby is the simon pures . . . . Mrs. Joe Pickel of Stamford is the only female fight manager in the state . . . . Homer Rainault is a dog fancier . . . . Louis Kid Kaplan is now a licensed referee in this state . . . . Referee Jim Galvin, while refereeing the Moore and Levine bout, was notified he was the father of twins.

THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA

LEE RAMAGE, Pacific Coast heavyweight, will long remember his eastern debut, when he beat Babe Hunt at the Arena in ten rounds. Ramage hardly got enough money to pay his hotel bill, but showed plenty of class and the fans want to see more of him. Hunt, 6 ft. 4 in. Oklahoman, who towered over Ramage, had an additional advantage of eighteen pounds, but could not keep pace with Lee.

Al Sabulos, a Navy fighter, pounded out a decision over Yonder McLoughlin, after being floored in the third round. On the same card at the Arena, Lew Poster of New York knocked out Jack McCoy, Jack Dempsey's second cousin from West Virginia, in the third round.

Jimmy Smith of Kensington took a jaunt down to Wilmington and handed Young Johnny Ketchell an eight-round licking. In the six-round semi-windup, Dan Hassett of Philadelphia beat Bob Turner of Portsmouth, Va.

Tommy Loughran's kid brother, Snooks, and Bill Hendrie, have been taken in tow by Frank Fowles, the manager who took Billy Jones within a hair-line of the light-heavyweight crown. Jack Brady is training the two youths, and there is none better.

Izzy Richter, national amateur heavyweight champion, continued his good work in the recent tournament conducted by the Arena A. A. in the West Philadelphia outdoor stadium.

Charley Loughran, young brother of Tommy, knocked out Charley Pangonis of Wilkes-Barre in the first round of his bout at Hobbs' Outdoor Arena, Shenandoah. Bill Hendrie, another Philadelphian, appeared on the same bill with Billy (Buck) Boyle of Allentown, but was beaten in six rounds, although he floored Boyle for a count of seven in the fourth round.

Throwing punches from all directions, Lee Ramage, Californian, easily beat George Neron of Chicago in the outdoor arena at Leiperville, but could not finish the Westerner. Ramage might have put Neron away had he shortened up on his blows. Neron weighed 212 pounds and Ramage, 185.

Obie Walker, hard-hitting colored heavyweight, stopped Leonard Dixon of Phillie in the second round at Leiperville. Walker hammered the elongated Dixon all over the ring until the referee stopped the bout.

Vincent Reed, former amateur title-holder, uncorked two solid punches to the mid-section to knock out Benny Victor in the second round at Leiperville. In the other bouts, Billy Hendrie of South Philadelphia and Wally Novak drew in six sizzling rounds, and Jack Shepherd of Glenolden scored a technical knockout over "Popeye" Huber of Chester in the third round.

Stan Sokolis, former University of Pennsylvania football captain, who had a successful campaign as professional wrestler since turning pro last March, is now a life guard at Wildwood, N. J., beach, but occasionally finds time to jump up to Phillie to appear in mat shows for Phil Glassman at Convention Hall.

Herb Brandow, former Philadelphia amateur and professional boxer, has hung up the mittens in competition but assumed the management of the Arena A. A. amateur boxing team for the recent open tournament at the Outdoor Arena.

There was some talk of Tommy Loughran and Al Ettore getting together at the Phillies' ball park, but it now appears as though the former light-heavyweight champion has no intention of appearing in this city this summer. Manager Joe Smith claims he has several offers for Loughran in New York and Chicago. Ettore is a good-looking prospect.

Harry T. Farrell of Nanticoke was reelected chairman of the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission by the unanimous vote of his two colleagues, Havey J. Boyle of Pittsburgh and Robert J. Nelson, at a meeting held in the Philadelphia offices. Farrell, who was first appointed to the board in 1925, has been chairman since the retirement of Frank Wiener.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

IN the outstanding boxing bout staged during July in this locality, Cecil Payne, the Louisville, Ky., veteran, was held to a six-round draw by Tiger Kid Walker, the Cincinnati Negro lightweight, at the Northside ball park in Cincinnati.

Payne also dropped a ten-round duke to Frankie Wallace of Cleveland on the Baer-Dempsey exhibition at Redland Field a few days previous to the Walker bout.

Another good fighter who showed here the past month is Henry Hook, the hammering Indianapolis bantamweight. Hook outpunched Henry Woods of Ft. Wayne for one round and then put his Hoosier rival to sleep in the next session.

Mutt Morsch, veteran Cincinnati middleweight, whose championship aspirations were ended by Paul Eviston two years ago via the knockout route, is making a very successful comeback. Mutt, still a legitimate 160-pounder, has, to date, knocked out Battling Sampson, won on a foul and also decision over Tommy Sullivan, and defeated Joe Harris.

It is a shame that such a good little fighter as Franky Sanzone is going to waste on the idle list. The little Italian looked like championship timber a year ago.

Information in these parts can be had by enclosing a self-stamped envelope to the writer at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, O.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS . . . . The Parkway Arena is again in full bloom, with weekly boxing shows . . . . drawing the best of any arena in southern Ohio . . . . Middletown a close second, with Al Leever at the helm . . . . Billy Burke is one of the most popular portsiders since the early days of Freddie Miller . . . . Frankie Mieners is now the lightweight champion of Cincinnati . . . . beat Jess Freeman for the title . . . . how about a heavyweight elimination? . . . . Simon Nebloski, clouting Jewish middleweight, is still laid up with an injured hand . . . . Joe Anderson had Joe Muchorowski and Smokey Maggard all set for a return tenner at his Covington park when Muchorowski hurt his hand in training a few days before the match . . . . the one match we would like to take in . . . . a tenner between Billy Burke and Franky Sanzone . . . . Olie Truxell at Cleves and LeRoy Heine at Lockland are the latest two promoters to enter the game, playing weekly shows respectively at the Harmony park and the Lockland park . . . . the houses are still running in small figures, but the interest is perking up . . . . Bill Powers, publicity director de luxe, is considered by this writer as the best "spieler" of boxing advances . . . . Bill also is certain he has the next light-heavy champ in Muchorowski, the big Pole, and Si Nebloski, the middleweight ace . . . . together with Johnny Brown and Harry McCarthy, Bill is plugging along and might have a couple of diamonds in these two ringmen . . . . Eddie Gerhardt, wrestling promoter, announced recently that he plans to reenter the boxing promotorial line . . . . but not until this winter . . . . Eddie had a couple of contemplated outdoor spots, but both fell through . . . . and I'm going to do the latter right now.

The eight best in southern Ohio, according to the writer, are:

HEAVYWEIGHT—Ted Graham, New Richmond.
LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT—Joe Muchorowski.
MIDDLEWEIGHT—Simon Nebloski, Cincinnati.
WELTERWEIGHT—Paul Thobe, Covington.
LIGHTWEIGHT—Johnny Quirk, Springfield.
FEATHERWEIGHT—Billy Burke, Cincinnati.
BANTAMWEIGHT—Georgie Annarino, Newark.
FLYWEIGHT—Ace Hebe, Cincinnati.
Best prospects—Don Rawson, Dan Cassidy, Vernon Wingart.

Here's one for Eddie Borden—Billy Burke, the best national featherweight prospect of the month. And two to one on Burke's being among the first ten (under proper handling) within the next fifteen months.

LOUISVILLE LOOPERS
By FRANK EDWARDS

AFTER a long and discouraging siege of shriveling box offices, the local division of the mitt industry has begun to climb into blue ink. Only one club is operating here at the present time, Dell's Boxing Club, Jimmy Dell, matchmaker.

Jack Dempsey and Max Baer were here for a three-round exhibition at the Armory, drawing $1650. Jack refereed a ten-rounder between Lou Terry of St. Louis and Cecil Payne. Terry took the nod.

Eddie Speaks, lightweight, was suspended for talking out of turn at a Boxing Commission meeting. Cecil Payne has a new manager, Freddie Zeigler. Freddie may take Firpo under his wing, too, giving himself a monopoly on the local headline talent.

Dell holds weekly shows every Monday night at the Punch Bowl, weather permitting.

Here's how the battlers stack up in Louisville this month:

HEAVYWEIGHT—Nick Davis.
LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT—Henry Firpo.
MIDDLEWEIGHT—Henry Firpo.
WELTERWEIGHT—Buddy West.
LIGHTWEIGHT—Cecil Payne.
FEATHERWEIGHT—Jimmy Buckler.
BANTAMWEIGHT—Marshall Edwards.
FLYWEIGHT—Young Salty.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

MANUS "WHAT-A-MAN" McCAFFERTY, formerly the czar of the Cleveland Boxing Commission, and right-hand man of Mayor Miller on the commish, who was really the brains of the whole commission, has resigned and turned boxing promoter.

He got off to a pretty fair start. So far, he hasn't been saddled by the Secret Six. He will not be dictated to—that he has already proven. That's something new out this way, and if he succeeds, as he should, Manus should be given a vote of thanks. He has tried to stamp out the "Annie Oakleys," outside of the newspaper press tickets and worthy officials, and has had the papers eating that up for several days. The commission refused to permit him to curtail its tickets and voted on one hundred and fifty complimentary tickets for each show. Even that's a hundred times better break than any of the former boxing promoters have been doing.

Patsy Perroni defeated Johnny Risko at the Public Auditorium. It was a great fight, but Perroni clearly won the duke and championship of Ohio. This youngster out of Canton won twenty straight fights with the Risko mill and looks like one of the best cards around Cleveland.

Tommy Freeman defeated the Alabama Kid at Pittsburgh.

Tommy McGinty, who has taken over Gorilla Jones, has had him in two successful fights on the Coast. He won his second fight under Tommy's management by beating Young Ketchell in ten rounds. McGinty also has taken over Frankie Wallace.

Billy Stevens, the Bang publishing man, is working around Cleveland. He is helping Eddie Meade book his fighters.

Jackie Davis, managed by Al Paige, looks like a very good little fighter who might go places, if he isn't pushed ahead too fast.

Henry Firpo, the twenty-two-year-old youth with the bald dome, is fighting around Louisville, Ky.

Al Zill is working at Youngstown, and promoting regularly now. The steel mills are going full blast again, and Youngstown will soon be a good place for boxing. It was before depression hit it.

Young Scruggins of Akron, a sensational boy, has been burning up the lightweights down that way.

Babe Denning, welterweight, managed by Tommy Mogadore, the ivory king of Cleveland, has defeated every good welterweight around Cleveland.

Jimmy Dunn has Al Gatchell and Ross Fields going good.

Chuck Sotax, who handles Jimmy Vaughn, is keeping little baby face busy around here.

Jimmy Avon is still around hustling. So are Bill O'Donnell and several other local managers.

Mickey Dugan's suspension has been lifted by the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission. He is under the management of the writer now.

Jimmy Avon has been handling Jimmy Taylor, but I understand his contract has run out and Avon is going to look after his own affairs.

Chuck McCarthy is a pleasing fighter, handled by O'Donnell, and should be used more often by local promoters.

Manny Robins is getting his boys in shape. He has a fine stable of boxers.

Charley O'Connell, Cleveland's good ex-lightweight, has been appointed physical director of the Cleveland Police Department to train the fat boys.

Frankie and Eddie Simms are working out every day at a local gym and keeping busy.

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NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.

By BABE ORLANDO

JAMES J. BRADDOCK, making his first appearance in Hudson County in many a moon, put up a brilliant battle in outpointing Les Kennedy in ten thrilling rounds. Les had previously knocked out Stanley Poreda and was the favorite in the betting. But Jay Jay, using his left to good advantage and putting up one of his good fights, managed to outpoint Les easily. Phil Johnson knocked out Frank Buzzoni in the third round. Don Baby Mack, who graduated from the Diamond Belt and who is a brother of Georgie and Petie Mack, finished Frankie Ward in two rounds; Lou La Paige and Bob Norton divided in six, while Freddie Caruso and Freddie Fiducia did likewise in another six-rounder.

At Paterson, Al Diomond stopped Thys Menger in the final of a ten-rounder. Bobby Cotton beat Freddy Kelly, six; Bobby Mosca decisioned Gene Schoor, five; Young Stanley Ketchell finished Johnny Armore, four; Al Mott beat Charley Trautwein, three.

Irish Paddy Creedon knocked out Harry Wallace in the fifth in Brooklyn, N. Y.

At Englewood, Willie Lewis dropped a close decision to Dick Clark in eight rounds. Mickey Snell outpointed Will Staid in eight. Tommy Dell made a successful comeback, easily beating Lenny Banks in a six-rounder, and in the two fours, Al Tarantino disposed of Joe Corff in thirty-two seconds of the first, while Young Mack did likewise to Johnny Light in two rounds.

Lou Lombardi clearly showed his superiority over Lew Feldman in ten at the Oakland A. A. in Jersey City. Joey Ferrando gained the duke over Pete Gulotta, and Sammy Kanter kayoed Willie Perry in four.

Lew Farber beat Johnny Ladao in eight rounds at Englewood. Lou Pallarino decisioned Joey Cebu in a six, Ernie Tedesco lost to Lou Ambers in a torrid six-rounder, while Ted Dolson kayoed James Score in the third round of the opening bout.

John Duttenberg, North Bergen sportsman, bought both Joey Ferrando's and Jack Stanley's contracts.

Young Terry made a futile attempt to wrest the middleweight crown from Ben Jeby in a thrilling fifteen-round go at Newark. Terry rallied strong to win the last three rounds, but Jeby had too much of a lead for him to overcome. The eight-round semi-final showed Al Rossi knocking out Willie Klien in four rounds, Jimmy Phillips lost to Lou Halper in eight, while Tommy Ryan won over Ace Husni in six.

At Englewood: Dick Clark drew with Stan Aranenberg in the feature eight-rounder of the night. Frank Buzzoni finished Harry Goras in the fourth of the semi-six. Mat Bor lost to Jack Stanley in six.

Al Tarantino kayoed Frank Murphy in four, Johnny Morro beat Joe Fasano, while Young Baby Mack put the crusher on Morrie Fagano in the second of the opening four.

Paddy Creedon sprang a big surprise over in Paterson when he subbed for Vince Dundee and kayoed Prince Alexander in the sixth. Bobby Cotton drew Benny Gualano, six. George Bush knocked out Joe Vacchiano, three. Johnny Buff beat Art Havers, four. Young Stanley Ketchell lost to Johnny Armona, four, while Tony Calow and Young Murphy drew in another four.

At Newark: Al Diomond defeated Benny Levine in the star six-rounder. Joe Biondi stopped Joe Pastore, six. Johnny Nelson drew Melvin Decker in six. Vic Pisaro finished Sammy Miller in three, and Newsboy Schone did likewise to Sammy Tucker in three.

Promoters Jack Jennings and Jackie Farrell heeded the writer's advice and booked a local natural when they presented Lou Lombardi and Harry Carlton to the Oakland A. A. fans. Lou and Harry boxed before a capacity crowd and at the end of ten torrid and thrilling rounds, Referee Phelon called it a draw. In the semi-final, Bucky Keyes and Nappy Napolitano fought a fast draw.

Matchmaker Jackie Farrell presented another slashing show at Madonna Field in Englewood, in which Lou Ambers knocked out Al Piretti in three, Frankie Buzzone kayoed George Marshall in three, Billy Masko drew Mike Salem in six, and Sammy Goldman drew Ernie Torrez, six.

Promoter Tom Gustaferro and Matchmaker James Carter sponsored their first show at the West New York Stadium before a big crowd, featuring J. J. Braddock and Chester Matan, with the former getting the referee's decision in ten rounds. Paul Cavalier was too smart for Pietro Corri in the semi-final. Steve Dudas clearly outpointed Bill Freeman in a special six.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

PETE SARRON, flashy Birmingham featherweight, received his first setback in these parts recently when strong-hearted Eddie Burl, an over-stuffed bantam, took Pete's measure at the Twin City Arena at Laurel, Md., in a torrid ten-rounder.

Natie Brown and Bob Tow, heavies, fought a fast six-round draw, and Ray Bowen took the nod over Arthur Debeve in a six-rounder. The largest crowd of the season was on hand.

Bob Godwin flattened "Trader" Horn in two heats at the Twin City Arena, Laurel, Md. The "Trader" looked plenty good in round one, but Bob plastered him plenty before putting on the finishing touches in round two. Ray Bowen licked George Harmon in six rounds. Sammy Lucas and Doug Sweatman boxed even for six heats. Max Kashover gave Booby Burms a terrific pasting in six rounds and Billy Bulluck beat Tad Lewis in the four-round opener.

Red Barry, Washington heavy, made a miserable showing in a ten-rounder with his lighter opponent, Bob Godwin, at the Twin City Arena. Chief Perry Knowles beat Sammy Lucas in the six-round semi-final. Bob Lowery knocked out Kelly O'Neil in four heats. Roma Labona lost to George Harmon, and Sammy Romano flattened Tommy Horn in three.

Charlie Von Reeden of Florida had the better of Leroy Dougan in a feature eight-rounder at the Twin City. Von Reeden had his hands full with the lighter Dougan and the boys have been rematched over the ten-round route. Roy Manley handed Phil Raymond a sound trouncing in eight. Sailor Leonard lost to Jimmy Larkin in a fast four-rounder.

Eddie Burl was far too good for Billy Landers at the Twin City and the referee stopped the fight in round five. Max Kashover beat Glenn Moegan in an interesting six-rounder.

Tootsie Bashara gave Sid Silas a severe lacing in eight rounds at Virginia Beach. Roddy Davis knocked out Young Moran, and Doug Sweetman bested Pete Samms.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES

By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

YOUNG TERRY was beaten by Ben Jeby in a corking fifteen-round titular match at Dreamland Park, Newark. Terry could have made a much better showing but for his clinching tactics. He looked good in the fourteenth and fifteenth rounds, swarming all over Jeby, and the outcome might have been different had he started his attack sooner. There was much disapproval about the decision going to Jeby, but we thought that the right man gained the verdict. On the same card, in a five-round bout, Tommy (Kid) Murphy, veteran of Trenton, boxed a draw with Eddie McKenna of New York. George Levy, Trenton lightweight, won by a technical K.O. over Wilbur Marsh of Newark in the third round.

Paulie Walker, Trenton welterweight, who was voted the best at his weight by the New Jersey Boxing Commission, upheld that honor by beating Jay Mecadon of Bayonne in every one of the eight rounds at the Ocean A. A. in Long Branch.

Puggie Snyder, formerly of Vineland, now making Trenton his home, K.O.'d Manuel Carralis of New York in three rounds at Garfield . . . . Tom Richy, manager of Snyder, has been trying to get bigger game, but has met with no success . . . . Richy has just recently taken over Jack Gross, Jewish heavy of New Jersey, and Indian Tiger West, middleweight, of Pittsburgh.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOTES

By ROCKY CONTI

LEROY (TIGER) SMITH, local Negro welterweight, drew with Heinie Fritz in a great battle. Pat Igoe of Scranton and Billy Donner of Buffalo met in the semi-final and also fought on even terms.

Mike Christie, local boxing promoter, has applied for a license to promote shows this fall in Rochester. Christie is planning on matching Tony Canzoneri and Steve Haliako, if he can get the services of the former lightweight champ.

Al Triano, local lightweight, who has been on the shelf since he defeated Eddie Dempsey, has resumed training.

Boxers who are not tied up with managers and have a New York State license, would do well to get in touch with the writer at 5 Wait St., Rochester, N. Y.